THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

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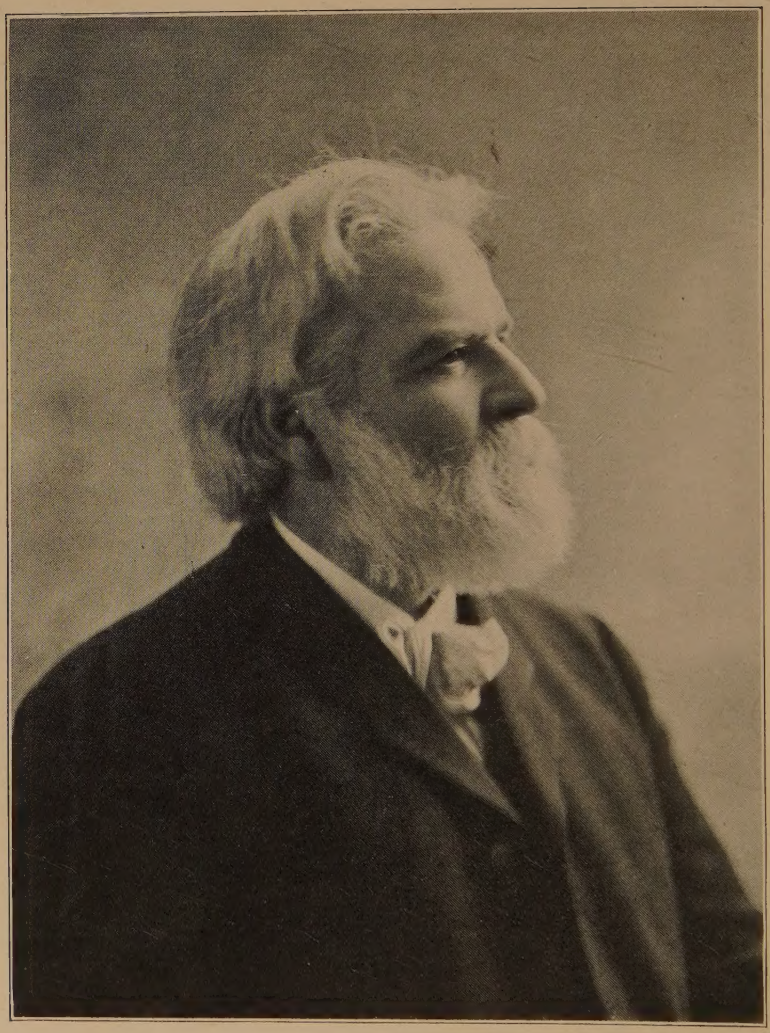

Edwin Markham

The Real America in Romance

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF AMERICA FROM THE DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT DAY PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS AND VIEWS OF THE SACRED AND MEMORABLE PLACES OF OUR NATIVE LAND

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS," "LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

COMPLETE IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES

Art Edition

NEW YORK CHICAGO

WILLIAM H. WISE & COMPANY

MCMXIV

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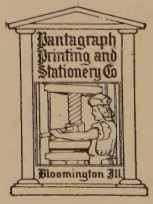
New York



THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

THE PLAN AND SCOPE

OLDER than any of the sciences is the art of preserving history: long before any method of making permanent records was discovered, history was kept alive by tradition. The father told his sons the story of his life and the story of his ancestors, that the sons might profit by the experiences of past generations. The young people were informed of days gone by, that they might be strengthened for the days to come. Each individual was thus acquainted with the struggles of his tribe or clan, that he might make his thought coextensive with the life of the race. Thus, in the beginning and in all subsequent stages of civilization, a knowledge of history has been recognized as the first step in moral and intellectual development. It alone teaches the earthly reward that awaits courage or cowardice, virtue or vice; it alone teaches the true philosophy of life.

Told then by word of mouth, history in the beginning was truth clad in a living personality and acted out anew in each generation. Without that interest, that dramatic appeal, no teller of tales could gain or hold his audience. And for this reason the historians of all ages have sought the charm of the story-teller. One still hears of histories "nearly as entertaining as a novel," of histories "almost as interesting as fiction." But if these statements are true, how can we account for the public's unmistakable preference for the modern story-teller, the novelist?

The origin of story-telling remains undiscovered; like music, its beginnings are unknown; both are as old as the race itself. The individual's first capacity as a child is for

a story, and the impressions that are permanently retained are acquired in story form. Surely the natural and easy method of acquiring lasting impressions is through the medium of romance.

Now, in "The Real America in Romance" the charm of the story-teller's art has actually been used to tell the true story of the 400 years of American development. The result is romance and authentic history blended to their mutual advantage. We obtain not only the educational value of history, but also all that makes fiction morally profitable. Here are set before us the examples of great men of earth, men great in their patriotism and self-sacrifice; and side by side with them are romantic characters typical of the times, men and women only less great in their kindliness and unselfishness, all affording a high expression of the art of Anglo-Saxon romance. Instead of reading about historical characters and events, we see the persons themselves in action, and live with them through the events of their day and generation. The reader loses himself in the irresistible fascination of the story, and the impressions resulting are made on the heart as well as on the intellect. You do not merely read about Columbus: you endure with him his hardships, share with him his disappointments, rejoice with him in his achievements. You actually feel the thrill of discovery when the New World swims into his vision. Not content with telling you merely that Washington wintered and suffered at Valley Forge with his army, the author takes you straightway into the camp, shows you the torn and bleeding feet of the soldiers, and makes you stand watch with the half-fed sentries, with little to warm your blood except a fiery determination to die of cold, hunger, or British bullets, rather than give up the fight for your country.

Thus the reading of history, too commonly looked upon as downright drudgery, becomes a matter of genuine pleas-

ure. In fact, the aim has been so to present the story of the Nation's birth and growth that the reader is first tempted to read, and then compelled, without further mental effort, to retain the knowledge so obtained. Romance and history march hand in hand; and so well are they blended that, while we are reading for mere recreation, we acquire a broad and comprehensive knowledge, not only of the discovery and colonization of America, but also of our national development.

As a means of interesting beginners in the study of our country, of enlisting their enthusiasm, of impressing on their minds correct and lasting conceptions of the significance of historic events, and as a stimulus to memory and a preparation for a more earnest pursuit of the subject, it is unquestioned that these romances far excel the ordinary text-books upon which the average citizen is content to rely for his knowledge of America's mighty past. It is the common experience of students that knowledge acquired from the study of a plain narrative history is, at best, stored in the mind in a chaotic state, with no welding together of its parts either in regard to place or time. This series has been prepared with the expectation that even the advanced student, by reading these romances, will be able to obtain definite, lasting, logical, and complete impressions, to serve as a solid foundation for information obtained from other sources.

Romantic characters typical of their time are woven into the story and made to participate in the history-making of their generation. The history-makers themselves appear and act their part in the inspiring drama, and thus the reader is given a better sense of chronology than can be obtained in any other way. He need only remember the generation in which the event occurred or the character appeared, and he is further aided in this simple task by the titles of the thirteen stories. The average student would find it diffi-

cult, if not impossible, to state off-hand the one great struggle that took place in the seventh generation (1680–1700), or to mention a great historic character and a few of his contemporaries. In this series, however, the significant title, "Dueling for Empire," tells us that the struggle was for the possession of a continent. England and France were at sword's points, fighting for an empire.

The opening scene of the story is laid in rural England, at the time of the Monmouth Rebellion. The reader is made intimately acquainted with James II of England and his contemporary, Louis XIV of France. In America, while William Penn is laying the foundations of his City of Brotherly Love and Cotton Mather is preaching the doctrine of witchcraft in Boston, Frontenac is ruling Canada with an iron hand and La Salle is leading his expeditions into the West. These and other history-makers stand out in bold relief against a background filled in with romantic characters.

The fundamental principle involved in the preparation of this series is not new. Frœbel's experiments, begun almost a century ago, established the psychological value of interest, and demonstrated that recreation can be used for educational purposes. Frœbel would have formed a university on lines still too far advanced for general acceptance had he not been opposed by conservatism. Force of circumstance compelled him to experiment on poor children, and those under school age at that, which led to the establishment of the Kindergarten, instead of an institution in which the same principle would have been carried into the higher branches of learning. In the execution of "The Real America in Romance," the student of educational methods will recognize a broader application of Frœbel's fully accepted principle.

The idea, briefly, is to weave into a series of fascinating romances the four centuries of American development from

a wilderness into a world power. This has resulted in the adoption of the unusual plan of making the divisions by generations instead of by epochs, as is the custom of most historians. The true way to study American annals is to dive beneath the surface and follow the undercurrents. All upheavals in society are the result of thought-movements which drive men to action; and, broadly speaking, these changes, commonly called epochs, have come with the changes in generations. The history of the country, therefore, is divided into thirteen average lifetime periods, and the important incidents and events of each of these generations woven into a dramatic whole; yet in doing this no historical sacrifice has been made. The historical characters of each generation have been identified with the romance, but no liberties have been taken with them. The aim has been to help the student to a realization of the truth by enabling him to live through these several generations, side by side with the romantic characters, and like them, become intimately acquainted with the personages and personalities that have built up our institutions. Any one who has thus taken part in the life, feelings, and thought of the past has received that true historical education which fits him best for the life of the future. The sole and constant aim has been to make the reader live through the thirteen generations of American development, in order that his own life may become coëxtensive with the life of the nation.

There is no tendency to confuse the incidents of our own lives with those of our parents or of our grandparents. In each case we have a personality about which these facts naturally group themselves. The plan of making the division by generations — a natural rather than an arbitrary way — enables the reader to tie the historical characters and events of each generation of American history to romantic characters in whom he takes a personal interest.

Thus, for example, we meet the Washington family for the first time in the sixth generation of our series in the person of Colonel Henry Washington at the battle of Worcester, surrendering there to General Edward Whalley. Later in the same generation we learn of the migration of the Washingtons to Virginia. The fortunes of the family are traced in the subsequent volumes, and two generations later we come upon the youthful George Washington at Westmoreland. There are vivid impressions of his boyhood days at Fredericksburg, as well as of his manly career through the French and Indian Wars. In the ninth generation of our series we follow him at the head of the Continental Army and learn to know him intimately as the first president and father of our country.

Or, to follow, in a similar manner, the foundation and growth of a typical American city. In the fifth generation of the series, we find the Dutch settling upon Manhattan Island, which Peter Minuit bought from the Indians for the value of 60 guilders in beads and ribbon, — the equivalent to twenty-four gold dollars at the present day. In the generation following the English take the city. A royal gift from Charles II to his brother, James, duke of York, it gains the name it still bears. By the fortunes of war, it fell back into the hands of Holland in the same generation, to be New Amsterdam once more. But only for a few months, when it became, as it still remains, one of the principal population centers of the English-speaking world, and entered upon its career as an imperial metropolis. This great destiny is followed step by step through the succeeding generations down to the present day.

Each volume of the thirteen romances is full of life and action, is complete in itself, and covers a distinct generation; yet all are skilfully connected into one unbroken series, extending continuously over more than 400 years, all uniting to form a great serial story.

In Volume I, the romance is introduced in the person of a father and son, intimates of Christopher Columbus; and the lad is the great Admiral's companion in his almost hopeless wanderings from court to court seeking a patron, and on his four great voyages of discovery. He is given the classic Spanish name of Hernando Estévan, and after many trials of his manhood, wins the love of a beautiful maiden of the most illustrious blood in Spain. The scenes alternate between the Old and the New World, the hero of the tale finally settling in San Domingo. Hernando's descendants supply the heroes and heroines to the succeeding volumes. In Volume II is told the story of the charting of the coasts of the Western Hemisphere, from the Antilles to the mainland of Central America, around the Gulf of Mexico, across to the Pacific and down to Peru, sharing in the wonderful experiences of the Conquerors. In Volume III the struggle between the French and Spanish for the possession of Florida is strikingly portrayed, while the movements in Europe that worked themselves out in America are closely followed.

In Volume IV two of Hernando's grandchildren, then settled in Saint Augustine, are kidnaped by the crew of Sir Francis Drake while engaged in the congenial occupation of destroying the settlements of the Spaniard in the West Indies and in Florida, and are taken to England, where the family name is duly anglicized into Stevens. One of the lads becomes the friend of Captain John Smith, and shares with him the fortunes of the Virginia colony; the other, adopted by Elder Brewster, is a valuable member of the settlement at Plymouth; thus forming a Northern and a Southern branch of the family. The translation of the name is significant, marking as it does the beginning of English domination and the decline of Spanish influence in the New World. This, with other world-movements affecting the destiny of America, is traced throughout the series, until the

Spanish-American War deprives Spain of the last of her possessions in the Western Hemisphere. In this war are two direct descendants of Hernando Estévan, one with Dewey at Manila, the other with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba.

Four-fifths of the books of our public libraries are fiction, and practically the only call is for novels and romances. If one reads at all to-day, he nearly always reads fiction. It is safe to assume that most of the knowledge of history acquired by the average reader is acquired through the reading of books usually classed as "historical novels." Yet the object of such novels being primarily to entertain, great liberties are often taken with historical characters and events to make them suit the purposes of romance. In spite of this, it may well be asked if, with all their distortions of fact, the average reader does not obtain a truer and more lifelike view of a given period from the historical novel than from the usual text-book. The recognition of this fact furnishes the motive for the production of "The Real America in Romance," save that fiction is employed as a means, not as an end, and everything on the romantic side is made subservient to the sole object of teaching history and impressing its lessons upon the reader.

Knowledge acquired in a pleasant and entertaining manner, and associated with interesting details, is retained more readily and for a longer time than knowledge derived through tiresome associations, much unwilling effort, and tedious details. We have no difficulty in recalling stories we heard in childhood, and can live them over anew with little mental effort. The history, however, which we really labored to master at the same impressionable age in life, is forgotten — with certain noteworthy exceptions where the atmosphere is highly romantic, as in the Courtship of Miles Standish or in the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. Yet the incidents commonly used by novelists in the depiction

of fictional characters are no more interesting in themselves than those in the lives of actual personages in history. If one were to take the mere incidents of the novelists in the working out of his characters and set them in a plain narration as of fact, leaving out the emotional interest, the most fascinating romance ever written would become as dull as the stupidest history. Can it be believed that the vicious literature of the present day would be any menace to society if written in the same style as our formal histories?

It is conceded that Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is the greatest of biographies. Boswell himself was an acknowledged scholar, and he had for his subject "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century." Still, after even a hasty reading of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," we know Jean Valjean more intimately than we know Doctor Johnson after a careful perusal of the Boswell biography. Samuel Johnson was no less human, and the incidents of his life no less interesting, than those used by the novelist in his protrayal of Jean Valjean; but the methods employed by these two writers are radically different: Boswell's "Johnson" is a plain narrative; Hugo's "Les Miserables" is a glowing romance.

In "The Real America in Romance" the same romantic means have been employed to make the reader intimately acquainted with the historical characters of our country. It is an entirely new method of writing biography. The real characters are surrounded with typical men and women of their day, thus doing for the thirteen generations of American life what Balzac did in his "Comédie Humaine" for a single generation of French life. The reader finds himself on the same terms of intimacy with the venerable names of our history that he is with Sydney Carton in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" or with Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

The boys of to-day are to-morrow's rulers of the nation, the girls, the coming mothers of America. While the citizen is in the making, nothing is of more importance than thorough preparation for intelligent citizenship. Men and women must know history before they can help to make it. One cannot vote wisely, one cannot be wisely interested in affairs, one cannot hope to repay the nation for its benefits without an adequate conception of what our forefathers strove for and what it meant to them and to us to win or lose. One must first bring one's self into full sympathy with the true American spirit; in other words, one must first of all catch up with the past. Education along these lines is the most important training possible as a preparation for citizenship. Lacking knowledge of one's own land, how can anybody pretend to education? It is as much of an impertinence to discuss the need for historical knowledge with a person of education as it is to discuss the necessity of education itself. History is the most broadening, the most stimulating, the most instructive of studies; it does for the intellect in time what travel does for it in space. It is the fountain upon which the Republic must draw for its perpetuation. As long as there were Romans, Rome endured; and America will stand just as long as her people remain American in spirit and thought.

A boy raised upon the shoulders of a man is able to see farther than the man himself; and our one hope of seeing further into the future than the great men of America is in standing upon their shoulders. President Roosevelt has said that "the success of the Republic is predicated upon the high individual efficiency of the average citizen." There is no other such inspiration for well doing and right conduct, for better citizenship and patriotic self-sacrifice as to turn back through these pages and become intimately acquainted with the early heroes and patriots, the men and women who

laid the foundations of the Republic. The lessons learned from their lives cannot be forgotten. Their undaunted and unquenched patriotism stands as our highest ideal of all that is good and true and lasting in the nation to-day. No loftier examples of self-abnegation brighten the annals of the world. These men, these women are beacon-lights of liberty, and an intimate acquaintance with them is a final preparation for intelligent citizenship.

"The cause of the least American is the cause of all Americans." This principle makes the responsibilities of American citizenship greater than those carried upon the shoulders of any other people. "The condition upon which God hath given liberty to mankind is eternal vigilance." "If danger ever reaches us, it must spring up among us: it cannot come from abroad," was the solemn warning of the great Lincoln. The pathway of progress is strewn with the wrecks of former republics. Are we sure our Republic will not meet a similar fate? In Europe, America has ever been and still is regarded merely as an experiment, destined sooner or later to end in failure. Is it not time, then, that we ask ourselves what we are doing for the cause of liberty, — not what we have done, nor what has been done, but what we are doing now?

We have won through our forefathers a fair heritage; it is ours to make or mar. We enjoy a marked measure of political and religious freedom; but the foes of liberty never die — they merely change their aspect with the ages. The contest is not for yesterday, but for to-day, and for all the to-morrows of time. "It is no child's play," said the immortal Lincoln, "to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation." It is not sufficient that we as a nation are prosperous: "The tendency of prosperity is to breed tyrants." Economic freedom is still to be won; and the thought is closer to Americans to-day than the

thought of religious freedom was to Philip II of Spain, or of political freedom to Louis XIV of France. There are great ideals before us, and from no other such fountain can we draw inspiration for the fight as from the lives of the men who have given us the freedom we possess. From them shall we learn the infinite dangers of all selfishness, and that the highest patriotism and simple goodness are close allies.

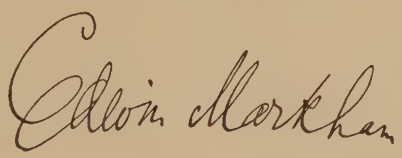
The illustrations form a most important feature of the publication, adding as much to its historical value as to its artistic worth; yet gaining their chief value from their historical associations. No attempt has ever been made until now to publish a complete collection of the historical landmarks of the United States. Within the limits of "The Real America in Romance" are gathered nearly 3000 photographic engravings in half-tone of the great men and women and of the sacred and memorable places of our land. If we except Bethlehem, there is for Americans no site in all this world so consecrated as the Independence Hall in Philadelphia; yet one finds in American households few reproductions of this glorious edifice. Here are collected pictures of the places upon which our national history was fought out, from the old days of the lost colony of the French in Carolina and the English on Roanoke Island. In these illustrations, the purpose has not been so much the embellishment of the work as the realization of our history. The union of letterpress and picture is made complete, the whole forming a literary and artistic collection believed without parallel in its field.

The use of the Historical Index to be found at the end of each volume will avoid any confusion arising in the reader's mind between the authentic history and its romantic admixture. To this Index none but the names of actual historical characters and the real events in which they took part are

admitted. This enables the reader, without previous knowledge of the subject, to separate the history from the romance.

There are two ways of reading a book, which should be readable to start with: One is merely for pastime, to be forgotten when finished; the other is to become so familiar with it that one can turn to the required page and there avail himself of the information it contains. The first method leaves the book a passing acquaintance; the other elevates it to the status of an intimate friend. The index in each volume has been prepared to secure this latter desirable end for "The Real American in Romance," bringing the publication into the first rank as a trustworthy work of reference.

"The Real America in Romance" is the only entire authentic history of any nation written in the form of romance. The combination of the interest of fiction with the educational value of history forms a new type of literary achievement; and it is with no small degree of pride that the editor announces the successful completion of a task never before attempted.



BEYOND SUNSET SEAS

THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

1435-1506

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

(Photographed from the only authentic portrait, by Sir Antonio Moro, owned by C. F. Gunther of Chicago, and now in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington)

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VOLUME I

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BEYOND SUNSET SEAS

THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

IS it true that there is nothing new under the sun? Is not aerial navigation a new method of transportation? wireless telegraphy a new means of communication? Is not the plan of teaching authentic history through the medium of romance not only a new educational method, but a long step in advance of any hitherto employed?

History is laden with romance: why withhold it? No land is richer in material for song and story than our New World; its discovery is a tale of faerie, its discoverer a hero of enchantment. And — what is even more to the purpose — where is there a romantic character so satisfactorily interesting, where a creation of the imagination so humanly serviceable, as here? What finer inspiration can a boy have to lead him into manhood and uplift him through the long years of after life than that which glows in the career of this dreamer of a Dream?

It is not the purpose here to tell a new story: it has been told again and again, and the truth winnowed out from the chaff of unscrupulous biographers. But stress has been laid upon facts too commonly neglected, and characters lightly estimated have been given proper emphasis. Columbus drove a sturdily thrifty bargain with the none too scrupulous Ferdinand of Aragon that apparently contradicts the great ideals of his life. Yet it was not for himself that he desired wealth, but for the rescue from unbelieving hands of the Holy Sepulcher, the sacred spot where once reposed the body of the Saviour of mankind. And in the person of Luis de Santangel, who used his benign influence

with the good Queen Isabella in the most disinterested and kindly manner when Columbus had failed, there survives that spark of unselfish consideration for the welfare of others which is humanity's most precious gift.

Here we may learn anew that while conservatism is necessary to hold what has been attained in our civilization, it is not from this that advancement comes; rather is it from the idealist, the man too little esteemed by those enthroned, that the impetus is gained which opens the way, not to one, but to many a new world. The doctors of Salamanca play their part in all history; so, fortunately, do the Santangel who comprehends, and the Columbus who, having dreamed, achieves.

Moreover, it has been felt as a demand to tell the old story so that it cannot be forgotten, so that the great Discoverer shall be held in due esteem and remembrance by those who daily partake of the bounty he so splendidly disclosed. In this way he remains an example for imitation and emulation among those who are proud to be his debtors. Let it not be forgotten that Columbus, after all is said, stands forth to the world as the first of Americans.

That every care has been taken to maintain the highest standard of accuracy in historical dates, places, characters, and happenings, and to prevent confusion of romantic episode and historic event, need not be said: the tale which follows bears upon its face its own proof.

To the reader is left the pleasant duty of entering upon acquaintance, even to the point of intimacy, with a fellow-man, a fellow-American whose greatness was not for his own time or nation, but for all time and all mankind. Even as he is to bespeak your admiration for his marvelous, his unparalleled, achievement, so is he to make demands upon your tenderest sympathies for the troubles that beset him and the woes which encompassed him roundabout.

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BEYOND SUNSET SEAS

BEYOND SUNSET SEAS

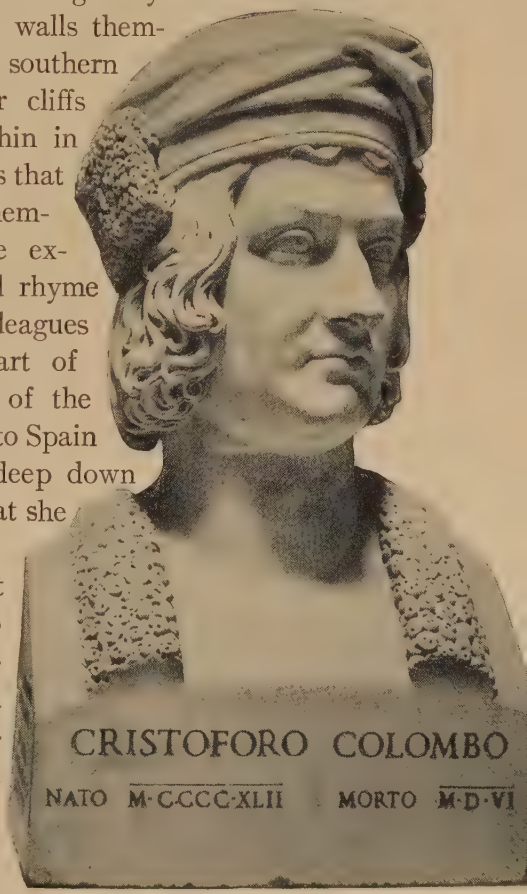
THE AGE OF DISCOVERY

CHAPTER I

TWILIGHT AT TOLEDO

THE legends that brood upon the grey and ruined walls of Toledo are as ghostly and unreal as the outlines of those walls themselves under the light of the southern stars. Serene she sits on her cliffs in the mountains of Castile, chin in hand, reflecting upon memories that are hers. These are great memories, even if they long since exchanged truth for poetry, and rhyme for reason. Scarce a dozen leagues from Madrid, in the very heart of the peninsula, all the currents of the old lands that were welded into Spain thrill through her even now, deep down below the changeless visage that she wears when her day is past.

When Julius Cæsar first sent his legions to Spain, Toledo was sunning herself in inalienable calm, secure and happy on her impregnable heights, looking down upon the Tagus and



From the Bust of Columbus in the Capitoline Museum at Rome

its deeply verdant banks. That gives a measure of her age, and it may be guessed with what scornful benignity she has seen grow up around her such youngling cities as Madrid, Segovia, and Avila. A glorious history is hers, glorious and terrible, sunny and gloomy, all in one; she seemed somehow to have drunk into her veins the very essence of the land she has lived in, and in a sense remains the archetype of Spain.

The Entrance to Toledo by the Bridge at Alcantara

Fallen upon evil days, — at least upon days that are evil as compared with her former estate,— she is still sublimely dreaming, in a sort of taciturn magnificence, on the things which once were hers, and which, in her locked heart, are hers forever.

Spain is a land of old families and great houses; and no city of any land is more fecund of old families. In spite of Moorish wars that desolated her, in spite of inquisitions and pestilences, and the petty whims of tyrants and kings, noble dynasties sprang almost from the very cobbles in the streets.

It is of one of the oldest of these families that our story is to tell. No legend of Spanish history, no reference in Spanish song or folk-tale, goes back beyond the beginnings of the Estévan traditions. The Estévans were an ancient and honorable line when the Borgias were upstarts; when the Guises were unheard of; when the proud house of Tudor had still hundreds of years to lie in silent chrysalis

The Ancient Walls of Toledo

awaiting birth. There were Estévans in Toledo, we make no doubt, when Labienus first beheld the Pyrenees. They may have called themselves a little differently then, the accent may have fallen upon one syllable or another, but it was the same race. And after a dozen or so centuries they still were there, as deeply a part of the city and her fame as the very peaks of the mountains that bore her name.

There were Estévans at the time of Wamba, and of Witiza. We are very sure that Estévan heads fell on the red day remembered in Toledan history as the Day of the Foss,— that is in 807, or thereabouts,— when the Arabs, stung by

the arrogance and insurgence of the presumably captured city, invited its most celebrated and representative citizens to a sumptuous ball in the castle by the moat. Dressed in their finery—for, like all their countrymen, they dearly loved finery and the fol-de-rol of cymbals and castanets,—the eminent citizens trooped to the castle, where they were allowed to enter only in single file. As each grandee entered the ante-chamber, bowing low to salute the turbaned host, the sword of the Arab did the rest. This peculiar hospitality materially depopulated the ranks of the Toledan nobility, and as aforesaid, there is no reason to doubt that one or more Estévan heads rolled grimly, or smilingly, according to their nature, into the foss awaiting them. It is equally certain that there were still Estévans who survived to tell the tale, and who carried their aristocratic heads all the higher because they had them still to carry.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, when Henry IV, the Useless, was trying to reign in Castile, one of the proudest nobles in his realm was the Señor Don Philip Estévan, grandee of Spain. He supported a failing and probably spurious cause with a devotion worthy of a better object; and in this thankless business he received the wound from which, in the fiftieth year of his age, he now lay dying in his dark and gloomy chamber on Toledo's frowning cliff, while the night drew in and the shadows fell sinister upon the walls.

Knowing himself to be at the end of his tether, the old knight ordered his people to raise him high upon his pillows, and, exhausted by the effort, lay there with knit brows waiting for the breath that would not come. At the foot of his couch, gazing upon him with awed eyes, stood two young men, his sons, perhaps twenty and twenty-four years of age, respectively. Garcia, the elder, was a dark youth with a narrow mouth, and a thin, high nose, this last the sign and

signet of his race. He smiled little, laughed never; was devoid of passions as he was empty of charity; and as cool and keen of wit as he was cold and inflexible in temper. He stood at his father's left, his eyes half shut, with an almost speculative light in them as he waited for the end.

The other brother was of another mold; his hair was light, his eyes blue, his hand delicate; he gave the impres-

TOLEDO'S ANCIENT BRIDGE (*From the drawing by David Roberts*)

sion of a finely tempered blade; his lips quivered as he fixed his eyes on those of his father, who in his turn looked only at Garcia, and gave no heed to Rodrigo as he stood fingering nervously the magnificent tapestry that covered the couch. Suddenly the old man lifted his head, with a gasp in his throat for breath, and spoke:

"More light!" he said. "I cannot see you, son of my body!"

Garcia turned swiftly to a servant, and in a moment more lights were brought, and the dim apartment hid its shadows in the far corners. The old man motioned

to Garcia, who drew instantly nearer, and bent his head to listen.

"There is a will," his father whispered painfully. Even as he did so a little foam came to his lips, and his voice ceased abruptly. His head fell back, the light went out of his eyes: the end had come. Motionless he lay upon his pillows, with wide eyes staring at the ceiling. In ten minutes he was cold. In this wise died Philip of the house of Estévan, in the fiftieth year of his age. He was buried in the vault of his house, with his figure in armor atop of his casket; and the name and honor of his family was vested in his son and heir, Señor Don Garcia Estévan, who entered upon the administration of the family properties and revenues with all the good-will for life.

The Gate of the Sun, Toledo

It has been hinted that he was a cold person, this Garcia, but it remained to be shown how exceedingly frigid he was to become. Blood may have been thicker than water with him, but it was certainly no warmer. So Rodrigo at least found it, and that without delay. By his father's will Rodrigo learned that every-

thing was left to Garcia as the heir, and nothing, save through his brother's bounty, to himself; and his brother's bounty he soon saw to be far leaner than were the seven celebrated years of Scripture. Rodrigo had enough to eat, but that was all he did have. Garcia explained to him, with suave and chilling civility, that the estates were in such condition that retrenchment was instantly necessary, and that really there was no money left for Rodrigo's little amusements or for his clothing, or, for matter of that, his education. Rodrigo was not a suspicious soul, and for a long while he accepted this tale at its face value; he was busy with his own pursuits, which at this particular time consisted in writing poems to a pair of eyes which he had seen all too infrequently, yet frequently enough so that his heart was entangled in their dark lashes beyond hope of release. And because he was a personable youth, with a smile to woo the heart out of any southern bosom, and because the poems were really very good, or sounded so under the stars,— why, for these reasons the dark lashes began shyly to droop, and the eyes behind them to grow softer and brighter, so that one day we see a young man waiting in a grey-stone ante-chamber bearding a grey-stone father in his den, while at the other end of the corridor palpitated and trembled the beautiful party of the second part. It was a brief and entirely unsatisfactory interview. Brief and even more unsatisfactory was the interview held between the suitor and his elder brother Garcia on his return; for it appeared that, looking only where love led, Rodrigo had been so unfortunate as to select the very young damsel on whom the haughty Garcia had also set his mind.

This was, we cannot but feel, a sorry trick of Fate; for doubtless any other pair of dark eyes would have done as well for Garcia, who was not romantic; but no other eyes

would ever do for Rodrigo; therefore the owner of those eyes must go where two hearts urged. There was an elopement on a dark night, and a marriage by an old priest who knew Garcia; and there was Heaven under one roof for a season. Heaven had to pay its price, however: the maid found that she no longer had a father; and Rodrigo found the doors that had been his father's closed against him forever. This did not disturb him much at the time, although from an economic point of view his situation left many things to be desired: he and his little wife lived as happy as any lovers under the sun, until into their garden came a serpent whose sting was death. The dark eyes closed forever one exquisite morning, and Rodrigo, all the world gone black, sat with an awful grey stillness of face, and fastened his unseeing eyes on the small pink bundle that contained his son. He would not leave the body of his love, not till they lowered her into the vault, and near that vault he lingered hour after sleepless hour. At last they came to him, saying, "Your son, the little Hernando, cannot live; he is dying." Rodrigo looked at them, far through their eyes into the very back of their brains, saying no word.

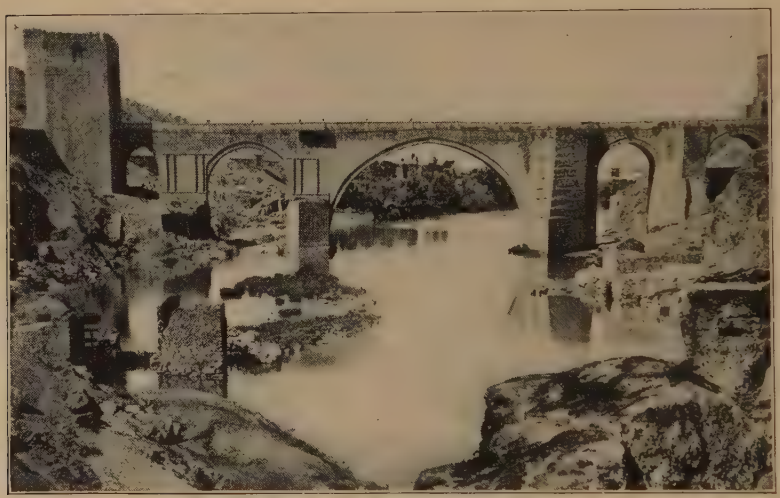
In the night he went away, leaving no message; so that no man ever knew to what quarter of the globe his blind feet led. Don Garcia, a little disturbed in his chill soul, made diligent inquiry with no avail. Rodrigo was gone, and no footprint was there left to mark his trail. As time went by he was forgotten by all but Garcia; Garcia who would have given his life to be able to forget, for by some strange irony the wrongs he had done his brother came to live with the proud Estévan day and night, and night and day; and, as was his nature, he came every day more deeply to hate the memory of the man he had wronged. He regarded him as dead, but in his soul he knew that he was not dead, knew it from the brooding canker at his brain; he lived in the daily

expectation of Rodrigo's return, — a pleasant companion for his midnight hour, this thought.

Rodrigo was, in fact, very far from dead. One part of him, it is true, was dead, never to live again. But after all, he was only twenty-four, or it may be twenty-five, when he went away; and God made the sea and the sky for the healing of such wounds as his. Of the first part of his wanderings no word was ever heard; but after many months he came again to the city of his birth. What he did there is also hidden; but one fact stands forth: at this time it was that he learned that he was not, as he had supposed, alone in the world. He wandered back to the place where his life had been the sweetest, and lingered long in the forsaken garden. Here, we may suppose, he fell into talk with some old crone of good memory and garrulous habit, who told him the momentous news that his son, the young Hernando, had not died after all!

How the father received this bitter-sweet news is not

certain, but it is known that he spent weary months striving to find some clew to his vanished child, in vain; all that was known was that the old nurse, Dolores, had had a little heritage left her somewhere in Valencia, or it may have been Murcia, and had disappeared from her wonted orbit, never more to return; and that was all which might be learned regarding her, and therefore regarding the present



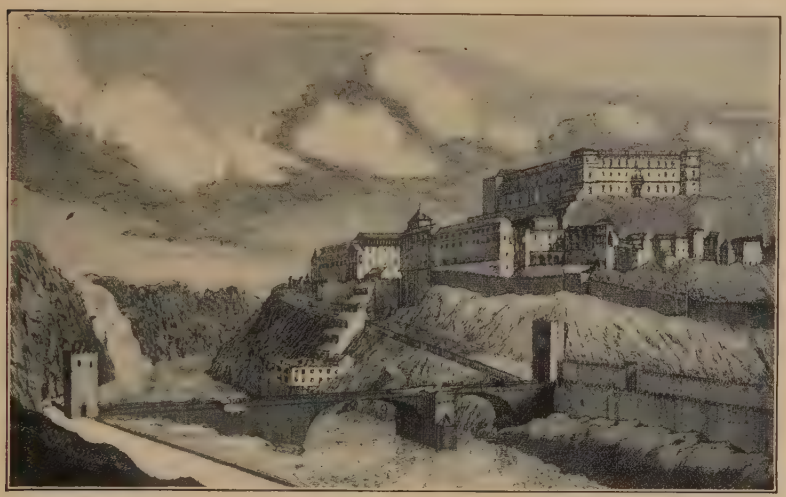
Bridge of Saint Martin, Toledo

whereabouts of the boy. Rodrigo set forth for Murcia armed only with the name and the vaguest of descriptions of the nurse, and started, apparently undismayed upon his impossible task. He was to find his son, whom he had not seen save in his cradle, and a nurse Dolores, other name unknown, who might be still alive, and whose chief characteristic was a brevity of speech which made her a unique specimen among the nurses of that country or any country.

To Murcia the questing father went first, and trod the broad land from east to west and from north to south; no nurse in all that land but talked as though her tongue were mounted on seven or twenty well-oiled swivels; and no sign

The Tagus and Bridge of Alcantara, Toledo

of any eyes that might have been his own; for the one fact which he knew for himself about his son was that he had his father's eyes. All the youngsters looked in surprise at the silent man who walked in their midst, and who gazed so intently into their fresh young faces; but their good Murcian eyes were as black as sloes, and so the stranger found them. In the green province of Valencia he had no better fortune,



THE ALCÁZAR OF TOLEDO, ONCE COMMANDED BY THE CID (*From an old engraving by P. van der Berge*)

though he ranged the country from the mountains to the sea twice and thrice again.

At the last seaport he reached he found an old friend, one Perez, an ardent, bold, reckless, and adventurous smuggler, freebooter, and fighter of Moslems on all seas. Perez came upon him when hope was dying in his bosom, and hailed him as manna from heaven. "Come with me!" cried the sailor; "I am sailing to-night on the merriest of cruises."

"I will come if it promises danger, even death," answered Rodrigo, and the other clapped him on the back.

"No further words from thee," he cried joyously; "this

is a cruise that is like to rival the old Foss Day of your native city, for every man of us. Wilt thou come, comrade?" And Rodrigo answered, "Yes."

A merry cruise in truth it proved to be; there was the sailing by night with a cargo smuggled on board between tide and tide; there was a final chase from the city authorities, with shots fired across bows, and splintered oars and rent sails; there was a brief hand-to-hand conflict in the bow of the Law's boat; then a scudding before a mighty breeze in the silver dawn. As the heights around Valencia dropped slowly into the sea, sails were trimmed anew for the main adventure; which proved to be the landing of a forbidden cargo of arms and fighting men on the back-door coast of some Italian gentleman who was in need of such assistance in a little matter he had in hand with a neighbor. All went well enough until the time for payment came; the men and the arms were delivered in good condition, but the last stage of the contract, to wit, the last payment of the price, caused a most embarrassing delay. Finally the gentleman who had contracted for the men and the arms mildly intimated that he had what he needed, and that if Perez did not feel satisfied, he was at liberty to go and protest to the Pope, or to whatever other quarter he felt inclined.

Whereat Perez, who was a man of decision, went ashore single-handed and explained the matter to the fighting-men who were the objects of the dispute; it took very little persuading to bring them to his way of thinking, so that within the hour the recreant gentleman had the dismay of seeing Perez, and the fighting-men, and Perez's own crew, and a number of his own personal bodyguard, advancing upon his castle. His bodyguard explained, with a shrug and many uneasy grins, that existence had been dull, and that they must go where life was merrier; and go they did, but not empty-handed, for the careful Perez thought well to col-

lect his debt after all; and this he did, while the owner of the rifled strong-box stood by in vociferous but vain entreaty. This was the way they did things on and off Perez's vessel, in the year 1466.

Perez was in high feather; but Rodrigo looked on this brawling with a melancholy eye. Feeling as he did that life was over for him, now doubly over since he knew his son to be lost, he nevertheless felt that smuggler's brawls were not for him; accordingly he gently explained to Perez that he wished to be put ashore at the nearest port; and to this, after much fiery pleading and affectionate invective, Perez was fain to consent. It chanced that the nearest port was Genoa on the Italian coast, and for Genoa accordingly was the course laid. Around the ship the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean gleamed and sparkled in the sun, and toward the set of sun on a brilliant summer's day they saw the sapphire of the Gulf of Genoa beckoning across the sea.

THE GULF OF GENOA (*After the drawing by J. D. Harding*)

CHAPTER II

THE BOY ON THE DOCK

AS Perez and his galley crawled slowly up the bay, worming her way in and out between the hundreds of ships of all shapes and sizes, and flags and countries, there is time for Rodrigo to grasp the length and the breadth of the world in which his life was set. Here before him, in this one harbor, he might see men and things from countless lands that he had never seen, and but barely heard of. Genoa was a mighty port in those days, and the laws of the customs not being so strict then as they are now, there was little in maritime nature that did not, one time or another, come to anchor in her welcoming bay: here were ships of England, of France, of Greece, of Portugal; there were strange craft from Egypt and from Palestine, bearing to the nostrils rich odors of spice and gums; there were cargoes of silks and wools as well on these strange vessels from the East, and of many other things redolent of lands alien and unknown. Feluccas and other rakish-looking Moorish and Algerian vessels were here, too, and their swarthy crews, and their cargoes of ivory, and of gold, and of slaves with kinky hair, from the wilds of Abyssinia or other far lands.

Perez and his galley came to anchor near one of the lower wharves, and Rodrigo put off in a little skiff for the shore. The wharf reached, Perez bade him farewell with a shake of the head, and turning his boat about he was soon lost to sight among the shipping. Rodrigo found himself set down in a jabber of a million tongues. It was still perhaps an hour to sunset, and the wharves were busy with the hum of traffic and the war of the hundreds of traders and merchants

trafficking for wares. No such hubbub was surpassed in Babel with all its confusion of tongues, and Rodrigo held his ears at first to get his bearings. At the wharf on which he stood were moored the lighters of several of the principal merchants of the town, who had been making their own tours of inspection of the merchant vessels, that they might not be led into premature purchase without having seen the offerings of the other traders; and the merchants themselves were gathered in little groups chaffering with their opponents about qualities and prices. All was noisy and moist and warm and good-natured and very human, and Rodrigo in some manner found himself feeling like one of a huge family, and began to wish that he, too, had something about which to talk and gesticulate in this engaging manner.

"It is murdering all my family if I take your price," he heard one especially fat and prosperous-looking gentleman declare, almost in frenzy; to which the other side retorted: "I shall be slain by those from whom I came for having cut the price now to one little third of what I gave in an unlucky

THE HARBOR OF GENOA

hour!" So it went, with every now and again a flare-up,—and it would be all to do over again, while the bystanders chuckled. Rodrigo became deeply interested in the encounter between a fat Jew with silks for sale and a short-winded, bald-headed Genoa shopkeeper who wheezed between every breath, and mopped unceasingly his shining poll with a bright green neck-cloth.

"I can assure you that not in the length and breadth of the Holy Land will you find such beautiful silks as these,"

GENOA (*From an early print*)

shouted the Jew, roused by the sneer of his antagonist at the quality of his product. "There are silks that come from worms fed on the rarest trees in the world! Where will such color as that be found in any silk but mine?"

"Color in silk is of no more moment than monkeys in the moon," gasped the Genoan stoutly, mopping his brow. "It is the quality that is needful, and this silk of yours will shrivel in the sun like the cobweb on the grass. It is no good silk that you would sell; my horse's collar has finer silk than this: have you none better? Else I must go my way.

I came not to buy silks in any event; your talk has held me from my business!"

"You came not to buy silks?" shrieked the other. "Why, then, did you ask me what goods I had, and demand to see everything in my bales? Now have I lost thousands of good ducats, all for a fat fool of a shopkeeper who knows not whether he is silk-merchant or dealer in asses' ears?"

This sally and the evident discomfiture of the Genoan roused much mirth in the bosoms of the bystanders; and the merchant hung his head. In a moment he recovered himself a little, and strove in vain to think of a suitable bit of repartee; in vain; it eluded him; and the Jew continued his outcries.

Rodrigo, who was close to the abashed merchant, heard him mutter softly to himself: "In truth I had forgot I was not in the silk trade," then, coming to his recollection, he raised his eye and cried aloud, "Christopher! Boy! Where have you gone to now?" By this time the Jew had found a fresh customer, to whom all his attention was now devoted, and the group dissolved as swiftly as it had gathered. Rodrigo and the merchant were left face to face, stranded as it were in a tide-water, and eyed one another blankly.

"I was seeking for my rascal of a son," said the Genoan innocently.

"I will help you find him," said Rodrigo instantly, on the impulse of his heart; he had spent so long in searching for his own son that there came over him a sense of universal kinship in thus helping this other father.

"He will be here on the dock," said the merchant, who presently gave the stranger his name as Domenico Columbus. "I live hard by in the Vico Dritto di Ponticello," he added; and Rodrigo bowed. He gave his own name simply

as Rodrigo Estévan; and the two took up the search for the missing youth.

"How old is this son of yours?" he queried presently.

"He will be sixteen years in a fourmonth," responded Domenico, scanning the gaping crowd along the wharves,

The Entrance to the Harbor of Genoa

and using the green kerchief more frantically than ever. "He is as tall or taller than myself, the little one."

"Ah!" said Rodrigo softly; he had been looking for a four-year old; for that was the age of the boy he was never to see again.

As they threaded their way through the crowd, Rodrigo had time to look more carefully at his companion, who well repaid the scrutiny. He was as fat and contented-looking as any petted spaniel; and he had the spaniel's air of sleekness and agreement with the world as it was. Easy, gullible, ingenuous, childlike, with the gullible man's belief in his own shrewdness, — all these things Rodrigo read in the fussy little man, as he puttered and sputtered his way along, keeping up a gasping flow of protest and affectionate invective at the imp of a boy who could never be kept away from the wharves.

The Great Stone Dock at Genoa

"There he stands!" he cried at last, and Rodrigo followed his finger to the figure it indicated. This was a slender youth clad in a rough jerkin of some woolen stuff, possibly of Domenico's own weave, and a leathern cap flung far back upon his head. His wavy hair was worn loose, and streamed low upon his shoulders. He stood absolutely without motion in all that seething crew of turmoil, and leaned a little forward against a bale of silks. His gaze was fixed beyond the ships at harbor, beyond the sea-line of the bay, far out into the open sea; and he was oblivious to the

noise and tumult around him as though no hearing was in his ears. So he stood, the one silent thing in all the earth.

"So he stands always," commented his father, with an odd mixture of exasperation and complacence. "So I find him every day, gazing emptily out over the sea, it is not good to do that way; I never did so when I was young."

He laid his pudgy hand on the lad's shoulder. The boy turned at the touch, and greeted his father quietly, in a

From the Steamship Landing at Genoa

hushed tone, his mind still far away from Genoa and his body. He bowed courteously, if awkwardly, to Rodrigo, and the three took up their way back along the wharves. It was by this time sunset, and the crowd was rapidly thinning; the bells on the churches were chiming softly, and the twilight hush was falling upon the town. Out over the harbor the crimson air was paling, slowly, slowly, into the grey and purple of dusk. As they reached the main gate by the wharf center, Domenico, with an effort at grandeur in his manner, asked Rodrigo if he would not honor their

humble home with his presence for the evening meal; to which Rodrigo, still obeying the impulse that drew him, gladly agreed.

They made the best of the way from the river front, up the main street, past the Plazza with its shops, and finally turned into the little, narrow, gorge-like street where the house of Columbus stood, — ay, and stands to this day, with the little bronze slab let into the wall of the first floor on which are the letters making the simple but wonderful inscription:

NULLA DOMUS TITULO DIGNIOR
HEIC
PATERNIS IN AEDIBUS
CHRISTOPHORUS COLUMBUS
PUERITIAM
PRIMAMQUE JUVENTAM TRANSEGIT

No home indeed, no, not in Italy, nor the world, more worthy of honor; and even then, when the *juventas* was still comparatively new, it is pleasant to think that the house was set apart in some way from its narrow, towering fellows. Along the flags of the Vico Dritto di Ponticello the three wanderers made their way, and so to Number 37 at last, which opened its narrow door and admitted them hospitably, right into Domenico's shop, which, as in all these houses, opened into the street. Domenico made his way into the rear room, and presently could be heard explaining something in a plausible tone to a voice which said little, but whose little seemed momentous. Perhaps he was explaining their lateness of return to supper; but more likely he was merely one more husband toasted on the grid for having brought strangers home to meals "without saying anything to me about it."

The storm passed, however, and presently the family gathered around the little dinner-table, and partook of a repast consisting of hard bread, and a dish of greens, and olives and dates, with a small bottle of very sweet wine, opened, it is safe to assume, as in honor of the guest. Through the meal Domenico chattered gayly, and tried his hospitable best to restrain his curiosity regarding Rodrigo, about whom he strove to ask only half the questions that bubbled momently to his lips. Domenico's good wife said little and the boy Christopher, still with the memory of the sunset water in his eyes, spoke not at all; though, being a healthy youth, he made a good supper.

When the last of the wine had disappeared, Domenico and his wife withdrew, together with two others of the family, to the shop; and for a little time Christopher and the stranger were left alone together. Rodrigo respected the boy's silence and did not speak; but presently, of his own accord, the lad rose and stood before him and began speaking in a low voice.

"Do you follow the sea?" he asked, simply, and still with that deep hush as of the twilight and the waters in his voice and in his eyes. "You came over the sea; do you follow the sea, signore?"

"I have followed the sea," answered Rodrigo kindly, marveling at the repressed passion in the boy's manner. And then added, rather fatuously, "Do you also follow the sea?"

Christopher made a swift movement toward him, his eyes lighting. "No, but I shall! I will, and they cannot stop me! I am going to see where all these ships come from and where they go. I —" he stopped short, as Domenico's footstep was heard in the next room. Presently he continued: "I have lived here almost all my life, save for a little time spent at Pavia, where I studied the Latin and the

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT GENOA (*From the engraving by Charles Askey after E. F. Batty's drawing*)

history books; but I cannot stay carding wool forever; I cannot stay here always."

Little by little Rodrigo had from him the simple history that had been his to that time, and he thought with a half-smile that this was a strange child for Domenico to own; the boy was steeped in the spirit, the knowledge, the lore of the sea, picked up Heaven knows how, — from the sailors on the wharves belike, as there had been no other chance. Rodrigo listened in amaze as Christopher, forgetting his shyness, told him tales of ocean-faring, told them with graphic detail and with such a sense of reality that Rodrigo found himself more than once on the point of asking: Were you there? The boy spoke as though he were a master discoursing on a favorite, well-known but never threadbare topic. Suddenly he stopped.

Along the River Bisagno

"You will be going to sea again soon," he said. "Will you take me?"

Before there was chance to reply Domenico entered. Christopher's hand fell to his side; his eyes lost their glow, and he retired to a seat at the other corner of the room. Domenico eyed him shrewdly as he went.

"He has been telling you about the sea," he said to Rodrigo apologetically. "He will always do it when he finds a man who knows the sea."

THE HOUSE OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA

"We have been talking of ships and seamen," admitted the guest.

"Christopher would like to ship before the mast, if need be, just to get aboard of something with sails," pursued Domenico, still with that odd mixture of protest and pride which he used when Christopher was the subject of his speech. "I tell him he will do much better to stick by the shop. Wool-carding is a good trade; it is not what it was, but it is a good trade; much better than being blown about the seas by every wind that blows — and likely being carried for a slave to Barbary, or some such heathen place. Is it not so?"

Rodrigo saw the boy's eyes fixed on him with passionate entreaty, and he hesitated before he answered. It was in his mind to say: "Much better!" but with that gaze on him he could not. After a minute, obeying an impulse which he had felt ever since he had seen this boy with the gazing eyes, he said: "Let him come to sea with me; I am to sail soon. He can come with me, and that will be better than his going alone; for I tell you, friend, you cannot keep him. Sooner or later he will go. Have you not seen it?"

In the Outskirts of Genoa

"Christopher," cried his father, "come to me!" The boy obeyed.

"Is Signore Estévan right — is it so that you must go to sea? Answer me now!" Christopher looked him between the eyes, and nodded.

"Yes."

There was more talk, much more, but it does not matter. Domenico and Domenico's wife made much and loud outcry and lamentation; but both had grown to know that such an outcome was inevitable. Domenico, at least, was happy

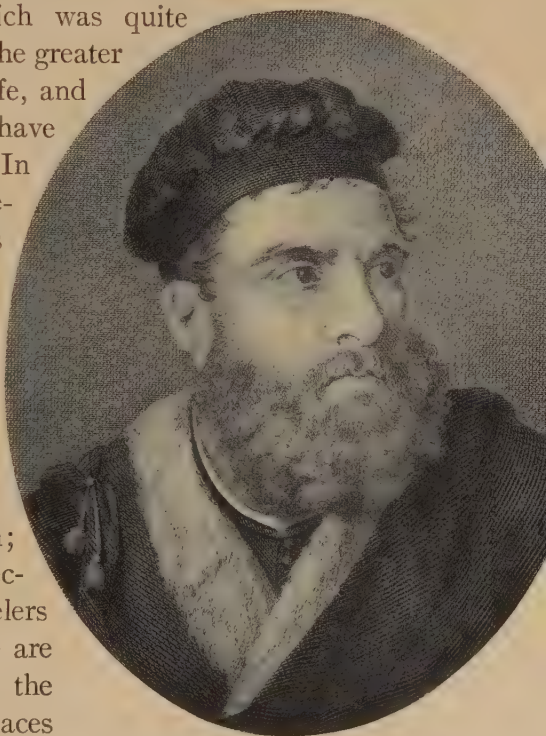
that the lad could go in what he saw to be safe hands. And after talk that lasted long into the night, until Domenico went sound asleep on the table and snored titanically, the matter was said to be arranged. It remained only to find the vessel on which they could ship; and this, for Rodrigo, was an easy matter. He was well acquainted with one of the largest merchants in the city, a man with forty argosies in the wind, and it was the work of no more than an instant to arrange everything as he desired it. He signed as ship's secretary, and for Christopher as captain's boy, on a merchantman bound for Palestine and for Arabia; she was to sail as soon as her cargo was aboard. And with this news in his mouth and shining in his eyes, Christopher burst in upon the household in the Vico Dritto. Great to-do there was, when all was told, but the die was cast, and nought more could be done, though much could be said, and was said.

The intervening days passed over the lad's head like a morning dream. He seemed hardly aware of the air he breathed, of the earth whereon he walked. He stuck to Rodrigo's side most of the day, but curiously enough he could not be persuaded to go to the docks; when next he went it was to sail!

CHAPTER III

ON ALL KNOWN SEAS

THE human folk who lived in the fifteenth century were in many material things far behind us of the present day; there is many a modern improvement that goes to make life more comfortable which was quite unknown to them. But in the greater things of thought and of life, and above all in imagination, we have none the better of them. In imagination particularly, because as knowledge grows there is, of necessity, just so much removed from the field for imagining; when we know a thing we cannot imagine "what it would be like." There is little in the world in which we live that is now left to the imagination; thanks to histories, and lectures, and ubiquitous travelers of all manner and kind, we are fairly well acquainted with the planet Earth; and the few places still unexplored, as the South Pole, present no very alluring aspect to our minds, because we know almost to a certainty what they will be like when they are at length ferreted out and pictured forth in the Sunday supplements. The whole



MARCO POLO (*From the engraving by Felice Zuliano, after the portrait by Feodoro Matteini*)

Earth has latterly been stolen from our dreams and given to our brains.

The folk of the fifteenth century had no such trouble. To them the Earth was a source of perennial wonder and speculation; one person held one view, his neighbor another, and a third, who had traveled to the next town once in his youth, held views different from either. It was still possible in those days to start frantic arguments whether Europe was west or north of Cathay, whether the sea boiled at its edge, whether Africa went southward forever until it ended at the gates of Inferno. Many delightful ideas of boiling oceans, and hippogriffs, and marvelous Cathayan cities forty miles square, with marble walls, tumbled around in people's brains; it was all very vague and fascinating, and we may be very sure that the tales of mariners went not far to dispel these vapors; the mariners in those days had a tremendous advantage over the poor seamen of to-day; no tale then was too magnificent to deprive it of eager believers; there was scope for a poet in being a sailor then, — how sunk is his estate!

The Ancient City Gate at Genoa

The mind to-day, thinking of the world, cannot dissociate it from the map in the geography; the mind 400 years ago thought of no such thing; in the first place, it was only the clear thinkers and the very advanced men who held the heterodox idea that they inhabited a globe at all. The Church still held, with characteristic conservatism, that the earth must be flat; for this belief there were many weighty

Genoa's Famous Harbor

arguments, chief among them being the necessity for a flat earth if everybody on it was to be able to see the coming of Christ at the millennium. The great bulk of the people accepted without question the Church's view of the matter. Starting, then, with a flat world, the knowledge of this proceeded slowly, step by step, little by little; the shores of the Mediterranean were pretty accurately charted, and the lands contiguous thereto were reasonably well pictured by the chart-makers. But it was a small world even at that, and the most nebulous boundaries it had, to north and south

and east; in the West the matter was fairly clear; the end of the world lay there, at the end of black and boiling waters in which no ship could sail. Yes, the West gave the map-makers little trouble, leaving them free to devote their attention to the other points of the compass. Notably to the East, which was held to be the home of romance and of wonders beyond the mind of man to conceive.

GENOA AND THE RIVIERA

The father of all travelers, Marco Polo, had visited the charmed East some 200 years before, and had returned with the most engaging stories of the marvels of Cathay; these were all properly set forth in his story of his travels, and did more than any other one thing to stimulate exploration among Europeans. There was no tale too tall for Marco to tell, and none too remarkable to find credence; and his beautiful marble walls, and acres of jewels, and beautiful Indian princesses with a million slaves, drew like a magnet the minds of sea-lovers the known world over. There were countless expeditions sent to this magical East which never

returned; for tornadoes and waterspouts and the thousand other hazards of the sea took care that Cathay did not grow too easy of access. The Indian Ocean was a sea of terror to mariners, and acted as a salutary deterrent to all manner of wild-eyed adventurers who could not find men with ships willing to risk them in such hare-brained emprises. Merchants are merchants the world over, and the traders of that day had the same cautious preference for argosies that arrived home, and paid a neat profit, over the glorious failure of shipwreck in strange seas.

Ten years have elapsed since the hazy morning when from the port of Genoa sailed the trading-vessel which held Rodrigo and young Christopher Columbus, ten years full of action and danger and delight, full of sea-wind and salt water and wonderful sunrises, and still more wonderful tempests and angers of the deep. They were a busy ten years too, these, for the boy and his silent companion; and during this time Christopher grew from an awkward, uncertain youth to be a man of clear eye and assured bearing. They had wandered all over the known world, always together, for after their first voyage there had never been any question of their separating. Rodrigo said little, but in his heart he adopted Christopher's image to fill the place that should have held his own son's; Christopher, for his part, took the matter as naturally as he took the sky above him, and never dreamed of questioning. Up and down the length and breadth of the Mediterranean they coasted and cruised, now on one errand, now on another, following the will of the wind; they had strayed far southward along the west African coast, far northeastward to Norway and to England. They had been to Palestine, and had penetrated as far as the Black Sea and the Gulf of Arabia. It was a careless life with little thought for the morrow in it, but it is more than possible that all this

while the boy's mind was beginning to form in the mold which was to be its mighty and its memorable cast.

He met and talked with all the great navigators and explorers with whom he was thrown, and proved an insatiable questioner; this much we know, though the knowledge that is left of these ten years is slight enough: suffice it to say that Christopher expanded as his vision grew, and that the imaginings of his brain were those of no ordinary man. Rodrigo, too, helped him as best he could, though Rodrigo himself was no scholar; but Rodrigo was of noble blood and birth, and he taught the younger man, unconsciously, some of the deeper knowledge of gentleness and courtesy which he might otherwise have missed, thrown as he was into the rough, if kindly, company of the sea. Rodrigo kept on living solely through his affection for his companion; it had been so many years ago that he decided the only world of interest to him was the one to which she had gone, that he no longer thought of it actively;

In the Suburbs of Genoa

he was merely silent — waiting for the hour when they were to meet.

In this year, 1476, that hour, though he did not guess it, was not far away. It happened that late in the fall of this year he and Christopher found themselves on a Genoese vessel-of-war, which formed part of the convoy of a fleet which sailed from Genoa to Lisbon in Portugal. The fleet consisted of about a dozen merchantmen of various prominent traders, and for extra precaution they had hired a strong convoy of four fast-sailing galleys equipped with strong crews of fighting men. It was known that a notorious French pirate named, by an odd freak of chance, Colomb, was especially active just at this time in the Mediterranean, and the owners wished to be on the safe side. It was known that Colomb had for his base of operations a town in Morocco near Ceuta, almost directly across the channel from Gibraltar; from this point he and his swift scouts could scan the seas and make sudden dashes forth after desirable-looking prizes. A desperate villain was this Frenchman supposed to be, and was in very truth; and his followers, fed fat on the rich spoils of the busy sea, were desperate villains also, who would stick at nothing in the prosecution of their daring and picturesque ill-doing.

As the fleet rounded Carthagena headland, a stricter lookout than ever was kept; close to the unfriendly Spanish coast they clung, ready to put into a port of safety if the attacking force should prove too strong to resist. Cautiously they worked their way along to Gibraltar, and when that was reached and passed the hearts of all leapt upward, and many a sigh of relief that was heaved in quiet. The weather was cool and bracing, the winds steady, and the fleet moved stoutly along, waiting on the slowest vessel, as needs must. Night fell as they were nearing the headland of Cape Saint Vincent, and the wind freshened so that it was necessary

to shorten sail. Throughout the night they crept along, keeping as close as safety permitted, and all night the galley of Columbus and Rodrigo rode well to the tail of the squadron, covering the rear. Midnight came and went.

Out of the darkness came shadowy things, dark and terrible, and flung themselves in among the startled vessels, like swooping hawks from a cloud. The flash and boom of the small iron cannon and the shrieks of affrighted mariners rang in the quickened wind. It was perhaps an hour before light, and there was no knowing where the invaders were, or were not. One thing was certain, and that was, that it could be none other than the celebrated Colomb, for none except him had the courage to attack so large a company of vessels. Into their midst, intrepid and invincible, he rushed, flaming and slaying, and one by one the terrified merchant-captains gave up their ships without so much as the faintest vestige of a fight, so thoroughly were they imbued with fear of the pirate and his men. Colomb had at the most only four vessels, but they were filled with shouting devils, and to the milder-mannered Genoese it seemed madness to attempt defense. The convoy now, however, rushed to the attack, and there was a brief and a sharp combat in the half-darkness. In vain; lucky shots from the pirate's cannon put two of the galleys at the mercy of the winds, and one of the others was sunk outright. Swift and terrible work, this, worthy of its plotter.

Straight up through the surrendered merchantmen came the last galley, bearing Rodrigo and Christopher, and swiftly to the onslaught it dashed. The vessel in its immediate path chanced to be the flagship of Colomb himself, and to this the galley directed its attack. Hoarse cheers burst from the crews of the wretched merchants at the daring of the galley's captain, but in a moment it was seen that the fight

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THE CONVENT OF SAINT MARY OF THE SEA, ON THE WILDEST COAST OF SOUTHERN ITALY

was too unequal. It was three against one, for one pirate only was needed to keep in subjugation the unwieldy trading-vessels, and prevent them from seeking flight, or from lending aid to the galley. For ten minutes perhaps the unequal battle lasted, and then a shot from Colomb's foretopman laid the galley's captain dead on his own deck. This was the end; there was no hope after that; several of the galley's men would have fought on, but the rest knew better, and, turning, they fled before the wind in the direction of the Portuguese coast.

Christopher had been in the thick of the fight, and when it was so suddenly over, it left him straining his eyes astern to see the vessel he would fain have stayed to conquer. As the sight was blotted out in the grey-black morning mist, he turned away with a sigh, and was aware that he stood alone. The galley's deck was empty save for the few sailors forward, and for the prostrate figure of one man who lay pitched against a coil of rope, just aft of the low cabin. He went slowly toward the silent form, and as he drew nearer his heart fell heavy in his bosom; for it was Rodrigo. He lay there without motion, his eyes closed, one hand flung across his breast.

With a great cry Christopher knelt beside him, his face paling; and in the left side, just below the heart, he beheld the black bolt from the arquebuse of some Frenchman who had fired all too well. As Christopher knelt by his side and strove to raise him in his arms, Rodrigo opened his eyes and faintly shook his head. "Let me lie," his eyes said, and Christopher understood. From his belt he drew forth a little flask of wine, and held it to the wounded man's lips, pleading with him to drink. Only one drop would Rodrigo take, however, and exhausted by even that effort, sank back still farther on the stranded rope. With white face Christopher made soft a place on the rope, tearing off his own sur-

tout to keep the rough hemp from contact with the stricken body. He chafed the other's hands, and besought him for a word.

"Speak to me, O my friend!" he cried; then, rushing forward, he cried aloud for the chirurgeon. This worthy was busy binding up wounds and easing the last moments of three or four sailors, and could not come at the moment. Christopher hung by in an agony of impatience until the

CARTHAGENA IN SPAIN

leech was free, then he rushed him back to where Rodrigo lay, saying no word of his need, but craving the other's best offices by his grip on his arm. The chirurgeon knelt by Rodrigo and took the left hand in his; then he leaned forward and laid his ear on the heart, listening for a moment with half-shut eyes.

"Will it be long?" whispered Christopher at last.

"An hour perhaps," the leech returned, and retired.

As he did so the dying man opened his eyes; they fell on Christopher's face, so close to his; seeing the deep grief in the young man's eyes Rodrigo smiled faintly. He

reached forth his hand; Christopher took it gently, and the feeble fingers closed clingingly over his.

"Listen," whispered Rodrigo's lips, and Christopher bent close.

"Listen, my son, who art not my son . . . and yet thou art dearer than my son, whom I have never seen . . . whom I have never seen. I have loved thee, loved thee enough to make me glad to go on living, just for thee. But I have had no right to live, for my heart has been dead long since — save for thee. There is one I go now to find, find her as she was in the garden so many years ago . . . with the roses in her hair . . . Dost thou not know? No, how couldst thou know: thou wert so young when she was dead . . . with the roses in her hair . . . red roses." His hand went to his heart.

Christopher's voice would not come; he clung to the clinging fingers.

"She waited behind the shutters while I sang to her in the garden, and there was nothing but beauty in all her soul. I wrote her songs — poor songs, yet they went to her! . . . One year we were happy in the garden; one little year; she was the loveliest rose of all the roses. And now I go to find her; I have kept her waiting so long; I shall find her now . . . ."

He was silent a long moment, and Christopher feared that he was dead. But he was not; after a pause he spoke again in a lower tone, so low that the words were as the wraith of words stealing from his lips.

"She would have called him Hernando . . . she said so when she knew . . . 'He shall be called Hernando, shall he not, *carito?*' she said; and I said, 'He should be called Heaven because he is of you!'" A half-smile touched his lips at the remembrance.

"Promise me this, thou who hast been son to me!" he

raised his voice, and Christopher, with tears rolling down his cheeks, promised as he bade.

"Promise that thou wilt love my son, if ever thou shalt see him, as I have loved thee. I know that he lives . . . I know it now . . . he must be a big boy now . . . born in the year of the roses . . . would be nigh as old now as thou wert when I saw thee first on the wharves at Genoa . . . . Dost thou remember? and how thou stoodst gazing over the sea?"

"I remember," answered Christopher softly; "and I will search for thy son, and he shall be to me as my son, as thou hast been to me as my father. I promise!"

"Then — it is farewell . . . I go now . . . In the garden I can see thee, my beloved, my beloved! . . . with the roses in thy hair . . . with . . . "

With heart held sweet as a bridal-chamber, he went to find the one who waited for his coming, waited with the roses in her hair.

Sunset on the Mediterranean Sea

CHAPTER IV

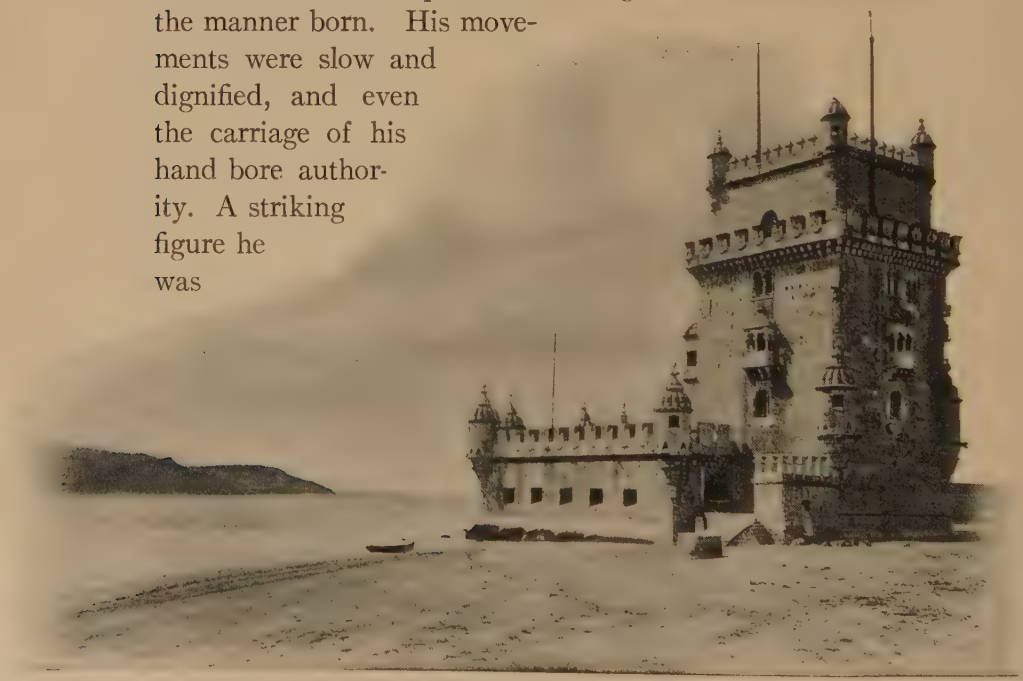
THE ROCK OF PORTO SANTO

IT was a pleasant afternoon in early summer when a young man walked up the Calle del Toro, in that city which is at once the pride and the capital of Portugal — Lisbon. It is the hour after siesta, and the Calle is gay with color and life, and alive with chatter and the spasmodic thrumming of guitars in the hands of street-players. He is a well-set-up young cavalier, and bears himself like a lord, and many are the glances shot swiftly at his retreating figure by eyes that, it may be, ought to have known better. As he reaches the corner of an intersecting street, he is stopped by an acquaintance, who engages him in conversation, and the two stand there a few moments in animated talk, animated at least on the one side. The first young man says little, and his manner, while easy, unbends but slightly. As he turns, his face swings into view, and direct view too, of a young gentlewoman who leans slightly forward from a balcony above the Calle. She bends forward with a quicker interest, veiling her face from the street in general with a delicate black lace mantilla; this does not interfere with her view of the man who stands so still, and she gazes with slightly parted lips till a sudden movement makes her draw back into the shadow of a blind.

"Thou art honored by being looked at by the señorita, Christopher," cries the livelier of the two. His companion makes no audible response, and presently the two pass on along the thronged street. Now it is possible to recognize perfectly, from profile and manner, that it is Christopher Columbus at whom the young gentlewoman looked. Two

years have passed since the day when the pirates drove his galley into Lisbon bearing the dead body of his friend, and these too have been busy years with Christopher. They have led him into new ventures and new seas; they have added dignity and assurance to his manner, and a touch of grey to his temples, though he is only twenty-six years of age. He is no common follower of the seas, and as we are charitable folk, let us at once admit that the señorita had chosen a not unworthy object for her glances. She was a young lady of great discretion also, and her family, while not unpleasantly wealthy, was one of the best in Portugal.

Christopher Columbus was now in the flower of his young manhood. Unlike the southern Italians, he was fair in coloring, with ruddy face and reddish brown hair. His eyes were a clear grey-blue, his nose slightly of the aquiline mold, his face rather long and full. He was considerably above the middle height, with large frame, of fine proportion and breadth, and his port and bearing were those of a lord to the manner born. His movements were slow and dignified, and even the carriage of his hand bore authority. A striking figure he was



The Tower of Belem, Lisbon

in any company, even when not speaking nor moving; but when, under the glow of enthusiasm, he began speaking on the subject nearest his heart, he held what must have been almost an hypnotic power over his hearers. His eyes, with their jutting brows, and fired with that peculiar light which comes from scanning open seas, would blaze as he talked, and it was a bigot indeed who could remain unmoved under his speech.

He has now only recently returned from a long voyage to the German coast, where he has spent nearly half a year. His life in Lisbon has been cut up with sea voyages of this kind, so that his brother Bartholomew, whom he sent for to join him, has really seen but little of him. Bartholomew is a draughtsman and map-maker of unusual ability, and a mariner of parts himself; Christopher is to owe much to Bartholomew before he is through with old worlds and with new, and we need not be surprised to find him mixing in such grave and weighty business as Christopher's marriage. What with his sea-going mania and his absence from home, or any settled habitation, Christopher had had little inclination and less opportunity to spend many thoughts on the fair sex. Then, too, his comradeship with Rodrigo Estévan had kept him from needing or desiring other companionship. Since he had been at Lisbon, he had spent most of his time at sea; the first year to Ireland, and on to Iceland; the second year to Norway and to Germany; no time here for primrose paths, even had he been so minded.

All this was now at an end; for grave things were to come of that walk down the Calle del Toro, and grave things were to come soon. It was in the chapel of the convent of All Saints that the two met, it is said, and from this slight picture much may be conjectured — what lover has not gone to church for his lady when necessary. Whether he wrote songs for her is not certain; probably he did not,

but in any event his methods must have been efficacious, for presently brother Bartholomew is seen hurrying back and forth in his capacity as envoy extraordinary. A delicate office it proves to be, moreover; for the young gentlewoman's family, the proud house of Moñiz de Perestrelo, did not particularly care to be allied by marriage with an Italian mariner of no especial family or position. This was diplomatically explained to Bartholomew in the most sonorous of polished syllables, and that was probably fortunate for future comfort, because Christopher seems to have gone straight ahead and married the lady without any more regard for her kinsfolk than if they had been dead and in their graves.

In Columbus's own memoirs, in all his written work, in all his letters, it is curious that there is no mention of his wife. Of everything else under the sun he talks and writes freely, and at almost tiresome length in many instances. Of the dark-haired Felipa Moñiz not one word. To find the only mention of her one must seek in his will; and there one finds the simple words: "I desire that a chapel be erected and masses said for the souls of my father, my mother, and my wife." That is all; nor is there, in all his papers, one other word. It is impossible to believe that this was because his marriage meant little to him; rather, may we not hold that it was a union of such calm serenity that he felt that a word would sully it? He had known Rodrigo, and had seen the lighted altar that he kept; may it not be possible that his silence is only the tribute of his soul to the love that these two inspired — his wife and his friend?

Of one thing we may be reasonably sure; that is, that he was happy for at least three years of his marriage. As soon as the church doors ushered forth into the world Christopher Columbus and Felipa his wife, he took her to a lonely island far out in the Atlantic Ocean. The name of this

isle was Porto Santo, and it was a barren little rock, belonging to the Madeira group, but standing off by itself in a sort of proud isolation. Felipa's family held the title to most of this island, and perhaps they offered it to the married couple for the sake of getting them out of the way, that they might thus forget the mésalliance into which the house of

Lisbon and its Harbor

Moñiz de Perestrelo had been thrust. Be that as it may, in this lonely place this roving mariner remained, without even one little voyage, for the space of three years; does it need so great a stretch of the imagination to believe that they were happy years?

The very island on which they were had a romantic history, — somewhat legendary it is true, but none the worse for that. It appears that during the reign of Edward III in England, a young man named Arthur, or Robert, Machin,

fell in love with a girl of great beauty, and also unfortunately of great rank in the realm; in the proper fashion the family imprisoned the young woman to keep her from being carried away by her enthusiasm, and soon after married her summarily to a nobleman with a castle somewhere in the west of England. The deserted lover lost no time in making chase, and with the aid of friends he succeeded in finding his ladylove and communicating with her. Finding that her heart was more devotedly his than ever, he determined on heroic measures. Accordingly, an elopement was planned; the young woman went out to ride in the park, attended by one groom, who was in the plot, being a friend of Machin; and at a favorable moment the riding-party swept down to the seashore where a boat was all in readiness. The triumphant lover helped her on board, and they set sail for the shores of France. So far, so good.

It happened, however, that a gale came up when the little craft got out into the open channel, and instead of making France, the ship was blown far, far to the west and south, so that it sailed two weeks without sight of land. At length it came upon a little island in the sea, and, the gale still raging, put into this haven for refuge. But alas! the lady, believing that God had turned His face against her, and that the tempest was the sign, lived only a few hours thereafter; and the lover, stricken to the heart by this death of all his hope, followed her in another three days. One cannot but feel that the friends of the young man had a great deal of trouble, and little recompense; for when finally they managed to steer their little boat back to known lands, it was only to be imprisoned and enslaved by the Moors. They did manage to send word of their plight to some one; but he merely took note of the location of the island, and went straight with the news to King Henry of Portugal, called The Navigator, who promptly had the island redis-

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A Quaint Street in the Old Town, Lisbon

covered, and took possession of it for Portugal. Eventually it came into the hands of the Moñiz family, and now it formed the scene for Felipa's married life.

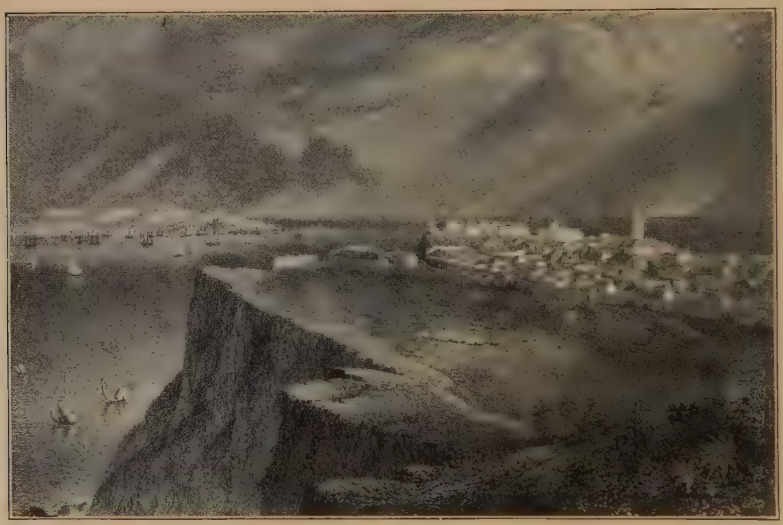
Such was the history of the discovery of Porto Santo; and it is not to be wondered at that Columbus could be content there for three long, and probably comparatively idle years. It is true he did send for brother Bartholomew to come, and together they worked over their maps and charts, and figured on new ways to do old things, and the chances of doing new things. But in the main they must have been three sweet, sunny, dreamy years, with the friendly ocean all around them, its wind always in their ears, and its low murmur never stilled. From the high places on the island Columbus could look over uninterrupted ocean, with perhaps only a faint shadow to southward, where the Madeiras lay. It was a place for dreams, and for great dreams too; the immensity of sea and sky that shut them in brought so overwhelmingly to mind the infinity of life, the terrible, slow march of time across the dial. In sight of such a sea, no room was there for petty thoughts or deeds; the tremendous leagues of blue forbade.

The great things of life and love were close at home as well, for they had not been the second year at Porto Santo when Felipa made known to Christopher the news that he was before long to be a father; that from life, life was coming, and the miracle of creation achieved anew. There on their haven in the sea, with the sea's song in his ears, Christopher's son Diego was born. And a new thing had come into being which was to demand care and affection and the dreaming of dreams, before he should be ready to take his own young destiny in hand.

This was not the greatest birth which was to take place on Porto Santo. Under this blue Madeira sky was born the dream which raised the humble Genoese sailor to the level

of all the great dreamers in all the world. It is easy enough to figure, looking back upon it now, that all his life, everything in it, had been but a preparation for the Vision that was now to be his. But I believe that this Vision might never have dawned had it not been for the years spent thus in Nature's holy tabernacle, with the music of wonder and of beauty sighing in the wind.

But be that as it may, the Dream was born, the dream of a New Earth. It is no part of this story to follow the thou-



LISBON, FROM THE ALAMEDA

sands of speculations, wise, or foolish, or indifferent, which have been made over the genesis of this Dream of Columbus. There are those who tell wild tales of a pilot and a paddle, and a secret poured into Christopher's ear by a dying seaman, informing him of a great land to westward which none had ever known. There are many who cling to the belief that on the trip to Iceland Columbus gained an inkling of the voyaging of Leif to the westward so many years before; these men bolster up their contention by all manner of weighty evidence, notably the fact that Columbus was known

to possess an Icelandic fibula, or small brooch, on which were graven strange characters, and the likeness of an open ship. They further support their contention by the silence of Columbus regarding his trip to Iceland during the years which were to follow. But their opinion cannot matter now, one hair's weight. There are probably few, if any, who now believe that anything more than the merest flicker of an idea was gained by Columbus from his Iceland trip: it is highly improbable that he heard even the mention of those early Norse adventurings; and even if he did, he could but regard the "New Lands" as only part of the great unknown North, in which the continent of Europe was admitted to end.

There is no intent on the part of true historians to assert that Columbus was the first who held that the world was round, or that it was possible to gain the East, the luring, golden East, by sailing westward. There had been hints and rumors of this thing from the age of Plato down. It detracts no whit from the honor due, that others had had, faintly and indefinitely, his Dream. It remained for him to see his Vision so clearly and so greatly that it lay not in the power of all the unfriendly world to drown it out of him; he it was for whom this Dream was born, since he was the man who gave it breath, who filled it with vital fire from his soul.

It was a simple idea, when all is said, as follows: The earth is round, therefore by sailing far enough westward it is possible to reach Cathay. That is all there was to it; what could be more simple? yet what more magnificent, more daring, more direct?

For hundreds of years mariners had skirted gingerly along the edge of this western ocean, cautiously, carefully, feeling their way, and keeping a straight course back home at the first approach of danger. It was not for them to dare

the perils of this Final Barrier, where almost at any minute they might be scorched to a cinder by the very Wheel of the Sun. There was a strong feeling among the marine fraternity that it was sacrilege to tempt this deep too far; this western ocean was a good thing to let alone. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the superstitious fear and dread with which the Edge of the World was regarded. Nor should one try to minimize it; for it was this terror and this superstition which made so long and stony Columbus's path before that day at Palos when the three little ships set forth on the voyage that was to shake the world. But ah, how many things must happen before that! and how devout must be the faith to hold fast the Dream through all the long and desperate years to come.

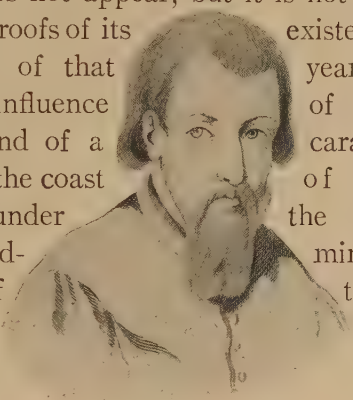
COLUMBUS'S DREAM

But now the Dream is born; and it is time to leave Porto Santo, and mingle with the world once more; and with the light of his star shining in his eyes, keeping them undimmed even at the fading of Felipa's face, Columbus sets sail once more for Lisbon; a knight in search of the Grail.

CHAPTER V

PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN KINGS

IN the latter part of the year 1481 it dawned upon the Moñiz family and its Perestrelo branch that possibly the Genoese mariner who had married into their unwilling midst was a man of parts after all. Just where this idea originated does not appear, but it is not so long afterward that notable proofs of its existence were given. In December of that year Columbus was, through the influence of his wife's family, given command of a caravel sailing in a squadron for the coast of Guinea. The squadron was under the command of the Portuguese admiral, Azumbago, and the object of the cruise was to erect a fort which should be a Portuguese stronghold on the Guinea coast.



King John II of Portugal

It may be imagined that this appointment came at a singularly opportune time, when Columbus must have needed help and encouragement in the face of the long and weary way on which he was so soon to start. The authority seems to have been vested in him tentatively, as it were, by the admiral, but there was no doubt in Columbus's mind that he was born to lead; this recognition merely offered him the chance to prove his theory; and he made the most of it. His conduct of his vessel and control of his crew proved impeccable, and fixed in his own mind at least the conviction that great leadership was to be his.

The expedition itself was a great success; the voyage was safely made, and the fort securely built in the heart of the Ethiopian gold country, and a suave and satisfactory treaty made with the natives. Admiral Azumbago remained behind in charge of the fort, and the rest of the fleet returned home, armed with no inconsiderable supply of gold, and with a delicate mission well accomplished. King John spoke with the greatest kindness of the admiral and his captains, and it is reported that on Columbus's advice he broke up the burden-vessels and left them stranded on the beach, to give the impression to possible emulators that the Guinea coast was a perilous place.

To Columbus it seemed that the time had come for which he waited; in his Guinea voyage there had been time to think and to brood over his great Idea, and it now appeared that the time was come to act. He was known to, and had been commended by, King John, himself an eager navigator by proxy; and there is no doubt that he felt it his duty to offer the prime glory and the gain to the monarch under whom he had held his first command.

First the thing must be weighed, and weighed, and accordingly back to Porto Santo went Christopher, to confer with Bartholomew, and to see again the dark-haired little mother who waited out in the sea. It was a grave essay for an unknown mariner to demand of a King a squadron to sail for strange and unknown oceans; and it may be conceived that the two brothers talked long into the small hours many a weary night before the matter and the manner were finally agreed upon. In 1482 he returned to Porto Santo; in 1483 he came back to Lisbon, primed with his Dream, from which henceforward he was nevermore to be free. Never again was he to be as other men, taking each day for the worth of that day. He had sold comfort, friends, honor, ease, for the sake of his nebulous but glorious vision:

and his valley of tribulation was all before him. He was to meet all the black sins and vices of mankind; all the combined forces of hate and fear and ignorance and bigotry were to stand arrayed against him; and it was for him to face them and to conquer.

Accordingly, we see him, his charts under his arm, entering Lisbon harbor, in the spring of 1483, and preparing

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LISBON, FROM THE TAGUS

to lay siege, as soon as might be, and in the most forcible and feasible manner, to the ambition and the pocket-book of King John. There was in Lisbon at this time a great man, an astronomer and scientist called Martin Behaim; and to him, that no loophole might be overlooked, Columbus went. Behaim received him kindly, and the two talked absorbedly about the distance to India, and the width of the sea, and many other valuable points which Columbus pressed into service as best he could. And at last, after long waiting for a favorable moment, he is ushered into the kingly presence, and presents his offer fairly to King John.

King John was a monarch of address and dignity; his

court was a splendid one, and he held the same degree of magnificence for audiences, whether they were of monarchs or of paupers. It was his duty to his country. Dressed in all his royal robes, his retinue spread out long and golden on either side, he gave audience to this mariner with his Dream.

"Approach, captain," he says affably, when Columbus hesitates before so much majesty. The audience-room is filled with courtiers, and ladies of the court, in festal array; and close by John's side, in readiness for whatever might come, sit his Majesty's redoubtable counselors and cosmographers, the doctors Rodrigo and Joseph, very learned men, almost learned enough to advise a King with some hope of getting a hearing. Into this august presence came the poor Genoese sailor, without money, or much standing or influence, and with an idea to broach such as had never been broached before in any court.

"We remember you very well," proceeds King John, adept at making his tongue save his purse, and assured that courtesy came never amiss. "We remember well your gallant conduct in the voyage to the Gold Coast under our esteemed admiral; it gives us pleasure to welcome you to our court."

Columbus was perhaps a trifle taken aback by this civility, but he was too full of his project to waste much time in preliminaries, now that he was actually in the presence of the man who might bring his hopes to fruition.

"Your revered Majesty, and gentlemen and ladies of the court, I have no rhetoric to help me say the things that I must say. I pray your indulgence for the manner of my speech, as I pray your Majesty's grace to listen to the plan about which I have presented myself before you."

Briefly, his project was thus presented: The earth was round, therefore by sailing west one could eventually reach the East, and the golden shores of Cathay. In the holy

works of the prophet Esdras it was written that only about one-seventh of the earth's surface was covered with water, therefore it would not require so very long a sailing before the sea would end in the wished-for shores. He asked of his Majesty not great fleets or great retinues, but merely a little squadron with sturdy seamen, and for himself, the originator of this glorious plan, he asked simply the title of admiral of the new ocean, and of all the islands he might discover therein, with full vice-regal state and authority.

This was the substance of his plea, and he backed it up with a long and elaborate petition, going into full details in regard to the sources of his belief and the ready feasibility of his plan. He did not, however, go too closely into details respecting distances and ways and means, and therein showed his wisdom, as events were to show. One can fancy the consternation which ensued in King John's polite court when this thunderbolt was launched. Historians are not agreed upon what was the manner of the King's first reception of the plan. There is little doubt that his impression was that he was dealing with a madman, and that the whole thing was the product of a diseased mind, a wild chimera too fanciful for sober consideration. There was another side to it, however; his predecessor, Henry the Navigator, had greatly enlarged the limits of the known world during his time, and John had his worthy precedent to uphold; furthermore, this might be really a wonderful idea — in short, it would not do to dispose of it summarily.

King John rose from his seat, and with a gracious frown, he thanked Senhor Christopher Columbus for the privilege of hearing his ingenious plan for reaching the shores of Cathay and the Indies.

"It is the idea of no ordinary man," the King pursued. "You will, however, admit that the matter is one which cannot be decided in a moment; it is too grave an affair.

It involves many things, and the expenditure of much money. You have done wisely in presenting this plan before us, and we have made up our mind, during your most interesting discourse, to investigate the matter with the greatest care. We will advise you of the steps we shall take; in the meanwhile, we trust you will consider yourself a welcome visitor at our court."

Thus the politic King John, or substantially thus. Whether he really ever fully believed in Columbus's scheme or not does not appear; or at least the extent of his belief does not appear as yet. He announced that he would refer the thing to a grave and learned commission, and that he would abide by their findings. This commission, before whom came so momentous a question, consisted of three men, doctors Rodrigo and Joseph, the fellows of Behaim, and the Right Reverend Senhor Cazadilla, bishop of Ceuta. Before these three men, whose brains were saturated with much learning, must Columbus appear to plead his cause.

A thankless and uphill piece of business he must have found it. The bishop, who was no scientist, focused the strength of his objections on the heresy of maintaining the world to be round, and the impossibility of converting the heathen; for Columbus, to leave no stone unturned, and from the depths of his righteous soul, had ventured to dwell on the glory to the Church of converting all the natives on the shores he was to find. The bishop overturned this pious hope with a wave of his hand; and then it was the turn of Rodrigo and Joseph. It is difficult to come at the precise attitude of these two men with regard to this proposal, which, as scientists and educated persons, they should have been willing to treat with respect, at the least. The reasons which they gave for their findings nowhere appear, and we can only guess at their manner of reception, and the form of their verdict. These men are 400 years dead, and what they

THE MONASTERY OF SAINT JERONYMOS: HERE VASCO DA GAMA PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE HE SAILED ON HIS GREAT VOYAGE IN 1497; HERE HE WAS WELCOMED BY THE KING ON HIS RETURN TWO YEARS LATER

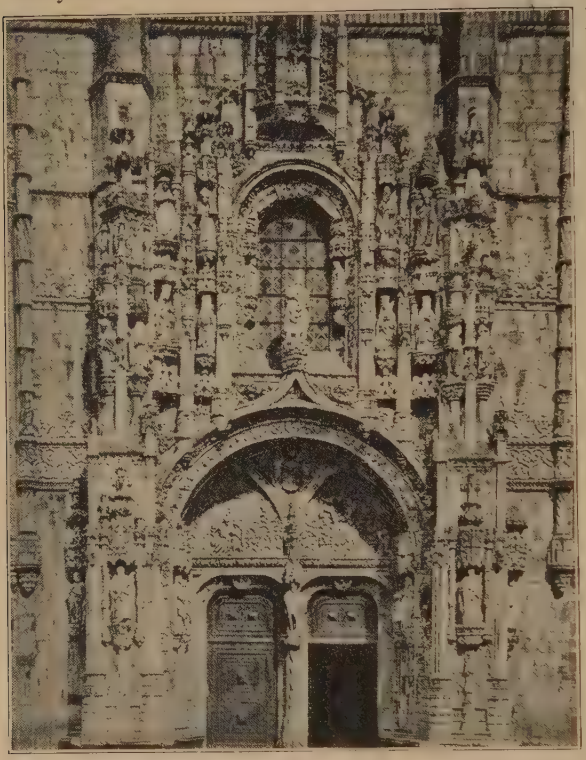
said or thought matters not at all now, but it was a great thing to the Genoese then, who hung on their verdict.

Their position after all is easy enough to understand, viewed in the light of their office as wise men of the court, if we are content to assume that they were like all the wise men of other courts who appear in history. First, then, they were jealous of the discoveries of any one not of their own family; and could be depended to belittle any idea, however good, which did not come directly or indirectly from themselves. All court wiseacres seem to have been cut off this pattern, and judging from results, these three Portuguese were true sons of their learned fathers.

There is no difficulty in believing that the arguments they advanced to down poor Columbus were so thickly interlarded with Latin and Greek and all manner of erudition, that it would have been a wise sailor indeed, who had understood the first sentence. They probably took the pedant's fiendish delight in using elaborate dialectical circumlocutions, when all this mariner wanted was a plain, blunt yes or no to his simple questions. He never got the yes, and the no was wrapped up in all the rhetoric it could stagger under, we may be sure. In this manner, the deliberations of this learned commission came to a close, and after a weary and heart-chilling wait of nearly two months after all the evidence was in, the word was at last conveyed to Columbus that nothing could be done, — at least, at present.

At least at present. For under all this delay and apparent disbelief seems to have been lurking, all the time, the idea that Columbus was probably right, that he did know what he was talking about, and that he had hit upon a notion which was distinctly an epoch-maker. Or perhaps it was not fully a belief, perhaps it amounted only to a suspicion; at all events, King John was afraid to let Columbus take his

scheme elsewhere. So he temporized, and parleyed, and dropped sweet, indefinite words, hoping to find some way to induce the Genoese to modify his demands. This was really the crux of the matter: Columbus demanded too much; he wished to be made admiral, and given great powers and revenues. King John had no objection to Columbus's discovering worlds for him, but it did not seem just that Columbus should demand anything for this service but his Majesty's heartfelt gratitude. Strangely enough, this did not seem adequate recompense; and so the matter stayed.



The Ornate Entrance to the Monastery of Saint Jeronymos, Lisbon

Now was this stranger to courts to have his first acquaintance with the perfidy of princes; for all the while, or most of the while, King John had been secretly planning to see if he could send a fleet of his own to do what the grasping Italian offered to do on such hard terms; and thus save for himself and Portugal all the honors and perquisites there might be.

It was a piece of trickery unworthy of any one, even though he were not a King, but John did it. Accordingly, while the commisssion was still spasmodically in session, a fleet sailed from Lisbon, bound for the Cape Verde Islands, but with sealed orders to sail thence westward and find this new waterway to the Indies. A very pretty stroke of treachery indeed, and it came to the end which it deserved; which, at the last tribunal, is the doom of all deceit.

The fleet went ahead merrily enough till it reached Cape Verde; and the orders were read to the principal leaders and their lieutenants. Even at the outset there was trouble. There was nobody on any of those vessels who was anxious to be turned to a blackamoor, or be boiled alive by the wheel of the sun; these things were far from pleasant. Still the westward course was held for three days or more; then a rumor spread abroad in the ships that they were going downhill. This is often true at sea, in effect, but it is understood and expected by seamen who are familiar with oceans and their ways. But to the Portuguese it seemed conclusive that they were drawing near the edge of the world, and that presently they would all be pitched off into space. There was soon no ship that wished to be hindmost in turning back to good, safe Cape Verde, and the green leagues toward Portugal.

Thus, in fitting disgrace and open shame, ended the attempt of King John to steal the thing that was not his; the thing needed for success in this great venture was a thing he could not steal, he nor any King nor any man!

When the fleet sneaked back into Lisbon, the news was not long in leaking out; and to Columbus's ears of course it came. At first he could not be led to believe it; but brother Bartholomew was more canny than he, so that at the last no doubt remained. Resolving in his heart never to set foot in this Portugal again, Columbus made his preparations to

sail for Porto Santo, to get his boy Diego and the gentle, dark-haired Felipa. Darkness closed in upon him all at once: for on the heels of this first shadow of the ill luck which was to be his so long came a second and more terrible trouble. When he landed at Porto Santo, there were no smiles, no softening of dark eyes, to meet his coming. Felipa was not there; nay, nor in any land or country that was of earth. While her husband was on board ship, she had died, silently, in the night, when no one knew; and all of her that lived was the part that cannot die.

It was a fortnight before the ship was to leave on its return voyage, and during that fortnight Columbus paced drearily back and forth on his desolate vigil, remembering, perhaps, the thousand sweet and memorable things which had been his and hers, and which could never belong to them again. Out upon the heights of the rocky isle he went, and gained some sort of consolation from the sight of the ineffable distances of blue. But she was not there; and it had been alone that she had had to face the darkness, and alone that he was to face it now. Alone, except for his son, Diego, in whose grave little eyes he fancied he could see the honor and serenity of those other eyes, whose lambent light was quenched forever.

With his son clasped tight to him, he left Porto Santo with a sigh of the intensest relief, and set his face once more against the world. What part of his heart he left buried on Porto Santo no man may know. But from that time forward, the white heat of his soul burned greatly for one thing alone, his Dream. To this he dedicated himself, for this he sacrificed all the things that might have made life sweet. He bent all energies, all thoughts, to the one end; he plotted, and schemed; he used wile and artifice, as well as faith and courage and indomitable persistence, in the pursuit of his goal, and in its service he never faltered.

As the ship drew near to Europe, all Europe seemed to confront him; and the very sea to be asking, Where now? Fate led him to Spain, by that mysterious hidden finger of circumstance; and to Spain therefore he went, in the year 1485, to leave Diego with his aunt at Huelva. Alone save for Diego, poor save for his Dream, unheralded save by urchins who mocked, he landed at Palos — at Palos, whose name he was to render one of the great names of all time. And Palos marked him not.

Saint Jeronymos's Beautiful Cloisters: The Pride of the Monastery

CHAPTER VI

EL TORO! THE BULL!

CAVALIERS! and burghers! and ladies! and ye common people which are the heart of life, come to-day to the Corrida de Toros at Cadiz! at Cadiz, the morning and the sunset city, presiding in unimaginable splendor over the sparkling waters of her embracing sea. Cadiz is really an island, in the midst of the bay that bears its name,—an island joined to the mainland only by a narrow curving neck of land, so slight and tenuous that it is no effort to imagine the great waves coming in delight some day to make an island again in truth. Nowhere in Cadiz can one go far away from the blue and friendly waters, from which the haze so rises at twilight that the city seems almost to vanish away into a pearl-grey cloud, where time is not, nor any real thing.

EL TORO (*From the painting by Joaquin Diez*)

On this summer day in 1485, however, there was nothing of the nebulous about the island city; her streets, white in the sun, blazed with color and light, and with the thousand bright hues of cap and kerchief, and sash and scarf, and the flitter of steel and the flash of gems. For all Cadiz is come to the Corrida, to see the rise, the trembling, and the fall of his Majesty, the Bull. On a high place in the city stands a

huge, white amphitheater, like almost to the Coliseum at Rome in shape and semblance, its white walls rising in dignity from the dusty street, and its sturdy columns and pilasters giving it a guise of permanency almost symbolic, — for nowhere will be found so eternal an institution in Spain, as this house of the Bull. It is born in the race, the thing for

THE PICADOR (*From the painting by A. Wagner*)

which the Corrida stands, and in the race it will endure; it speaks to the Spanish heart of the old days when life was brave and knights were bold, and blood ran red, and freely. It is as idle to inveigh against the bull-fight in Spain as to take up the cudgels against love. It is! and that is the beginning and the end of the matter.

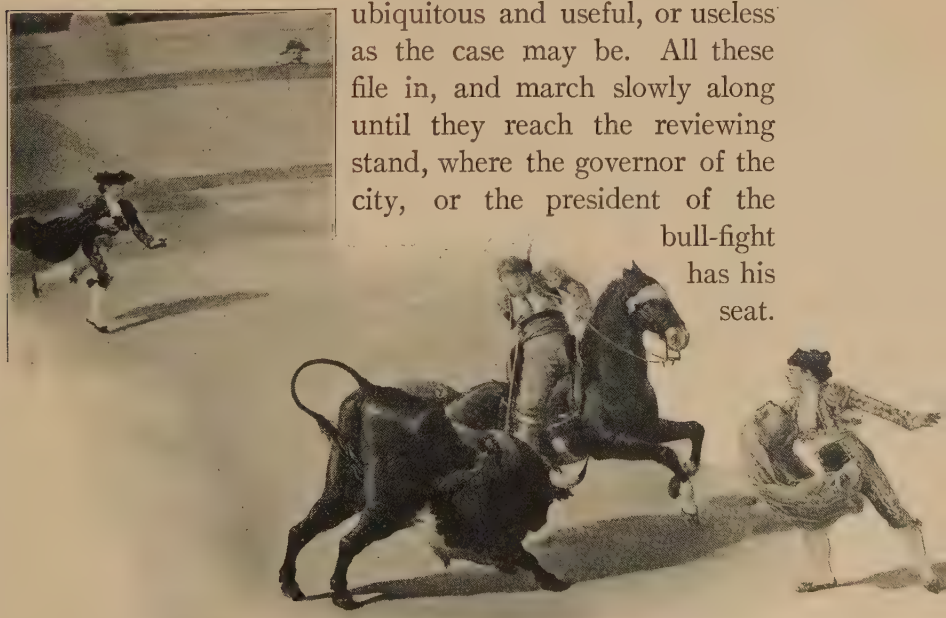
The plaza is thronged with the gay crowds, who have gathered not only from Cadiz, but from all the country near; some of them have traveled nearly all night to get there; yet they know, thousands of them, that they cannot get into the enclosure when they reach it, in that they lack the needful coin — little enough, it is true, yet that little is over-much. There are plenty without them, though, thronging in one vast, good-natured mass into the ampitheater, and pressing their sweating, gesticulating way into the place assigned to them. On the one side, in the hot sun, sit and stand the people, the common people, brave in their tawdry finery, elbowing each other stoutly but cheerfully in their desire to get fine seeing-places. On the side that is shaded somewhat, and does not get the direct rays of the sun, are the officials, the nobles, and the ladies. The ladies are mainly wearers of white mantillas — little color here — and the white alternates with the greys and browns of the sombreros of the men. Rank after rank they rise, rank upon rank of faces. And on both sides, and all through, and without cessation or relief, come and go the countless venders of little fruits, and fans, and all manner of useless trifles; there too are the water-carriers, or *aguadores*, ever present and indefatigable; and over it all the blazing, blistering sun that seems to make the sight only more brilliant, and to fuse into one tremendous soul the thousands of souls around this ring.

The eyes and minds of all are focused upon the ring, and upon the door from which presently is to emerge the dark form they have come to see. The ring at first, however, is

A Spanish Bull-Fight

full of hundreds of nondescript figures that rush wildly about, aimlessly to all appearance, and add their strange cries to the peculiar, almost barbaric voice of the crowd, drumming in the ears like the hum of angry bees. Suddenly comes a cheer, for the clear notes of a trumpet sound the signal to clear the arena, and immediately men on horses dash pell-mell into the crowd, and in a twinkling it is dispersed, scattered like chaff to the rim of the ring, where the particles clamber frantically over the barred fence, and engage in altercations with those on whose heads or feet they have fallen. The ring is cleared.

At a second note from the trumpet a gate opens at the far end, and there enter, in pompous and gorgeous parade, the men who are to be the actors in the drama so soon to commence. First, in fantastic gold and lace, come the three *matadors*, observed of all observers; then follow closely their *banderilleros*, *capeadores*, and *cuadrillas*, all swaggering and magnificent as finery and youth can make them; the *picadors* follow on horseback; and last of all the *chulos* to bear away the dead horses, and make themselves generally ubiquitous and useful, or useless as the case may be. All these file in, and march slowly along until they reach the reviewing stand, where the governor of the city, or the president of the bull-fight has his seat.



THE PICADOR'S THRUST

Before his seat the procession halts; and he, rising with indolent and nonchalant ease, tosses the key to the bull-pen, over to the *alguazil*, or guard. This functionary catches it and runs with it — no languor here — to the door toward which all eyes are turned. In breathless silence, he turns the key, releases it, tries the gate cautiously an instant, flings it wide open, and tears away down the arena.

From ten thousand throats, hoarse with delight, come the one cry:

"*El toro!*"

"*El toro!*" they shout in transport, and again and again, "*el toro!*" as, with slow and dignified tread, his head slightly lowered, his gaze wandering uncertainly at the sudden light of the arena, comes out into the sight of the frantic thousands, the bull.

Ribbons and scarfs wave their million colors in the wind; the crowd sways to and fro, starting waves and eddies of excitement in the closely jammed mass of humanity. After the first ecstatic moment, a little hush succeeds, time for the taking of breath, to see what the monarch of the ring will be doing next. He seems not inclined to do anything, just at first, but stands sniffing the air through wide nostrils, and waiting, in a sort of lordly indifference, the first move of those whom he already regards as foes.

To the Rescue of the Picador

He has not long to wait; as soon as it is seen that he means to stay and face them — some bulls retreat into the pens, and cannot be forced to face the arena, — the first act of the drama begins. This belongs to the *picadores*, who now ride forward on their broken-down, glassy-eyed nags, for only the saddest, oldest, and most miserable of horses are sacrificed to this spectacle. Well spread out, so that their attack comes from in front and from either flank, they ride forward as bravely as the terror of their dilapidated mounts will permit, and, armed with their blunt lances, they assail the bull on all quarters at once. There is a bellow of rage, a rush, and a scream of startled agony from one of the poor old horses. He is gored in the side, and the blood leaps from him in spurts. His rider leaps lightly off, while one of the *chulos* rushes in and starts kicking the still screaming horse, lying helpless below the bull. In vain, he will never ries again; and the bull, thoroughly aroused now, and angered by the sight of the red pennons and the lances, wheels in his tracks and dashes toward the nearest *picador* behind him.

Amid a roar from the multitude, who delight in a doughty bull, this *picador's* horse also succumbs to the sudden rush, and falls, gored by the sharp horns. "A brave bull!" shriek the people. The other *picadores* draw off to consider their attack; the unhorsed ones to get new steeds; while the *chulos* placidly haul away the dead horses with the sturdy little mules kept for that purpose. On the second encounter the bull does not have it all his own way; for the *picadores* warm to their work, and surround him with dexterous lances, till his coat is red from their thrusts; they must not thrust too deep, however, for there is much more to follow. But at length the bull breaks their line, and, throwing a *picador* and his horse yards away, he rushes to the other end of the ring. The first act is over. The *picadores* gather

themselves together and draw off; the *chulos* clear the ring, and the scene is set for the second act, which promptly commences.

It is now the turn of the *banderilleros;* these are agile young men, on foot, armed with short darts, between one and two feet in length, and flaunting red streamers; they also

The Banderilleros

carry crimson cloaks or bright scarfs to wave in their quarry's eyes, and thus enrage and bewilder him the more. It is the task of these men to plant six of their darts in the bull's neck; and as the darts are pronged like a harpoon, let him shake and rear as he will, he cannot tear them loose, once they are shot into place in his shoulders or neck. Like a bevy of hornets, and with the fascinating, humming-bird-like flutter of their cloaks and pennons, the *banderilleros* gather round his Majesty, who backed against the fence, gazes at them with a harassed eye; as far as he can see, in every direc-

tion, there is nothing but this ceaseless fluttering, waving crimson, which is not there when you charge it, yet whose very bodilessness is fanged with steel. He rushes at them, nevertheless; they scatter with the speed of light, and assail him from behind. Ah, they do their work well, do these, and the bull, furious, but baffled, his eyes bloodshot, his shoulders torn with the darts, and his great head roving piteously from side to side, turns in helpless rage backward and forward, till at length he comes to a stubborn halt, his head hanging, and his tongue lolling from his mouth.

From all sides of that mighty circus rises a cry of tremendous joy; for advancing slowly to the governor's seat, his sword poised lightly in his right hand, and over his left arm slung negligently his *muleta*, or cloak, comes the great actor of the final scene, the *matador!* A splendid figure, rhythmic in the grace and languor of his movements, his body rippling from one motion into the next, he pauses before the reviewing stand. He bows with studied grace to the governor and to the ladies, and eyes the arena in perfect silence a moment, perhaps two. There is breathless stillness now; in all that amphitheater not one voice is heard; even the venders are hissed into silence, as the *matador* begins his speech.

No matter what he said; in sonorous periods the words rolled forth, and the ladies listened with dilated eyes, and when

THE MULETA

it was over the people burst into an approving cry that shook the very earth. On the heels of this came silence suddenly once more, for turning rapidly, the *matador* approached the malign figure of the bull as he stands sinister, by the wall of the arena.

The two stand eying one another, and, for the space of a moment, neither moves. The bull is cautious, wounded, deeply enough to be angry, yet not to the point of desperation; the man is cool, nonchalant, smiling, his golden-clad figure instinct with life and light. With a little flutter of his *muleta*, he walks swiftly up to the bull and passes the cloak over the monster's eyes; and in a flash the battle royal is on. "*El toro!*" screams the crowd again, as no eye sees how, the *matador*, with a lightning step to one side, eludes the bull's tremendous charge. One inch to the left, and those horns would have caught him and flung him terribly to death; but the inch was on the right side; and *el toro*, baffled in his mad rush, pulls up and eyes the agile stranger with venom in his glare; again he rushes, snorting forth a short bellow; and again the quickness of the step intervenes between man and death. As the bull goes by, the *matador*, for further exasperation, flicks him sharply across the face with the *muleta;* a roar of delight rises from the circus; this is indeed a glorious bull, and a skilful *matador*.

At last, after showing his skill to the degree he wished, the *matador* proceeds to business. The people hold their breath; around that great circle goes a little quiver; the end is at hand. Flaunting his *muleta* mildly before him, the man advances till he is within three paces of the beast, which now stands stamping the sand in fury, and rolling his head from side to side. Three paces apart they stand, eying each other, till at last, when he can endure that gaze no longer, the bull rushes for the last time.

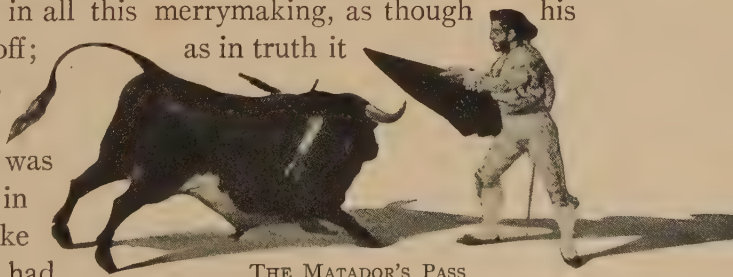
For, at this rush, the man does not step aside. Like a

golden flash in the sunlight comes the flicker of his sword, and armed only with that frail steel, he awaits the rush. Clean and true and terrible, through the shoulder, downward through the heart, goes the sword. The bull gives a gasp, takes one more step, perhaps two, then, with a great gush of blood from his nostrils, he falls prostrate at the feet of his conqueror. The *matador* has not moved.

Lightly, while the galleries rock and tremble with applause, he draws out his sword, swiftly cleanses its crimson blade, and turns to face the ecstasies of the world. It has been a fine bull, finely killed; and the governor's own hand rewards the slayer. He waits a little to receive the plaudits of the crowd, and then, still cold, still graceful and unmoved, and still immaculate in his scarlet and gold, he passes slowly out of sight. It is over!

For the bull, too, it is over; and the *chulos* now advance with their sober little mules, and drag away the body. They must clear the arena, and sprinkle sand where it is needed, for three more bulls are to be killed this afternoon and the people do not wish to wait too long. The stands are now one sea of excitement and uproar; the cries of the venders cannot be heard at all. And at the end of the arena they are already preparing to let forth the second bull.

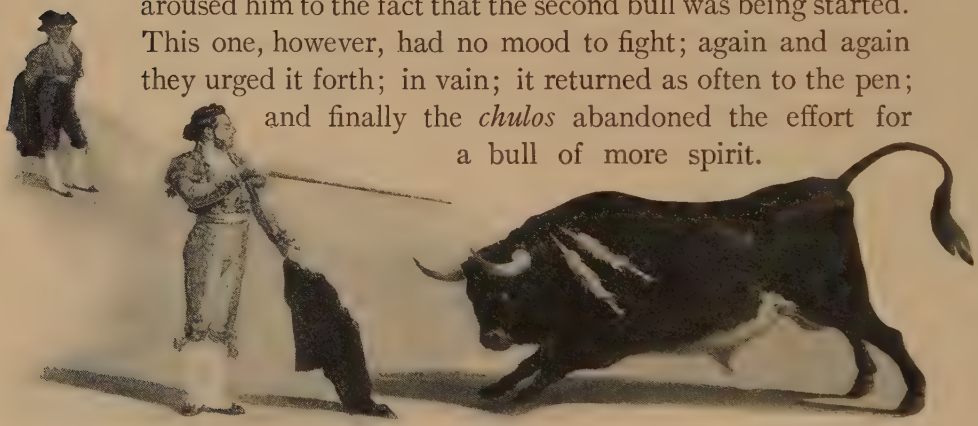
Near the governor's stand stood a tall man who looked with strange eyes at the people and the day. His hair, nearly white, belied the age of his eyes and face; and he stood an alien, in all this merrymaking, as though his mind was afar off; as in truth it was. It was Christopher Columbus; this was his first day in Cadiz, and like all Cadiz, he had



THE MATADOR'S PASS

come to the bull-fight; unlike all Cadiz, it was not for love. He had seen bull-fights in Portugal, and elsewhere in Spain; but none on so grand a scale as this. It was not by design, but pure chance, that he had taken up his position so near the center of the stand; and when he saw the great number of ladies, he would have moved away. For his heart still bled for a smile he could not see; and dark eyes woke again a pain that was never quite asleep.

Finding it difficult to move in the press of people, however, he stood where he was, and watched the first encounter in a sort of unconscious fascination. The roar of the crowd aroused him to the fact that the second bull was being started. This one, however, had no mood to fight; again and again they urged it forth; in vain; it returned as often to the pen; and finally the *chulos* abandoned the effort for a bull of more spirit.



The Matador Receiving the Charge

The third bull was more awake to what was expected of him; when the pen gate was opened, he rushed forth with a terrific bellow, and catching the *alguazil* on his horns, he flung him twenty-yards away through the air, and sent him crashing against the fence. Here was a bull! and the stands roared again. But the end was not yet. Without giving anybody time to organize an attack, he turned and charged again, this time straight for the *chulos*, who were standing before the governor's seat, next to the fence. Like a bolt from the sky came the black, plunging form, through

the *chulos*, one of whom he flung aloft, — thence head first into the fence, against which he flung all the weight of his body behind a brawny shoulder. A crack! and the fence, torn from its supports, gave way before him. He tore himself free, and charged again. And now the stands were only a scant ten yards away, — the stands, rimmed with ladies in white frocks, with white hands fluttering their little fans to and fro idly in the heat. A gasp took the breath of all. No man was there with the wit or strength to move; and on rushed the bull.

Luckily he turned a little, and raced level with the stands; and there rose a low cry of horror, for straight before him in his path, with her head bent, and her white mantle covering her face, moved a young girl barely more than a child, followed a few steps behind by an elderly grandee, evidently her father. Columbus, breaking the spell that held him, leapt suddenly forward, clutching at his sword, and rushed toward the place where these three must meet, the bull and those others, only this time the bull seemed not to be the prey. Too late; he saw it was too late before his sword was out; and he instinctively turned away his eyes that he might not see the end.

A lightning flash of steel; a scream, a flutter of white, — and then, with a great sob, the monster fell to his knees choked, and rolled over in the cold grip of death. In his heart was the sword of a cavalier in rusty brown garments, and tattered cap.

CHAPTER VII

THE SON OF RODRIGO

PAYING not a moment's heed to the stands, which were now frantic with delight, the youth sheathed his sword, replaced it in its scabbard, picked up from the ground the girl's fan, dropped from her hands in fright, returned it with a bow, and lifting from his young head its frayed and faded cap, he made as if to retire into the crowd.

"Hold him — you, there, stop him!" cried the father. And Columbus, who was the nearest, laid his hand on the boy's arm — for it was hardly more than a boy, as all could see. As he did so, Columbus felt the heart of him thrill to a memory that he had half forgotten. He spoke quickly.

"Thy name, boy; tell me thy name!"

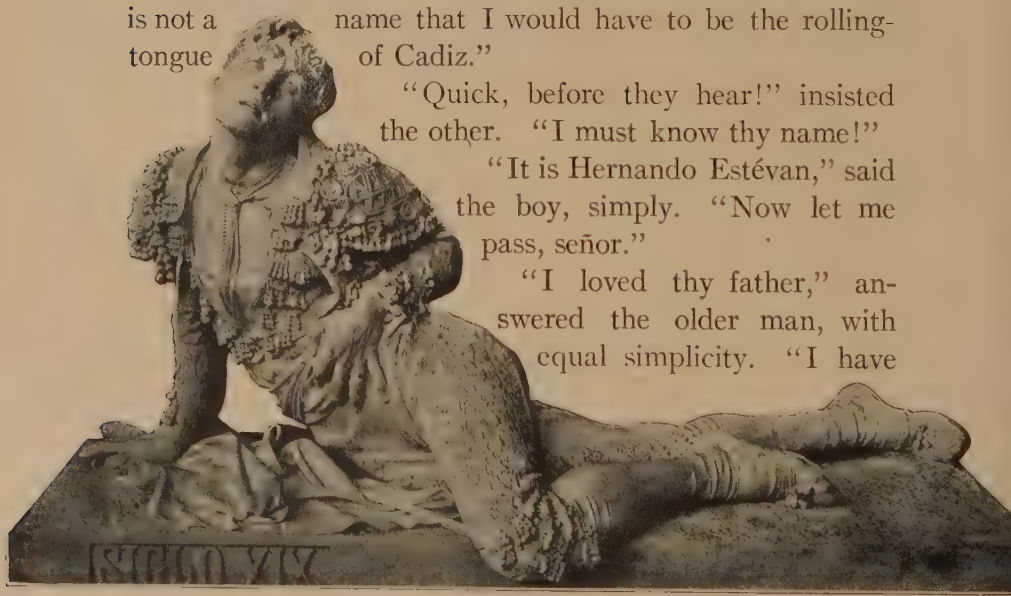
The young man eyed him curiously, looking him long in the eye.

"What matters it, señor?" he parried gravely. "It is not a name that I would have to be the rolling-tongue of Cadiz."

"Quick, before they hear!" insisted the other. "I must know thy name!"

"It is Hernando Estévan," said the boy, simply. "Now let me pass, señor."

"I loved thy father," answered the older man, with equal simplicity. "I have



THE DYING MATADOR, BY R. NOBAS

sought thy face in many faces. Thou art Rodrigo's son!"

There was no time for more; for now the father of the rescued maiden was standing in grave courtesy, craving the honor of the lad's name and company to his home. At the first, seeing only the rags and tatters in which Hernando was clad, he thought, no doubt, to pay him well for his heroic deed, and perhaps to offer him a place among his men-at-arms. One glance at the boy's face showed him that he was dealing here with no lackey, no soldier of the people. There was birth and gentleness in the very lift of the boy's head. And the duke of Medina Celi, for it was no other, thrust forth his hand instead, and told his gratitude and admiration like a man and a cavalier.

"I am the duke of Medina Celi," he said. "I beg to know the name of the cavalier to whom my family must be in debt forever," he began.

Hernando returned his salutation with equal gravity.

"I leave it in your Grace's hands to keep my name known only to yourself," he replied, and, after a moment's thought gave his name to the duke.

The other thought a moment; there was no noble house with which he was unfamiliar, and he knew the Estévans well; and there was in this young man something of manner and of bearing that spoke inevitably of race. Having fumbled in vain for the clew, the duke proceeded, telling his gratitude as best he might, with the eager thronging crowd now hanging on every word, and jostling one another to come as near as they dared to the person of the duke.

"May I not hope that you will do me the honor to come to my home with me?" insisted the elderly grandee. Hernando stood hesitant a moment, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the girl, who stood haughtily regarding him as though his presence were an impertinence. For an instant

their eyes met. The color rushed into Hernando's cheeks, and he answered the duke with level voice, his eyes still fastened upon the brilliant face so proudly held aloof.

"I will accept with great pleasure," he replied. "This gentleman is in my company," he added, indicating Columbus, who stood silently by.

So the four, piercing their way through the encircling crowd, moved on along the passage-way down which they had come. The break in the fence had now been repaired, and, the excitement subsiding, preparations were already in hand for the next bull. The people returned to their places, the governor tossed the key as before, and the *alguazil* served his willing office. Just as the bull appeared from the pen, to be greeted with uproarious cheering, the duke and his daughter, with Columbus and Hernando, quitted the amphitheater.

"Pray attend us, gentlemen," the duke flung over his shoulder; and the four walked circumspectly along till they reached the house in one of the quieter streets where the duke was staying; Medina Celi maintained no castle at Cadiz and was making use of the house of a friend.

"I pray you enter," he said courteously. The four entered the house.

As they did so, the girl dropped her father's arm. Every movement that she made was instinct with life and grace, and also, it seemed to Hernando, infused with the sense of proud aloofness which he had noticed at first.

"Pray excuse me, my father," she said, low, but clearly; "gentlemen, your pardon; I bid you good day!" Without once turning her face in their direction, she turned to the nearest door, opened it swiftly, and was gone.

Her father followed her with an indulgent eye. If it occurred to him that she had been somewhat short in her manner to this young man who had saved her life, he made no

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THE MAIN COURT OF THE HOUSE OF THE DUKE OF MEDINA CELI

sign; with his grave politeness, he bade the two strangers enter a door which he held open, and followed them into the house.

An old servant walked before them, leading the way through the corridor.

"Perez," spoke the duke, "bring refreshments; we feel thirst."

The three seated themselves at a small table in the center of a low-ceiled room, opening on the inner court; the light filtered dimly in, and it was the work of a moment to accustom their eyes to the half twilight. Perez reëntered with the wine and some little cakes, which he placed on the table and retired noiselessly, without a backward look. Medina Celi filled the glasses, and bowing punctiliously, they drank in silence.

"I am not so young as I was," began the duke pleasantly, addressing himself to Columbus, "and you, I perceive, are not so old as your appearance would at first attest. But we are greybeards compared to this youngster to whom the house of Medina owes more than it can ever pay. May I ask Señor Estévan," he went on, turning to Hernando, "if there is any way in which you can allow me the honor of being of service to you?"

Hernando hesitated; before he could answer, Perez opened the door, and approached the duke, speaking a few low words in his ear.

"Gentlemen, I pray you excuse me for one moment," and the duke, taking their complaisance for granted, bowed himself out of the apartment, followed by Perez, who carefully closed the door behind him, leaving Columbus and Hernando alone together in the stillness of the little room.

"Thou art indeed the son of Rodrigo Estévan," said Columbus softly, after a little pause. Hernando nodded

gravely, his clear eyes fixed on the other's face. Columbus rose and walked over to him, his eyes alight.

"Thy father was the dearest friend that ever was mine," he said in a voice thrilling with the memory of it. "For ten years thy father and I sailed the seas together; for ten years he was unto me as my own father, — nay, dearer to me than my own father; and I was toward him as a son, — as the son whom he could never find; never, though he searched through all lands."

Hernando made no answer, and Columbus continued: "Thou didst not know of all of this? How should it be? . . . What is thy age? Thou shouldst be twenty, yes, one-and-twenty; is it not so?" and again Hernando nodded. "I will tell thee of a battle off the Cape Saint Vincent, a battle fought now eight years ago, a battle at which there died one of the bravest and gentlest souls that lived."

He told, in simple and moving words, of the attack of the pirates, and the capture of the fleet, and lastly, in a low voice, of the death of Rodrigo; during it all Hernando never took his eyes from the narrator's face.

"I swore to him," ended Columbus simply, "that his son, whom he had never seen, should be to me as my son, even as I had been to him. I promised that I would bear his dying word to this son, and give to him," — he fumbled in his breast, — "this ring!" He drew forth a ring, bearing the arms of the house of Estévan, and laid it gently in the young man's hand.

"Thou hast his eyes, his very look," said Columbus, his heart swelling to the recollection; and he laid his hand, with affection, on Hernando's arm. At last the other spoke, his voice hardly above a whisper: "I accept thee as his messenger; for I see that thou didst love him; and even now I love thee. I am thy son, as thou wast his, if thou wilt have it so."

He rose and flung one arm across the other's shoulders, and Columbus, greatly moved, clutched him tight with a hand which trembled.

"Nay," he said, "I am an old man, without home or country, and nought but a Dream to bear me company. Thou art tying thyself to a broken reed."

Hernando laughed, the bright, spontaneous, buoyant laugh of youth. "Look upon me," he cried merrily. "Have

CORDOVA ON THE GUADALQUIVIR

I a home, have I a country? I have not even what most men would call a hat to my name! And till you came I knew not that I had even that name of right. We will be homeless together, comrade! As for thine age, I warrant thou art the younger of us two; I read it in thine eyes that thou hast that in thee that which has no age and never dies."

They stood with locked arms, between smiling and tears, and, as they looked, the compact was made without further words. So they stood when Medina Celi returned a moment later, a queer smile on his face.

"Señor Estévan," he began, "my daughter requests that you do her the honor of attending her; she desires to thank you for the service which to-day you have rendered her and me and all our house." He bowed.

Hernando hesitated, and essayed to speak; it may have been in his mind to give word to the haughty little maiden, who had looked so high over his head, that he could not

The Great Mosque of Cordova and the Alcázar

take her gratitude; but courtesy forbade, and, with an inclination of his head, he followed Perez out of the room, and on through a long corridor dimly lighted, which led him at length into another room very like the one which he had just quitted. It also was dimly lighted, and, when Perez left him, he looked about him in hesitation, thinking he was alone.

He was soon undeceived; for, suddenly at one side of the room, some one moved, with a swift rush of some soft garment; at the same time a shade, lifted from the window, let in a square shaft of bright sunlight; and in the sunlight, bright and bewildering as the sun itself, stood the girl.

There she waited, still now, her hands folded quietly over her bosom; and they gazed at one another for a space without a sound from either. She saw, as we have seen, a straight, sturdy, brown-haired youth, with clear blue eyes and straight and buoyant carriage, his body draped in nondescript and somewhat tattered clothes of no pattern, and bleached by wind and rain so that all the colors were one, and that no color. Alert and straight he stood before her, a sort of wary courtesy in his manner; he eyed her without enthusiasm.

Yet she was worthy of enthusiasm, and more than that as she stood there in the bright shaft of light, her face somewhat in the shadow, but her whole figure and bearing as brilliant and vivid as the red flower she wore in her wonderful hair. Her figure swayed with the tapping of her little foot on the floor, and she waited impatiently for Hernando to speak. This, it at last became clear, he had no intention of doing, and so, with a little rush of soft and musical words, she broke the silence.

"I told my father that I wished to see you, young sir, that I might thank you for your service to myself and to him," she said. Something caught at his heart at the very silver rhythm of her voice. She continued without waiting for him to answer. "It was a very brave thing that you did; I admire bravery greatly; it was very brave." She paused, and in spite of the perfunctoriness of her words, his heart crept slowly out of his bosom toward her.

A long pause fell between them; at length he spoke, in a low voice: "I have heard your flattering words, and I have received your gratitude. Am I then at liberty to withdraw?" His voice was dry as a chip, and at the little note of irony in it she looked up, interested for the first time.

"You are at liberty to do anything you desire, sir," she said.

A sudden impulse shook Hernando, and he yielded to it before there was time to weigh it or to question it. He approached her swiftly. "Is that the truth?" he demanded, with a dominant eye full on her own.

She looked on him strangely as she answered, surprisedly, "Yes."

Suddenly he fell on his knee before her, grasping her hand in fingers that did not tremble.

"Then I desire this," he said. And he kissed her hand.

He heard the swift intaking of her breath as he rose again to his feet. Her face was turned away from him, but he saw the color coming in her cheeks. For another moment they stood thus, and then he came to himself. "I go now," he said; and he turned without another look to the door.

She let him get fully there, let him open the door and get half through it; then he heard her voice summon him. Reluctantly he paused.

"Come back; I desire it," she repeated. And he obeyed.

It was another face that he looked at now; it was as though a soul were behind it where none had been before. She beckoned him closer, and he came, haltingly, the sheer virginal beauty of her blinding him in eyes and heart alike. For a moment they stood looking at each other, her color coming and going, and her eyes bright with a look he did not know. In an instant she turned, grasped her skirt in her hand, and flew to the door at the rear of the room; just one second of time she paused on the threshold, casting a half glance behind. The door closed; and it was as if the sun had been taken from the skies. For a little while he waited, but he knew she would not come again; and presently Perez came back to conduct him to the others.

He found Columbus and the duke deep in conversation.

"It is as I tell you," Columbus was saying, his eyes alight," there can be no doubt that there is a western pas-

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THE BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE OF CADIZ, SPAIN

sage, and nought remains but to secure the ships and men for the undertaking."

"Whom have you approached?" asked the duke, with great interest.

Columbus told the story of his plea before the court of Portugal, and the treacherous treatment he had met there. The hearts of his listeners flamed as they listened; finally Hernando could stand it no longer.

"It is monstrous," he cried. "A despicable trick unworthy of a mountebank; could a reigning King do this?" Columbus nodded sadly.

"Yes," he made answer; "at least, this King could do it; but his effort met the end it merited. Now I must take my plan elsewhere; and I know not how nor where best to begin. I ask not much; surely there must be some monarch who will believe as I believe, or will at least let me test my belief?"

The duke rose and paced to and fro, his brows creased in thought. Hernando turned to Columbus, and smiled. "I believe anything that you believe," he said earnestly. "There must certainly" — with a little laugh — "be kings as wise as I, who will believe as readily!"

The duke ceased his promenade, and spoke thoughtfully.

"I have ships of my own," he said. "I have not heard all your plan, but I believe in it, and in you, sir, already. . . . I have ships of my own, and men. But I am not a monarch. You should go, my friend, as the herald of a King!" His voice rang out; and at this, the first word of encouragement that had come to Columbus's ears since that evil day at Lisbon, the tears came into his eyes. The duke sat down before him, and for a long hour they talked of the plan, and of ways and means, and the thousand perils lying in the way of accomplishment. Both the duke and Hernando had

caught the great contagion of Columbus's confidence, and their enthusiasm was at white heat.

"You should go for Spain!" the duke cried; "You shall go for Spain!" He thumped his hand upon the table. "Perez," he cried to the servant, who entered at once, "bring me writing materials!"

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LUXURIOUS ANDALUSIA

Before the sun set on that day, the letter was sealed and started on its way, which was to commence so notable a suing. For the letter was directed to Queen Isabella of Castile, the gracious consort of Ferdinand, the King of Spain.

"You shall both remain here with me until that answer comes," insisted the duke generously; and there was no thought of demur. But weeks went by, and still no answer came. The King was engrossed in his war with the Moors, and was entering on what he hoped might be his last campaign; it was no wonder that letter-writing was delayed; but at last, when Medina Celi had begun to believe that the letter had been lost, and that he must write again, the answer came. It was brief; but to Columbus it was the most pre-

cious bit of parchment in the world, for it requested the presence at court of the duke and of the man of whom he had written, and it was signed with the most significant words in the world, "Isabella, Queen of Spain."

A Spanish Charcoal Vender

CHAPTER VIII

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN!

ON the flat roof of Medina Celi's palace at Rota, near Cadiz, stood a young man and a girl. He gazed at her as though he could never gaze enough; and she, mindful of every flicker of his look, yet seemed to ignore him altogether, and to stare only out over the barren hills. For it was now winter, and Hernando and Columbus were to leave on the morrow for Cordova, where the Queen held her court. They had been wonderful weeks for Hernando, these at Rota, different from any time he had ever known or ever was to know. Soon after the letter to the Queen had been dispatched, Medina Celi had taken his household and his guests to his palace here at Rota, and in this great house Hernando had lived to know the thing which comes but once. For in his eyes this girl who stood before him was a little more than all the world; he was never to outlive that believing.

All this she knew as she gazed with such apparent unconsciousness out across the winter hills; and it added lightness to her tone, and assurance to her manner. What she may have thought or felt about it, we may not know; but she was not displeased, whatever she might pretend. There was less of a veil than usual in her eyes to-day; it was their last day.

"To-morrow I must go," said Hernando, with a gusty sigh from his heart.

"Yes," she answered brightly, "in a few days you will be at the court; that will be very pleasant; and the Queen is a beautiful woman."

"I am not thinking of queens," blurted Hernando, disrespectfully; and it may be that the maiden hid a smile somewhere back of her lips.

"You must think of this Queen," she retorted, "and you should, since it is she who is to help your friend get his heart's desire."

"She can not help me get mine," said Hernando, glorying in his gloom.

She shot a glance at him; again a little smile was lost in the making.

"No one can help," she remarked sagely; "if a person cannot gain his heart's desire by his own endeavoring, he is not meant to have it."

Queen Isabella of Castile

This seemed to afford him a slight consolation, and he stopped looking at her for the moment, to turn his eyes out upon the road he must take on the morrow. There it lay, running swiftly up the side of the hill, and disappearing around its brow. The sight made him more gloomy than ever.

"I suppose that in the gayety of the court you will soon

forget all the time you have spent here in the southland," she went on brightly, and he eyed her cheerfulness with vast disfavor. Suddenly he turned upon her.

"Will you grant me one request?" he asked peremptorily.

"Not one," she answered laughing, "for I know how unreasonable all you male persons are; no, I should not think of promising in the dark."

"Will you give me something of yours, all your own, to keep?"

"Why do you ask that?" she inquired, startled; it was not what she had expected him to ask, though she did not know what she really had expected.

"I — need it; will you give it to me?" he persisted.

"I will give you," she hung her head in thought; "I will give you a smile!" Ah, what a smile was there! poor wight; sad medicine this for him.

"There!" she cried. "That was all my own; and I give it all to you. It is not mine any more. . . . I am cold; must go down from the roof."

"I wanted something I could hold in my hand," he said, not moving.

But she marched stonily ahead of him, down from the roof, and through the corridors till they again reached the main living-room. When there, she regarded him sternly, on her face no yielding — in her heart, who knows what?

"Here!" she said softly, of an instant. She pressed something into his hand, and was gone. He stood looking down upon a little silver pin, which he once had seen half hidden in her hair. That was the end; when on the morrow he went away with the duke and Columbus, she was there in the courtyard to see the little company mount their horses and ride away; but all her eyes were for her father, and not a glance did she cast to poor Hernando, who was as mournful as any exile, seeking her look. Only at the last moment,

FERDINAND OF ARAGON
(*From the portrait in the Imperial Collection in Vienna*)

when, after the final glance behind, the three, with their retainers, rode out of the gate, did she look at the slender figure in the rear; and there was then somewhat in her eyes that was not all sorrow. But Hernando could not see.

From the brow of the hill they said farewell once more, with eyes and hearts, and then the castle was lost to view. Hernando rode forward with heavy soul; yet over his heart was a little, bright warm spot where rested, kept safe where nothing could wrench it loose, a narrow silver pin.

To Cordova they took their way, for there it was that the Queen held her court. King Ferdinand was away at his campaigning against the Moors, and was at this time laying siege to the town of Loxa. The Moors, whose 800-year sway in Spain was near its twilight, still held out manfully in the town of their great adoration, Granada, and in some few near-by places. But Ferdinand was drawing the net close, and one by one the outposts were falling. For 800 years — six times as long as the United States have endured — had the Moors held sway under the snowy towers of Granada; this was the beginning of the end. So to Loxa Ferdinand had gone to conquer one citadel the more, and hasten the end thereby.

The travelers lost no needless time upon the way. One night only they spent at Seville, — Seville, to be the scene of some of the greatest moments in any of their lives — and in the morning they pressed hastily on to Cordova. Cordova, then as now, was a city that breathed of desolation and decay, save that then her walls were bright and strong, and her towers not fallen to ruin. On a rainy, bleak winter's day, leaning toward spring, but still without any hint of softening yet in the air, they drew rein before the valley where she lay. Far away, yellow and melancholy between her desert banks, ran the Guadalquivir; on all sides lay stretched out the grey dust of the arid plain, with here and there a

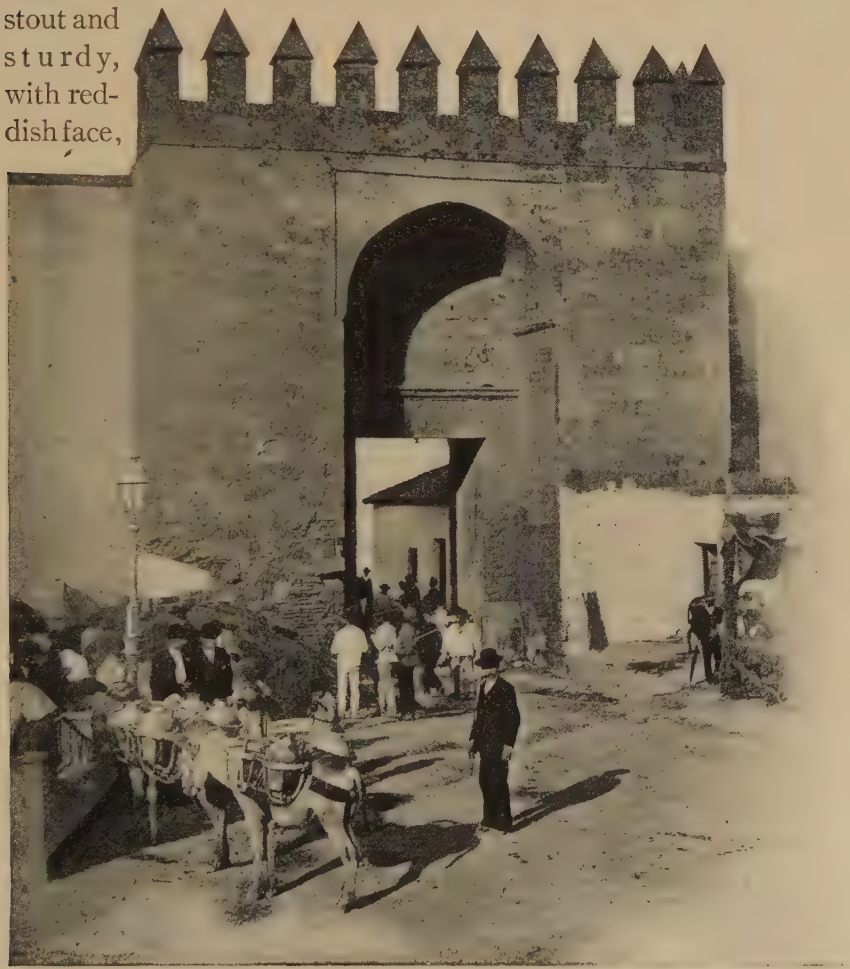
desolate palm rising from the barren earth. Straight ahead, the tower of her great mosque rising majestically above her cloudy walls, lay the city of their quest. There she stood, silent, unreal, the grey mist of the winter twilight about her. They rode slowly along, and at last they entered her portals, crossing by the old stone Roman bridge before the arch of triumph. Night folded them in its cloudy blanket; in the night they took Cordova, and Cordova them.

The duke of Medina Celi was a big man in any company; and it soon became apparent that Columbus could have had no better friend. The first person to whom the duke went was no less a personage than Alonzo de Quintanilla, royal treasurer to Castile, and high in the confidence of the Queen herself. To him he introduced the Genoese, and also Hernando, never separated now from his friend; and Quintanilla received them with the utmost kindness and cordiality. He was a tall and stately man with slow speech and courtly manner; and he was an early convert to the belief of Columbus. With him, on the first morning, was another man high in trust and authority; he was Luis de Santangel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Aragon. He too was greatly impressed with the port and bearing of Columbus, and, like Quintanilla, he soon became an ardent believer in the Genoese and his Dream. These were large molds of men, and greatly did they prove their nobility and friendship.

Quintanilla was the bearer of a message from the Queen for Medina Celi; she desired him to present himself at court at his first convenience, that she might talk with him in reference to the astounding letter he had written. To court accordingly went the duke, without loss of time, and with him went Santangel and Quintanilla. Gay was Cordova now; with the soldiers and nobles thronging into the city to gather round the standard of Castile; with the sound of trumpets and the rattle of accouterments in the streets, and

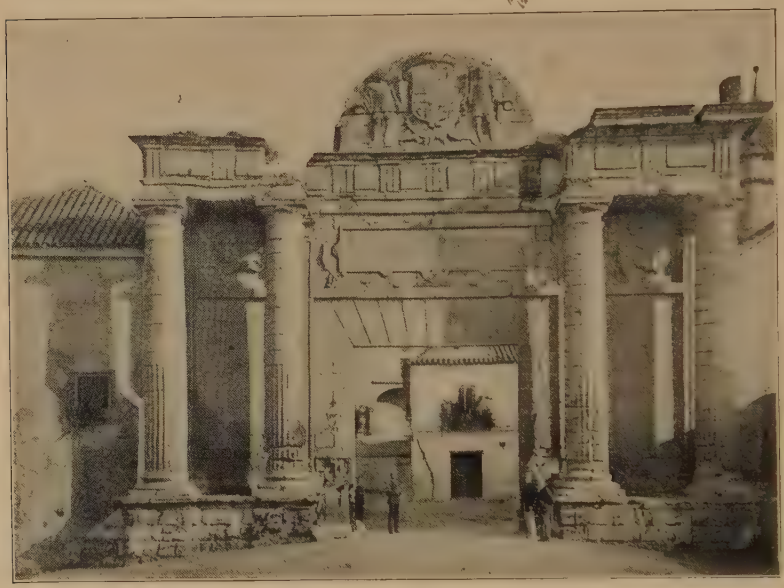
the long packs of mule-teams with their heavy loads of supplies for the besieging army. A busy time indeed, and one would think an unfortunate one for Columbus and his scheme; for, when war presses, it is no time to think of the discovery of new lands and new oceans.

Now, as we are to follow Columbus so soon into the presence of the two great monarchs, man and woman, it cannot be amiss to try to see them as they were when Columbus saw them first, in the year 1486. Ferdinand of Aragon, to take the lesser first, was a man of middle height, stout and sturdy, with reddish face,



The Entrance to Cordova

chestnut hair, straight and shaggy brows, and a penetrating and unmusical voice. He was expert in the field, and no inconsiderable statesman, being, as near as the facts are obtainable, quite without any hampering conscience whatsoever. What he wanted to do, that thing he did without regard to promises or to honor. He was vastly energetic, could work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and formed



Entrance to Cordova from the old Roman Bridge

his judgments, as he chose his advisers, from motives of policy. In dress and appearance he was cold and austere, lacking color in his clothes, his brain, and his blood. He was ambitious, but cautious in his reaching after glory; extremely subtle, extremely secret, extremely determined. But he was very safe; and he persuaded the Pope to bestow upon him and his successors, forever, the title of his most Catholic Majesty.

What Isabella could have seen in him one can never know; one thing is sure, that she towered above him in

every way, both in soul, in body, and in mind. Greatly is it to be wished that we could see her as she was then, this Queen who might serve as a golden pattern for all Queens. If she had a failing, there was none to see it; for the very charm of her disarmed the rancor of all the tongues in the world. Chained to a life one believes her heart was never utterly devoted to, she still bore her part with an unfailing courage, cheer, and gentleness that made her beloved along every valley of life through which her pathway ran.

In person she was above the middle height, of fair figure, graceful and well made, with erect and buoyant carriage. Her face was oval, her brow wide, and her eyes of the serenest blue of Heaven, set rather wide apart, and shaded by her glorious hair, in which flamed the gorgeous auburn which she never lost. So gentle was her manner, so subtle her instinct for the feelings of those about her, that it would seem that she must often have been led astray by her sympathies. Yet it is not on record that she ever was so; and she had other sides as well. She was as capable a statesman as her husband; possessing more tact, more honesty a thousandfold, and more acuteness. It was her misfortune that she could not agree with Ferdinand in more than one point of policy out of a score; she opposed what he favored, and always was her influence cast on the side of justice and of kindness. There were those who held that she was too deeply under the sway of her confessors and religious advisers; she was, in truth, deeply devout; but there is no instance of her having been betrayed into weakness by her faith, or by the influence of those around her. There can be no doubt that to Columbus she appeared, and always remained, an angel straight from Heaven. Hers was perhaps not a mighty soul, but it was a beautiful one; and beautiful shall the memory of her remain, long after the stone that holds her ashes shall have crumbled into dust.

This was the Queen before whom, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and with his great Dream burning like a white flame in his brain and heart, came Christopher Columbus, native of Genoa. Of the first meeting between them we know little, save that from it Columbus went away her worshiper forever, and that for him she discovered a regard that through all the years he served her, never really faltered, and which, at the last, flowered, across the sad abyss of failure and of woe, into a bloom more wonderful than love. It is a strange thing, the bond that held these two together, she the great Queen, and he, at first, nothing more than the lowly adventurer nursing his madman's vision. But it was one of the spirit-bridges across the sea of time; and its phantom span still stands, a testament to the faith that is more than Faith.

This much we know: that she received Columbus kindly, listened to what he had to say, plied him with a few searching and kindly questions, helped him to lay forth his idea in as few words as possible, and at the end smiled upon him encouragingly. It is not probable that she herself had any profound conviction regarding the truth of his theory; she probably did not know much of astronomy or cosmography, and less still of navigation. It may or may not have sounded like a reasonable plan to her, but at all events she did believe in the Dreamer, with a belief that rings through the world.

Columbus, as hot-headed in the pursuit of his Dream as though he had been a boy, would fain have rushed matters to a decision straightway; but this could not be, and gently Isabella led him to see it. Many things must be done first; this was an awkward time to make his plea, when the Moors were just about to be sent to their historical end; further than that, one could not do a thing of this magnitude offhand. Also, possibly as an afterthought, Ferdinand would have to be consulted. Ah, if Ferdinand had not had to

COLUMBUS BEFORE ISABELLA AND HER COURT (*From the painting by V. Brosjik*)

be consulted, how many weary years out of his prime of life might Columbus have been saved!

When Columbus left the Queen after this first memorable interview, the sky was brighter than it had been, however, since he had quitted the treacherous court of Portugal. She had promised nothing save her sympathy, it is true, and her help if she could give it; but divinely her eyes had smiled,

CORDOVA, A CITY THAT BREATHES OF DESOLATION AND DECAY

and that torch was to illumine the gloomy years to come. She further agreed to have the matter referred to competent authorities, to have it weighed as such a matter should be. And, in the meantime, he was to consider himself a guest of the court, and an honored guest at that. No small cause for content here; and the world looked very good.

Back to the house of Quintanilla went Columbus, there to lodge while waiting the pleasure of his sovereigns; there lodged Hernando; and the brilliant summer faded into the somber autumn.

CHAPTER IX

THE SAGES OF SALAMANCA

"HITHER he comes!" they cried, and the shouts rose in motley fashion to the skies.

"Ho, madman of Genoa," shrieked a score of ragged urchins, scuffling in the dust as they ran along. At their tail came an ungodly crew of the riff-raff of the city, smugglers, dock-rats, ne'er-do-weels of all sorts, ragged, dirty, out at heels, ignorant, scurrilous, and cowardly.

THE MADMAN OF GENOA

"Ho, madman of Genoa!" they shouted again and again.

"And how do you grow

your trees, then, wise man? With their top downward? Will you roost in the roots?"

"Peace, fool," came another voice. "Know you not that it is the roots on this side of the world sticking through that make the trees below?"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, and the wit was bold to continue.

"The water on the underside will not fall off, because the great man of Genoa has forbidden it," and another roar of delight went up from the rabble. Now it could be seen what was the object of their mirth. Walking calmly along, his eyes set far ahead, his ears deaf to the scandalous tumult around him, walked the Dreamer of Genoa, and by his side Hernando. On the latter's face, however, was no such calm as showed on the older man's. Hernando's eyes were flaming with rage, and his hand twitched at his sword.

They are walking through the streets of Salamanca, whither Columbus has come in his following of the court. It has been a dreary business, this waiting on the leisure of the King. For Ferdinand was never favorably inclined to him whom he called the Italian adventurer, and at the end of the year Columbus seemed further from his goal than he had been at the beginning. After Loxa had fallen, the sovereigns had been called swiftly to suppress a rising in Galicia, and were now come to Salamanca to spend the winter months, and make ready for the spring campaign. To Salamanca then, perforce, came Columbus, and with him Hernando. This was no uncommon occurrence, this treatment by the street rabble; but Hernando had never been able to attain the same calm demeanor that marked the manner of Columbus; whenever the ignorant storm arose, it affected him the same way, with a feeling of outrage and impotence. In vain did Columbus assure him that it did not matter, that his mind was throned above such petty

stings of life; Hernando's ire never failed to rise at what he felt to be akin to sacrilege. But perhaps the day of this was soon to pass; for now in Salamanca great doings were afoot.

If there be a land where Time has lost its power to ruin and to mar, that land is Spain. Here Time moves only on kindly feet, touches only with charitable fingers, so that his

Church of San Estévan, Salamanca

trail is ever the more lovely for his having passed that way. It may be that there were ugly, terrible things in Spain during the years that have gone to their graves; there are few now; for Time has been at work with his slow but magical fingers, and nothing remains that is not beautiful, or tragic, or filled with the thing that has come to be the soul of this Spanish piece of earth, with its desolate and melancholy grandeur. Salamanca to-day has all the shattered beauty of a dead vision; she is surrounded by desolation, clasped almost in the arms of ruin; but she sits en-

throned on her twin hillsides, in a sort of rosy flushing, like the posthumous blush of a dead maiden. Salamanca 400 years ago was just the same; even though then many of the now old things were new, and perhaps as unbeautiful as most new things are.

The Dominican convent of San Estévan, or Saint Stephen, stood then as it stands to-day, save that its walls were unbroken by the years. For 300 years and more had they been as they then were, and nearly 400 years had elapsed since the first mass was said, in the year 1100 A. D. At this holy house was gathered, in 1487, a momentous company, comprising the great, the pious, and the wise of all the realm. They were met to consider the Dream of a man whom it was their task to find neither great, nor wise, nor pioús; though he was all three. There in the old convent they gathered their forces, under the leadership of Talavera, and when all was ready they directed that the Genoese be brought before them, to plead his cause. Into the stone-browed hall, before rows on rows of learned judges and ecclesiastics, came Christopher Columbus, and at his heels Hernando, bearing the maps, charts and petitions that were the outward clothing of the Dream.

It was an unequal fight, on the face of it, — the man and the boy against this galaxy of power and wisdom; yet more unequal fights than this have been fought and won; perhaps the odds are no more in the fight of any soul for life.

The president rapped on the table for order, and rose from his seat with all eyes upon him. Talavera had been the stout and peaceful prior of a monastery at Valladolid, and was a favorite with the Queen on account of his honesty, which was unimpeachable, rather than for his brains, which were only commonplace. He was hardly the man to preside at a meeting of this sort; but he was a charitable soul, and he did the best he could with the lights he had.

He lost no time in preamble. After a few words of address, he called upon Columbus to set forth as fully and directly as possible, the theory and the plan which he was there to propose, and they to consider. Shaking back his long hair from his brow, his hair which now was almost silver white, Columbus advanced a few steps to the center of the room, and bowed.

"Most holy and learned fathers," began he in his sonorous voice, and if there had been any dozing among the auditors it was soon over. For in the glow of his soul, and with the light of his faith shining in his eyes, Columbus spoke, almost without interruption, for fully half an hour. Silence reigned profound as though the court-room slept, except for the magic voice that rose and fell with its convincing periods. He told of the land of which Polo had written, and of which he had dreamed, of Cathay, with its myriad temples, and its million glories, its walls of porphyry and gold; he told of the knowledge of Ptolemy and of Plato, and of the findings of Eratosthenes, subtly flattering them by the implication that they had known of all these things before. He related the theories of Toscanelli, which he had dignified and improved; he gave his reasons for thinking, nay, knowing, the earth to be a sphere, and set forth the simplicity of the scheme of finding East by sailing West. He did not forget, either, that he was talking to Churchmen, and we may be sure that he laid full stress on the glory which would accrue to the Church, not only from this wonderful discovery, but from the thousands of heathens that should be brought into the fold. Lastly, came one of the dearest aspects of his Dream, the prospect of using a part of the wealth of India for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels at Jerusalem.

It was a great talk, considered purely as an oration, and it is significant that he was never allowed to finish it. Per-

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF SALAMANCA (*From the painting by Julius Rœting*)

haps the leaders of the opposition thought he was carrying too many hearers over to his side, or perhaps they simply could not listen any longer; half an hour is a long time for wise men to listen to another man talk. Be this as it may, long before Columbus had come to the close of his address, he was interrupted by a lean, lank ecclesiastic, who rose to take exception to the speaker's remarks, on the ground that they were incompatible with the teachings of Holy Writ. This man, whose name does not appear, had intrenched himself behind a great array of learned works, from which he now proceeded to read long and uninspired excerpts, to the great relief of his adherents.

That we may gain an idea of the arguments used in this peculiar debate, let us listen first to the opinion of the learned Lactantius, one of the bulwarks of the opposition's case, with reference to the earth's roundness, and the possibility and probable location of the antipodes. That Columbus was a fanatic, a visionary, is more than probable; indeed, it is certain that the long years of deferred hoping and bitter longing, turned, at the last, his brain to a sort of inspired madness. Toward the end of his long vigil, he lived, ate, thought, talked, breathed only his Dream; every fiber of his body and every impulse of his soul went to feed this flaming fire in his heart. Is it any wonder that he conquered at the last, in spite of Lactantius?

"Is any one so foolish as to believe," intoned the opposition solemnly, "that there can be antipodes, with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heads downward, and their heels up; that there is a part of this earth where everything is topsy-turvy; where the trees grow their branches backward, and the rain, hail, and snow fall up? . . . The idea of the roundness of the earth," the speaker rolled out with vast unction, "was the cause of this wild fable being invented, for the philosophers, once having erred,

go on in their errors and absurdities, each defending the others!"

This seemed almost sufficiently crushing to the antipodes notion, but to make the conclusion final, the reader proceeded with further remarkable evidence from Saint Augustine, suppressing, it may be noted, the later writings of that philosopher, when his wisdom had grown with years. "I pronounce the existence of antipodes to be incompatible with the historical foundations of our faith; since to assert that there are inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe would be to maintain that there are races not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have passed the intervening ocean. This would be, therefore, to discredit the Bible, which expressly declares that all men are descended from one common parent!" Tremendous evidence, was this, and not to be rebutted, in that august assemblage, to whom Saint Augustine was one of the pillars of faith, strong enough to be leaned upon forever.

This worthy gentleman then went on to combat the theory of the earth's roundness by citations from the Bible itself, quoting the passage in the Psalms where the heavens are said to be spread out like a hide, and from Saint Paul, who in his epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of the sky as being like unto a tabernacle or tent extending over the earth, which must, by this showing, be inevitably flat. The learned Cosmas was also lugged into the discussion, and a remarkable theory of the universe was set forth which provided that the earth was a species of window-box, with the people flowering like plants on the top of it where the sun could get at them. There was also the religious phase as well, for it seemed to Cosmas conclusive proof of the flatness of the earth, when he said it would be necessary to have it flat if all men were to see the coming of Christ on the day of resurrection.

It is not perhaps fair to the sages of Salamanca to present

all these more blatant follies of argument; for there were wise and sane men there who gave the matter deep and sound consideration. Neither is it true, as so many have supposed, that the churchmen were united against the idea. There were many who believed utterly in Columbus and his Dream; and it was through churchmen, and churchmen only, it must not be forgotten, that the long road of sorrow and of bitterness ended in the glory of achievement. But that day was yet afar off; meanwhile, like wolves baying the moon, the so-called sages of Salamanca brayed in their raucous basses.

It was not all over in one meeting, nor in many meetings, for Columbus made many friends and adherents as the days lapsed into weeks. He had no difficulty in meeting the arguments of the modern-minded philosophers, though, to say truth, most of these were on his side; but against the stout and stolid reasoning of the main objectors, he struggled in vain. In vain did he maintain, with all the power at his command, that they were construing literally what was, in the Scriptures, meant in a figurative sense only. He ran against the blind wall of ignorance and of conservatism carried to bigotry; and that wall he could not pierce. All this while Hernando stood at his back, handing him the maps during his arguments, and planning with him at night what things should be brought up on the morrow. But at the last they saw that their cause was hopeless here; for the meetings grew gradually fewer and fewer, and the learned members of the junta became, as time went on, a little bored with this enthusiastic foreigner and his scheme; bored, too, perhaps, by their own untenable position. At last, after many months, the junta ceased to meet. No decision was reached, but Columbus knew that for the time at least, the matter was closed, that all these weary months had been in vain.

They had not been in vain, however, for in this time

of unfulfilment he had made one true and powerful friend. This was Diego de Deza, a learned friar of the order of Saint Dominic, and at this time professor of theology in the convent of San Estévan; later he was raised to the second ecclesiastical eminence in the whole of Spain, the archbishopric of Seville. He listened to the inspired documents of this dreaming foreigner, and believed; and while he thought there was still a chance he labored with his colleagues to report on the plan with favor. This he could not effect; but long afterward, when the word of a churchman was needed his was ready. Be that remembered for him.

In this manner, with a vague promise to bring the matter before the sovereigns when they should raise their court at Cordova, the great junta at Salamanca came to an end. Columbus, after this year of waiting, was back at the starting-point; and the sovereigns, deep in the Moorish war, were as far and as difficult of access as the very stars themselves.

Deza, friend to Columbus, took also an interest in Hernando, to whom he now made a generous offer. The two men talked about it behind Hernando's back, and reached the decision without consulting him at all; their plan was, in brief, to leave him at Salamanca for a year or two, to study at the university, famed even then for its scholarship and dignity of knowledge. Columbus, knowing the thankless road that lay stretched before him, embraced Deza's offer with gratitude. Hernando, flung upon the world with his way to make, had never had time nor chance for the acquisition of the learning which was the due of his birth and of his brain; and Columbus was glad, moreover, to spare him the disappointments which he foresaw were to be his in the pursuing of his phantom hope. So they broached the plan to Hernando, and on the same day it was settled as they would have it; for Hernando obeyed

Salamanca, Spain

Columbus when he knew it was his wish. Only at first did he demur, begging to be allowed to remain and follow the road with his friend; but in the end he yielded; and one somber morning, with misty eyes, he stood on the grey threshold and watched the only companion that he knew go slowly down the winding street, past the little square at the end, and so on, out of his sight.

The university of Salamanca, one of the most wonderful in all the world, was then almost at the zenith of its high estate. Alas! it is fallen from it now; the rooms that once were thronged with the wisdom and the power of all the lands of Europe, — for no house so proud that it did not desire to send its sons to Salamanca, the new Athens, — these rooms, fallen to pathetic ruin, are now used only for the teaching of schoolboys in their first years, and for the primary tenets of theology. But in the fifteenth century, before the first full century of its life was done, the university was an inspiring place. It was like one great magnet-brain, drawing to it all brains that held the real brain-stuff. Founded in 1420 or thereabouts by King Alfonso of Leon, it leapt at once into a prominence second to none. Great sons it had, and the flocking of students to its halls was like the gathering of pilgrims around a shrine. Saint Dominic and Saint Ignatius Loyola were bred at Salamanca; Calderon de la Barca, poet and author, and Fray Luis of Leon, poet and philosopher, walked in its corridors, and later lectured in its rooms.

This was the place where Hernando found himself all alone, with, to back him, only his unstudied years of wandering and fending for himself, and his only friend gone off upon his unending quest. One other thing he had, too, but that he held secure from the world and tight against his heart, — a narrow, silver pin. A small and worthless thing, you may think — not so: it was the compass whereby he

steered. Never would he have consented to remain here at Salamanca had he not thought, "I shall be more worthy of her!" He knew, in the cold, clear light of day, that she must have already forgotten him, the poor, friendless young cavalier, without purse or purple: what was he to be remembered by the lovely daughter of a duke? Yet at night there came back to him the fragrance of the days at Rota, and the memory of midnight hair, and the smile that took his heart, and he could not utterly despair. He remembered her words about the gaining of his heart's desire, and to his heart he vowed to make himself fit for the gaining of his. And with this vision in his eyes, and the silver pin held tight upon her heart, we leave him to his books, and follow down the dusty road of hope the Dreamer and the Dream.

Street Scene in Spain

CHAPTER X

THE DUSTY ROAD OF HOPE

IT is a far cry from Salamanca to the towers that brood above Cordova. It was a far cry in the early and unseasonable spring of the year of our Lord 1487, when from the council-chamber of his judges and his foes went Christopher Columbus. His face was set toward Cordova, whither again had the court and his sovereigns repaired; and he faced the weary miles with a heart still buoyant. The road that leads to court is likely to be much pleasanter, grim though it be, than the road that leads away; and so Columbus found it. But it was a long road, none the less, and a hard one. Across three mountain ranges must one pass, en route from Salamanca: first, the Sierra Guadarrama to the northward of Madrid, second the mountains of Toledo, in the heart of New Castile, and last the Sierra Morena, whose snowy peaks rim that land which is surely one of the loveliest in all the world, and which carries a name that is itself a thing of beauty, Andalusia.

To Cordova then, when all this road was passed, came Columbus, following his Dream across the years; and at the court of Isabella he renewed his suit for the royal aid and recognition that he felt to be his due, and the due of the idea which was now a part, and the greater and more vital part, of himself. Spring was melting into the luscious southern summer when he reached Cordova, and was cordially received by Quintanilla and Luis Santangel. He asked at once whether there was word for him from the Queen, and his friends were able to tell him that she had desired to be told when he should again reach the court. Without delay

they bore word that he was again at Cordova, and without delay her word came back; which was, that he should not despair, that she had not forgotten him, and that when her military affairs should be mitigated, she intended to go fully into his proposal herself and in detail.

Not bad news, this, for a nameless foreigner; and Columbus seems at this period to have shaken off the cloud

Court of Oranges and Mosque of Cordova

which had fallen around him, and to have smiled and rejoiced for the life that was in him. This was not to last; for he was so soon to find that, in the treadmill that he walked, every morning left him still as distant from his goal. Shortly after his arrival at court the court itself picked up bag and baggage and removed to Malaga, where Ferdinand was laying siege to the Arabs' citadel. To Malaga, there-

fore, proceeded he, and set himself down, with all the rest, before the Moorish walls.

Malaga is the city of the sun; nowhere on this earth shines the sun so kindly, so steadily and withal so charitably, as here, beside the ineffable and cloudless blue of the Mediterranean. Sparkling back at the sparkling waters, there Malaga rests, nestled under the protecting shoulder of her headland; there is something separate and apart about Malaga, an undefined sense of aloofness, of absence of all time and all the things that come of time; civilization and its works seem to have stopped just to the north, or west, or southwest of her; and clear and clean to the east and south lies the sea, which is always heathen. Across that sea lies Africa. At the time when the court of Ferdinand hung round its walls, Malaga was filled to the brim with the spawn of Africa; and brave and valiant spawn the Spaniards found them. On three sides of the invested city the camp of besiegers lay stretched, and in the sunlight silks, shields, and banners glistened and twinkled like magic tapestry; the green valley around them spreading backward, calm and beautiful, and at the ends of the splendid semicircle, the azure waters of that sea. What wonder men were fighters, when such was the panoply they had?

The siege of Malaga endured for many a day. It is understood that Columbus held some part in the campaign; but it was suddenly terminated by an incident which was taken as an omen of ill luck. This was an attack upon a cavalier and a lady of the court, the marquesa de Moya, a lady friendly to Columbus, who believed most cordially in his design. These two were set upon by an infidel Moor, a madman, and furiously attacked, so that the cavalier, Don Alvaro de Portugal, was wounded almost unto death; the disquieting feature of the whole being that the couple had evidently been mistaken for the King and Queen. So at

length, as the siege seemed to have made little or no progress, and as the place was of relatively slight importance, Ferdinand, at the beginning of autumn, picked up his tents and departed for Saragossa, there to winter in seclusion; and all things were at a standstill. Columbus, when the siege was raised, felt his hope mounting again thrillingly to his heart; but he soon found that it was a vain one. He made several endeavors to lay his proposal before the King; but Ferdinand, angry at the failure of the siege, sent but a curt response. At length, on Santangel's advice, Columbus gave over his attempt for the year.

Disheartened and alone, he went to Cordova, there to await better fortune. He seems at this time to have been disheartened out of proportion to the cause; or at least, other disappointments, before and after, seem to have affected him much less than this. He looked on the sun darkly, and little aid was there in earth or Heaven. At this hour of his deepest gloom, it happened that there came into his life the little rose of dawn which may not ever have bloomed before, even for Felipa. He formed an attachment, here at Cordova, for a young girl of gentle blood, named Beatriz de Arana. So little is known of this union that it is impossible to say anything with full certainty, but a few things we do know. The first and most beautiful of which is, that in this hour when the sun was hidden from his eyes, there came to Columbus one last, fleeting glimpse of happiness and of love. Beatriz, it is believed, was married and had been deserted by a husband who beat her, or was otherwise undesirable as a husband; at all events, she had been deserted, and no doubt was lonely as well as Columbus. There does not appear to have been the sanction of the Church upon this union, and of course this could not be, since that Church did not recognize divorce; but it was a reverent and a sweet companionship for all that, this mar-

riage under the ban. It was the last time of comfort and of happy peace that Columbus was to know; when, after a year, his son Ferdinand was born, the bond was loosening; it was soon to be severed by a blaze from the Vision, — the Vision he had to see to the exclusion of all other things in this world or the next.

The following year sees him again, his face set into new lines of hope and of determination, pursuing, like some

MALAGA AND ITS ANCIENT CITADEL (*From an early print by P. van der Berge*)

glittering will-o'-the-wisp, the elusive court, and the more elusive promise that he sought to gain. Up and down the broad land he went, in the wake of his sovereigns, taking the dust of their trail, making no sign, relaxing his hope no jot. In 1488 the Court went from Saragossa to Murcia, from Murcia to Valladolid, from thence to Medina del Campo. To and from all these, with inflexible face and inalienable purpose, went Columbus also, the furrows deepening in his brow, the snows sinking deeper and whiter into his hair. At length, after some especially bitter word or meeting, we see him turning his face westward for a brief run to find his brother Bartholomew, whom he

had not seen for many a month, not since the days at Lisbon.

They must have found much food for thought and gossip, the brothers, now reunited after so long a time. Bartholomew's adventures had been many; but from this time forward he is to forego his own destiny, and follow that of Christopher. All their talk together, we may be pretty

Malaga, Spain

sure, was of the Plan; and in this connection Bartholomew had many ideas. One of which, perhaps, was that much-mooted matter, the Toscanelli correspondence. It is well to say as little as possible about this, because nothing is known about it definitely, one way or the other; the preponderance of evidence and the weight of reason seem alike to indicate that the whole fabric of these Toscanelli letters was a forgery. If so, it matters little; if not, it matters less. For Columbus need not fear to acknowledge his indebtedness to so eminent a man as Toscanelli; and he did not fear to do so, according to the evidence of these letters, which

formed the clearest kind of evidence that the great astronomer and he were in the clearest of accord with regard to Cathay and the possibility of getting there as Columbus planned But the fact that these letters were never used, and never even mentioned by Christopher or any member of his family, goes strongly to indicate that they were spurious.

But why, does one ask, should Christopher and Bartholomew resort to such a trick as pretending that Toscanelli was with them in their belief, when the very evidence itself they never so much as used? It seems plain enough: Columbus wished to have behind him irrefutable support of his theory when he should go again before a junta armed with such arguments as those of Salamanca's sages. Hence the letters; had he used them, he deemed that the end would justify the means; as he did not use them, let them go back to the limbo where they belong, oblivion.

Back to court again went Christopher, and with him at first Bartholomew. For a short time only Bartholomew stayed, then, in pursuance of a hope not his, he sought England, there to lay before Henry VII the Dream of another man. So, for a long time, no more of him. Christopher, once more at court, found it the same as before, shifting hither and yon to follow the ebb and flow of the war. The Moors were hard pressed now; the fighting had become almost continuous. In Holy Week in 1489 came the great victory that resulted in the surrender of one of the two Moorish Kings of Granada; and the Spaniards thereupon occupied their stronghold and camp. Columbus, ever on the alert for matter looking toward his ends, now believed that his time was come; but he found that his time was, to all seeming, never further away. In the tumult and the triumph there was no ear for him or for his visionary plans about other worlds and such nebulous matters.

Indomitable still, he took this rebuff as he had the others,

and lowered his pennon not one inch. He had himself served with distinction in the campaign before Baza; and he now went again into the field. Week and week, month and month rolled by; still rings in his ear that maddening word of his monarch, that death-knell phrase, "In a little time, when there is opportunity, we will consider your plan." The little times strung out and made years, and the years were beginning to string themselves on end to end as well. Now it was one thing, now another. At one period, when the sky brightened, it was immediately overcast by the preparation for a royal wedding, of the Princess Isabella to the crown prince of Portugal; this was a magnificent affair, but it left no time in the mind of Ferdinand for Genoese mariners. It may have been that Ferdinand, aware, and probably rather irritated at the persistence of this suitor, smiled grimly to himself more than once when he saw the stalwart figure, now a little bent, crowned by the white hair, which had followed him so keenly and so long.

In this wise two more years went by. And now it is the spring of 1491; there have been five years of following a phantom, — five years in Spain, — and before that two in Portugal; and still no rift in the clouds. This year the court held forth at Santa Fe, ten miles to the westward of Granada. Ferdinand was there, with all the chivalry of Spain, preparing for the siege of that last and most wonderful seat of the Moorish empire in Spain; and across that little span of miles, Granada stood waiting, in her infidel glory and valor, for the moment of attack. A wiser man than Columbus would have seen that this was no time to press his claim; but he had waited as long as his soul could wait.

To Quintanilla he went first, and that worthy, sapient in the ways of monarchs, did his utmost to dissuade Columbus from his haste, but to no avail. Luis de Santangel,

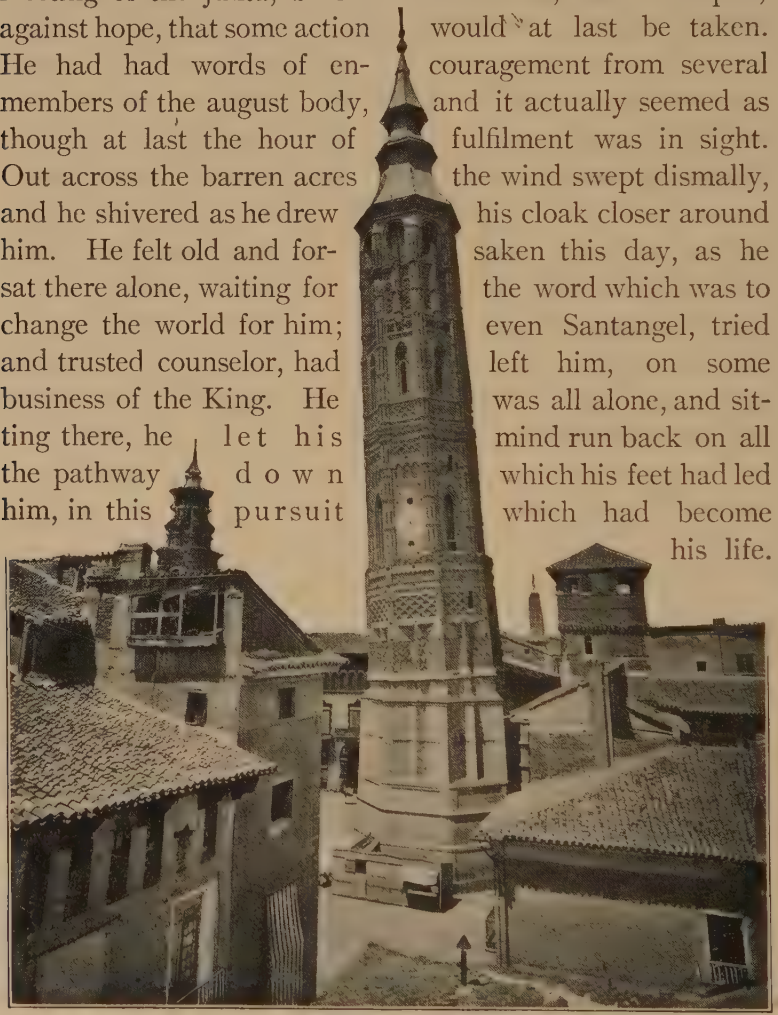
HENRY VII OF ENGLAND (*From the engraving by Goldar*)

called hastily into consultation, offered the same advice, with the same lack of result; and thus it happened that there appeared before Ferdinand the man with the Dream, and again asked a hearing. There is no doubt of Ferdinand's desire in the matter: here around him, thronging on all quarters, were war-clouds, and war-preparations engrossed the mind of every man within his camp, — except one. It is hardly to be doubted that Ferdinand wished Columbus at Jericho. Indeed, had it not been for the intercession of the Queen, it is more than probable that the matter would have ended then and there, with a curt refusal. But the Queen was there, beautiful and gracious as ever, and she gained from her husband a reluctant consent to have another junta appointed to go into the affair once more and sift it to the bottom.

So once more, while war hung red on the horizon, we see gathering the grey heads and thoughtful brows of the wise men, come to debate their same old problem. The junta this time was presided over by no less a personage than Gonzales de Mendoza, cardinal; and its operations were sent forward with all the pomp and circumstance that any suitor could desire. Again did Columbus rehearse his well-worn arguments; again did the wiseacres nod puzzled, or ignorant, or irritated heads; again did the churchmen inveigh against the heresy of the foreigner's contention about the roundness of the earth. Yet there must have been many encouraging signs, for Columbus forebore to produce his Toscanelli letters; possibly this was conscience, but it is more likely that he hoped that his arguments alone would serve. Mendoza was himself favorable to his suit; Quintanilla and Santangel were strong adherents, with many friends and much influence; and for a while all went swimmingly.

Spring faded, summer waxed and waned, and autumn

flamed and paled, and still the junta sat, studied, and deliberated; and settled for themselves not so much as one tiny point. In November of the year, when the trees went bare in the wind, and the gathering winter laid more than a hint of cold upon the air, Columbus sat one day in his cheerless quarters at Santa Fe. There was this day to be a great meeting of the junta, behind closed doors, and he hoped, against hope, that some action would at last be taken. He had had words of encouragement from several members of the august body, and it actually seemed as though at last the hour of fulfilment was in sight. Out across the barren acres the wind swept dismally, and he shivered as he drew his cloak closer around him. He felt old and forsaken this day, as he sat there alone, waiting for the word which was to change the world for him; even Santangel, tried and trusted counselor, had left him, on some business of the King. He was all alone, and sitting there, he let his mind run back on all the pathway down which his feet had led him, in this pursuit which had become his life.



A View of Saragossa

He remembered how the thing first came to him, how in the still, sweet watches of the night, it had crept tight about his heart; how it had grown and expanded, and taken, little by little, possession of his soul. He thought back to the days when John of Portugal had sought to play traitor to his Idea, of the first great meeting at Salamanca, and now of this one. He rose and went to the door, looking anxiously down the dusty and wind-blown street; it was almost twilight, and the junta had been sitting since noon; it was time for word to come. Even as he thought this, he heard footsteps without, footsteps falling in what sounded like wild haste, and a voice that called aloud in excited and eager tones. A strange stricture came about his heart, and he closed his eyes. It had come! was his first thought. Then, with a smile for his own weakness, he walked to the door and flung it open wise. There entered a youth, grey with travel-dust, who fell upon his neck, crying, "My friend: I have come back to thee: I will not leave thee ever again."

Christopher took Hernando, for it was he, to his heart, and for one long moment neither spoke again. Then, as life flowed again into its accustomed courses, words came to both of them with a rush, and for a little while no grave matter was to be heard, only little cries and laughs, and hurried questioning that waited for no responses. At last Christopher paused, and held Hernando off at arm's length, looking at him with luminous eyes.

"Thou art grown a man, my son, since thou hast been from me! Art thou the same stripling whom I left on the threshold of Salamanca?"

Hernando smiled into his eyes, answering not for a moment. "Ay, I am the same; only that I will never allow myself to be left again at Salamanca, or at any other place where thou art not, my father!"

They sat down together, taking stock of one another.

Hernando looked on a man whose white hair and majesty of bearing he wore more magnificently than of yore; but his eyes, the most remarkable feature of his face, were the same; they had not changed. Save for a few added wrinkles in the face that smiled on him, Hernando could see no alteration. Columbus, for his part, marked little alteration in the lad whom he had left at Saint Stephen's in those grey days following the first junta; Hernando had grown a little older, a little broader, a little less recklessly buoyant in carriage; otherwise in him too there was no change; and the two feasted their eyes in a vast content.

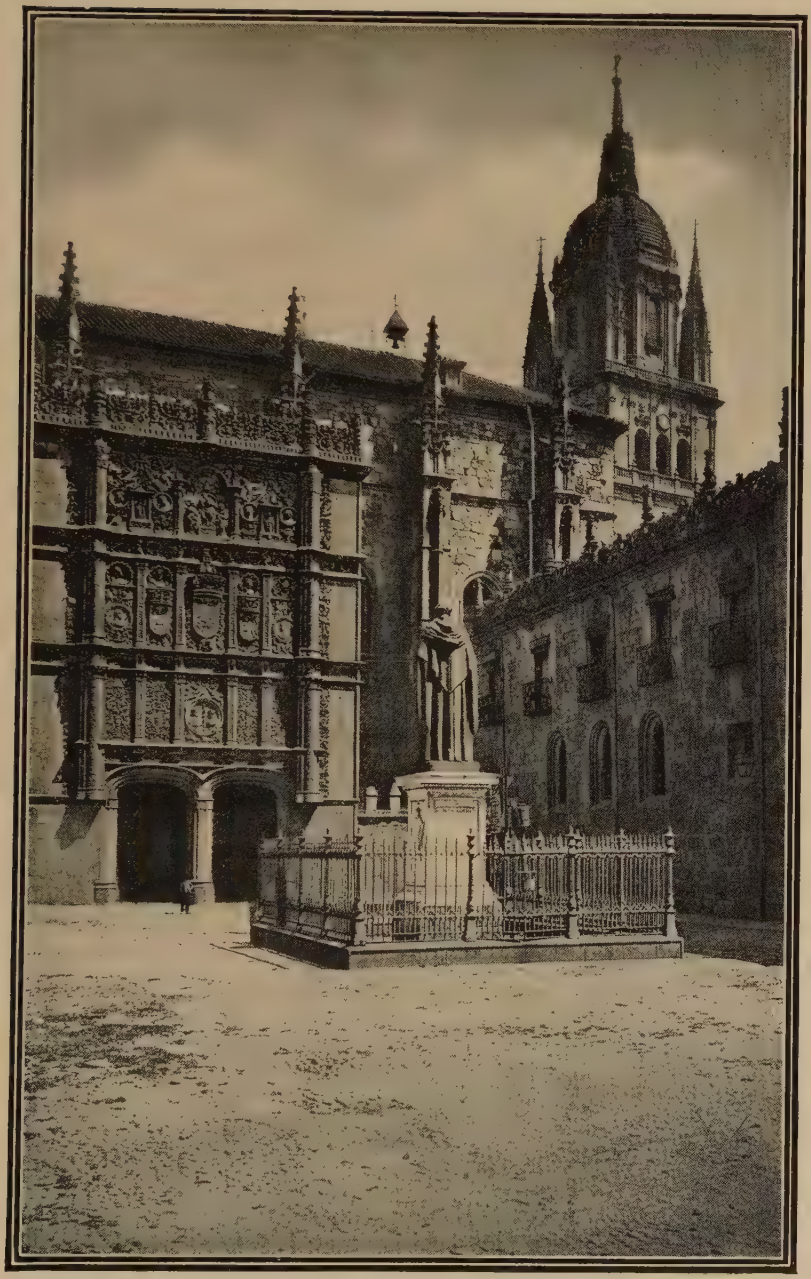
Hernando was the first to recollect the word that had come to him as he had raced through the streets of the camp seeking his friend; and at the memory a great sadness shot into his heart and over his face. The other, scanning that face, read instantly the dismay, and sought the cause for it.

Hernando could not tell him; yet he knew that the word must soon come; indeed, he felt sure that the messenger must be even upon his way, bearing the news, the heavy news that the junta had decided the antipodes must rest where they were, for all the help of Spain; that, in short, they could not report with favor to the King. Almost as the thought crossed his face, the footstep of the bearer of ill-tidings was heard outside; and in a moment his rap was on the door.

"Enter," commanded Columbus, firmly, Hernando turned away his head.

The herald of the King stood in the doorway. "I am directed by his Majesty to convey to you the finding of the junta under the jurisdiction of his Eminence, the Cardinal Prince Mendoza," he said, slowly.

Columbus stood perfectly still, his eyes on the herald's face.



The University at Salamanca

"Speak," he said at last. His figure was as still as though cut in stone.

"I am directed by his Majesty to declare to you the finding of the junta, which is as follows: That it is the belief of that body that the western voyage cannot be made, and that your petition is denied!"

The eyes of Columbus, fixed on the herald's face, never wavered.

"His Majesty says, moreover, that he hopes to go into the matter at some time when the present urgency of war shall have been abated."

The door swung to behind him; he was gone. Hernando, seeing the grey face of despair and the terrible eyes that moved not, flung himself with a great cry of sympathy and of sorrow upon the breast of him who stood amid the shattered ruins of his hope, and said no word.

A Country Road in Spain

CHAPTER XI

OUR LADY OF LA RÁBIDA

IN the grey morning of a bleak day, when the whole world leaned toward sorrow and the grave, two men, a young one and one with hair as white as snow, went slowly down the long white road that leads from Santa Fe. At their backs the chilly sun peered through sullen mist; the wind blew cold along the brown and sterile hills. Behind them lay the splendor of the camp, too, and the hope of honor of the King, and friends, and juntas, and years of waiting and of faith, all left behind as the long leagues led them farther and farther from the haunts that had so long been theirs.

Columbus and Hernando were turning their backs on Spain, as they supposed, forever. Columbus himself, his heart sunk in dreary lethargy within him, thought now only how soonest to leave the land that had eaten up these rich brave years in vain, and left him nothing in return. He had not yet dared to think of the future, only he knew that while he lived he could not stop; he must go on forever in the Quest he had begun. Hernando, while his heart ached for this his second father, — in truth more nearly his only father, — yet was happy in being with him again; and with the optimism he could not quench, he felt that in the end must all come right. They talked little as they went their way to westward. Columbus was determined to ask no more of Spain, and to take his plan elsewhere; not to Portugal, — never there, — but to France, or perchance to England.

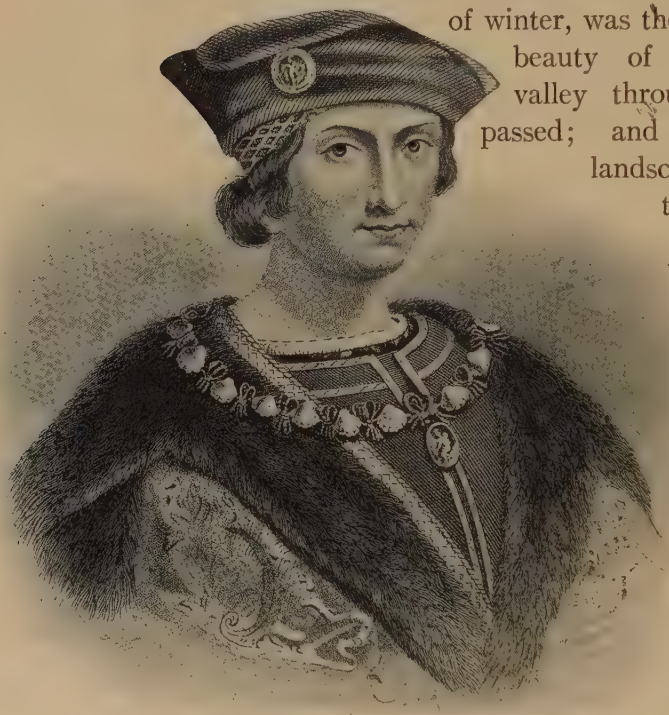
Intoxicated by his own power, Charles VIII of France had begun to dream dreams, one of which was to drive

the infidels from Constantinople and rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Moslem. Charles was only twenty-two years old, and quite weak enough not to realize that he owed his rank as the most powerful monarch in all Europe to his sister, Anne of France. On his death-bed Louis XI, their father, directed that the guardianship of his son and successor should be entrusted to his eldest daughter. "She is the least fool of all women, for wise woman there is none," was this crafty King's estimate of the sex in general, and of his daughter in particular. During the nine years that she held the reins of government during her royal brother's infancy, she earned the title, unique in history, of "Madame the Great." To this monarch, under such influence, and surrounded with young

ANNE OF FRANCE, THE GREAT MADAME
(*From the collection of the Chateau d'Eu*)

men, like himself eager for adventure, Columbus turned his thought with his usual confident expectations.

First he must get his son, the young Diego, whom he had left with his aunt at Huelva, near Palos; and to Huelva, therefore, the travelers took their way. Fled, in this court of winter, was the bloom and the beauty of the Andalusian valley through which they passed; and the melancholy landscape was too near the color of their thoughts to be sweet seeing. Night fell on the fourth day of their journey, when they were yet a day's journey from Huelva, and an hour's long walk from the nearest huts of Palos, where shelter might be found. The night was cold, and they pressed forward earnestly, though they had almost to feel their way. All at once Hernando, lifting his arm, pointed to a huge dark bulk that raised itself before them, as though to bar their path. "What building is here?" he said.



CHARLES VIII OF FRANCE (*From the engraving by Wellstood after the contemporary portrait*)

"We are near to Palos," answered Columbus; "it must be the convent of Our Lady of Rábida, — yes, that is it, beyond doubt." He paused to look.

Half a league to the south of Palos, on the low bank of a little river, the road winds upward to a rocky cliff, set above the valley on a mild but still commanding eminence. On this height stands, as it has stood in one shape or another for more hundreds of years than one would care to count, the convent to which these travelers had come. Shrouded in with dark pines that hid the sky, it lay silent and aloof upon its little height; along its road came few travelers, and the brethren who were its inmates found the long days lonely enough, shut off from the great world as they were, and with only the flotsam of their backwater swept sparsely to their doors. They were hospitable souls, the brothers of La Rábida, and, in common with most of their kind, were not at all averse to a good little dish of talk, when the day's work was done. So we need not be surprised to find them greeting with eager welcome, and a pressing invitation to stay the night, the two who knocked for shelter on this chilly night. Not much pressing was required, for the two had come many leagues since morning. The prior, good Juan Perez, fat and round and hale, bustled back and forth, and bade the kitchen set forth its best in honor of the strange guests; which the kitchen did forthwith. We find them sitting down to supper in the prior's own room, those three: Juan Perez, and Christopher Columbus, and Hernando Estévan.

"Do you come from far?" asked the good prior with unction; this was the best fortune which had come his way in a fortnight, these two strangely mated wanderers, one so young and one apparently already upon the long grey slope that leads away from vigorous life. He eyed them with curious, bright eyes as he asked.

"We come from Santa Fe," Columbus answered, probably without enthusiasm.

"And where do you go?" pursued the prior amiably, with a bland smile.

"I am on my way to Huelva, to get my son who is there," answered the other again, patiently submitting to this catechism; he would probably have preferred not to be questioned at all, but there was no resisting the prior.

"And where go you then? And is not this young man your son, then? I felt sure he was," and Juan Perez bent

The Patio of La Rábida

on Hernando a surprised eye, as though in some manner the young man had given him false information.

"This is Hernando Estévan, the son of my friend," said Columbus, wearily; "and we go from Huelva I know not whither, so that it be out of Spain forever!"

Here it is not amiss to imagine a small sensation, and such a flood of questions that not three men could have answered all of them. But in the end Columbus undoubtedly told his story, encouraged by the real sympathy which he read in the prior's eyes, and glad, no doubt, as the tale proceeded, to talk of his Dream to one who did not meet him

with suave and baffling sophistry. For to Juan Perez the plan sounded marvelous, wonderful, epoch-making; there were at first no words he could find to tell his marvel. He demanded to hear all about it, and to hear about it at once, everything at once. And the other spoke gladly, his great eyes lighting as they never failed to do thereat, and his words bringing belief to Perez, and to Hernando all over again, and perhaps even strengthening Columbus's own faith a trifle, which we may conceive to have been crushed, though not shaken, by the death-blow to his hope.

The upshot of the matter, for one night at least, is that Columbus and his companion must not dream of going away until other minds can be brought to bear upon this wonderful scheme, to see if something cannot be done. So at the last, all seek their couches, and silence reigns within and without the ancient pile of stone lonely among its pines. But in the morning, — that is another matter; bright and early a messenger speeds off to Palos to bring into consultation a great crony of Juan Perez, one Doctor Garcia Hernandez, who is a very learned man indeed, and a great gossip to boot. The doctor loses no time in accompanying the messenger

THE CONVENT OF LA RÁBIDA

to La Rábida, and now the whole affair is had over again, with greater detail than ever. The doctor, who is somewhat of an astronomer and student of earth himself, has many learned questions to ask, and he seems deeply impressed with Columbus's answers. He becomes as excited and enthusiastic as the prior himself.

There was in that town of Palos a famous ship-owner and mariner, named Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and he was a friend of Doctor Hernandez. Being a mariner of wide experience on many seas, his opinion must necessarily be of value; accordingly Señor Pinzon is added, the following day, to the conference on the hill, — so much less eminent but so much more open-minded than many another conference in which Columbus had participated. Martin Pinzon proved to be a tall, dark-featured, slowly-speaking man of pleasant manner and grave and courteous mien; he was clad all in black, and wore a breastplate and damascened sword and scabbard. He was of good, sober parentage, and his people had been merchants and ship-owners in Palos for generations; he owned a great fleet of trading vessels, and had himself navigated most of the known seas. He and the round prior sat on one side the table; Columbus and Doctor Hernandez on the other, while Hernando stood quietly to one side, behind his friend.

"I have no doubt in my mind that your theory is a correct one," declared Martin Pinzon frankly, when the matter had in full been set forth," I have in my own travels on the seas to westward, seen drifting many things which it was impossible to believe had come from any shores we know. I remember once, off the Azores, I found a body of some stranger, of some unknown dark race, floating in the sea, bound to a bit of palmetto; in other places I have seen curious logs, and even carved woods, such as never were seen in Europe."

"I cannot believe it to be anything other than possible," replied Doctor Hernandez, "for in my studies it has always seemed to me inevitable that other worlds must lie around the shores of this great body of water; if there be land on the one shore, why not on the other?"

"How far would you estimate the other shore to lie?" asked Pinzon.

"I think it should lie within seven hundred leagues of the Azores," was Columbus's response; he was never sure of the distance, but it seemed well to under rather than over-estimate it, that the dangers of the voyage might not seem so insuperable. Pinzon gravely agreed that it was probably not much if any farther, basing his belief on the things he had seen floating in the water. In this wise, and with áll manner of speculation and thought, the time swiftly passed; and soon the conference was ready for the midday meal.

Here the prior was himself again, and here again he began to take a more active part in the conversation; the talk about latitude and astrolabes and navigators' affairs had left him a little out of it, and he was glad to get upon ground that he could understand.

"What shall be done?" he demanded. "That glorious plan must not be lost to Spain: the good Queen, did she know it at its truth, would never permit so great a shame to be. It must be brought to her notice once more."

"She has had many opportunities to hear it," said Columbus, wearily.

"Ay, but her Majesty does not appreciate it rightly," said the prior eagerly. "She hath been so occupied with this holy war against the infidel Moors that she hath had perforce to leave this to the juntas; once she finds out the glory and the splendor of the scheme her Majesty will not let it be lost to Castile."

"How shall it best be brought to her attention?" queried the doctor.

"I will write to her," declared Juan Perez, stoutly, his round face aglow with earnestness. "I was once, as you know, her confessor; she will pay heed to a letter from me. I will write to her forthwith."

Columbus shook his head; he had been waiting too long to have much faith in letter-writing at long distance. But the prior insisted; and the writing materials were brought forth, and the inditing of the letter, this letter which was to change the face of all the world, was begun. After a deal of thought, and biting of quills, the whole was written and signed, and consigned to a trusted messenger for prompt delivery to her Majesty, in her camp at Santa Fe. The messenger started out on his journey, and unrest settled down on La Rábida until that sending should be answered.

The Fates, which had been so long his foes, now began fighting for Columbus; for this letter came at a most opportune time. The campaign was over for the time, and a season of idleness, comparative idleness at least, had set in at Santa Fe. The army had gone into winter quarters; and after all the pomp and glory of the scene had changed to winter's greys and browns, there was time for thinking. And there was food for thought; for to Isabella, when the sun went down on a camp that no longer held Columbus, came two men, high in power and in honor, and set their case before her.

They pleaded for Columbus and the cause in which they, as he, so utterly believed; and she, hearing them, believed again, as she had done before, and would have had them call the mariner back. It was at this juncture that the messenger appeared, bearing in his hand the letter of Juan Perez, prior of La Rábida. The Queen read the letter,

The Cell of Prior Perez as it Appears To-Day

and a gentle flush of eagerness and determination rose in her cheek. She turned to the two gentlemen.

"Bear word to Juan Perez that I will see him as soon as he can come"; and by the same messenger, the same night, that word went back toward the old convent on the cliff where, in less than a fortnight from the time of that first letter-writing, the answer of the Queen returned.

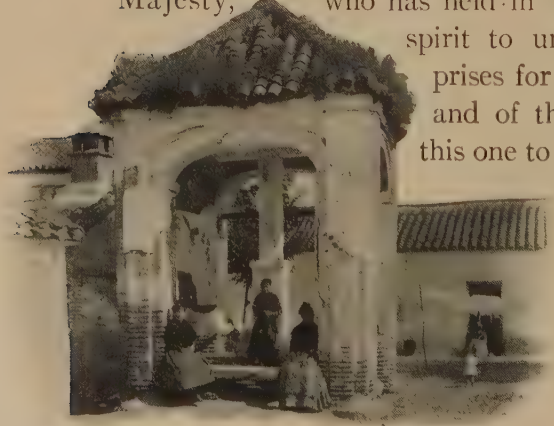
"I told you so," we can imagine Juan Perez's honest, unctuous voice remarking, expressed perhaps in more clerkly phrases, — but the substance was there, we may be sure. With all his soul he read out the flowing periods in which stood forth the glad news that the Queen had read with great interest the letter of her beloved father in the Church, that she was greatly impressed by his earnestness, and the depth of his ambition and his love, and that she would be glad to have him proceed at once to court that she might with her own ears hear his statement of the plan.

COLUMBUS EXPOUNDS HIS THEORY TO PRIOR PEREZ (*From the engraving by Sartain, after the painting by D. Wilkie*)

Jubilation reigned in La Rábida that night; and the decorous old corridors rang with greater joy, belike, than they had known for many a long day. The prior was in the highest feather; he conceived the whole matter to be settled and arranged, and he saw in his mind's eye the fleet all ready to sail, with the great standard of Castile floating from the helm. Columbus, grown white in his quest, was not so sanguine, but it was not in the nature of human kind to resist the contagion of the round prior's enthusiasm. Nothing would serve but that he must start at once for the court; not a day, not an hour, scarcely a moment, was now to be lost; the iron must be struck while it was hot. The mule must be saddled, and the road must be taken. And so, surely enough, it was done; and in the darkness of the early morning, long before the slothful sun appeared across the Andalusian hills, Prior Juan Perez set forth on his memorable journey for the court of his Queen.

Queen Isabella looked him between his honest eyes, and bade him tell his tale; tell it he did, needing no further urging; and nobly was he seconded by other good men and true, and one woman, the marquesa de Moya, always a staunch believer in the Genoese. Indeed the real battle was fairly won when that good letter came back to the convent on the hill; hardly was needed the fine periods of the address of Quintanilla wherewith he supported Perez the Good.

"We feel sure," this address concluded, "that your Majesty, who has held in her breast the dauntless spirit to undertake so many enterprises for the honor of the Church and of the Crown, will not allow this one to slip away. This man asks for no reward if he fails; while, if he wins, the gain is not to be measured



Cross Marking the Site of Isabella's Camp at Santa Fe

by any standard that we hold. I know that your Majesty is too calm and clear of judgment to be swayed too far by the dictum of the learned men, who, for reasons of their own, have been unable to believe what we all here believe. His Majesty, your husband, will no doubt direct attention to the state of the exchequer, depleted as it is by the long wars that are not over even now; but the cost to the Crown will not be great. Columbus himself has offered to find a full one-eighth of the equipment price; and your Majesty has many vessels and many men. It is for you to add new laurels to those which already adorn the wisest and most beautiful brows in Christendom, and to add to the Crown of Spain the glory that is waiting over seas!"

The Queen remained for a long minute sunk in thought; then, while the others watched, her face cleared, and she smiled kindly on old Juan Perez as he stood anxiously rubbing one dusty sandal against the other.

"I will make no absolute promise other than this," she said. "I will see Columbus once more, and, if the money can be found for this endeavor, I give my sanction! Go: bid Columbus to our court!"

Back to the convent went, as fast as mule could carry it, another letter, wild and warm with hope and with delight, from the eager pen of the triumphant Perez; and the eyes of Columbus, gazing fearfully upon the opened scroll, read:

"So come at once; for the Lord has listened to the prayers of His servant. The wise and virtuous Isabella, touched with the grace of Heaven, has heard and has believed. Far from despising your project, she has adopted it for all time henceforth, and now summons you to court to consult as to what means are best to carry into fruition the great design of Providence. My heart swims in a sea of comfort, and my spirit leaps with joy in the Lord. Start then at once, for the Queen awaits you, and I much more than she. The grace

of God be on you, and may the prayers of our Lady of La Rábida accompany you on your way!" Thus, in the height of his generous joy, honest Juan Perez.

Hard on the heels of this great news came an envoy from the Queen with a purse from the treasury for necessary expenses, and an official order from her Majesty providing for the Queen's friend, Christopher Columbus. So at last, with the great sun breaking through the clouds, and with heart once more thrilled with the joy and beauty of life, Columbus turned his face to Santa Fe, with the Queen's letter riding on his breast. By his side, thrilling in no less degree to the great fortune, rode Hernando; and the grey leagues wore away as though by magic, till, on the sixth morning, through the streets of Santa Fe, the two passed.

On a balcony, leaning far out over the street, bent, in all the beauty of her invincible and flower-like youth, a maiden who fixed on Hernando eyes that glowed like living flames; and Hernando felt the heart of him quiver and melt, and flow out of his bosom to meet her; for it was Christina, the daughter of Medina Celi — the maiden of the silver pin.

CHAPTER XII

THE WONDERFUL YEAR

ON the first day of the New Year, January 1, 1492, dawned the first great triumph of King Ferdinand. On that day there came word to the Spanish camp that the Moorish King had sent his herald to the Spaniards. This was the herald of a mighty message; for to King Ferdinand the word was borne that the Moorish King to-day did offer him the keys to Granada, that he did hereby surrender his might and his empire therewith, and that the Spaniards would, at their coming, find the gates flung open, and the sword laid down. The news came as a surprise, for Ferdinand had put his camp into winter quarters, keeping a strict guard, however, around the invested city; but it had not been hoped that this hour would strike so soon.

THE SWORD OF KING BOABDIL

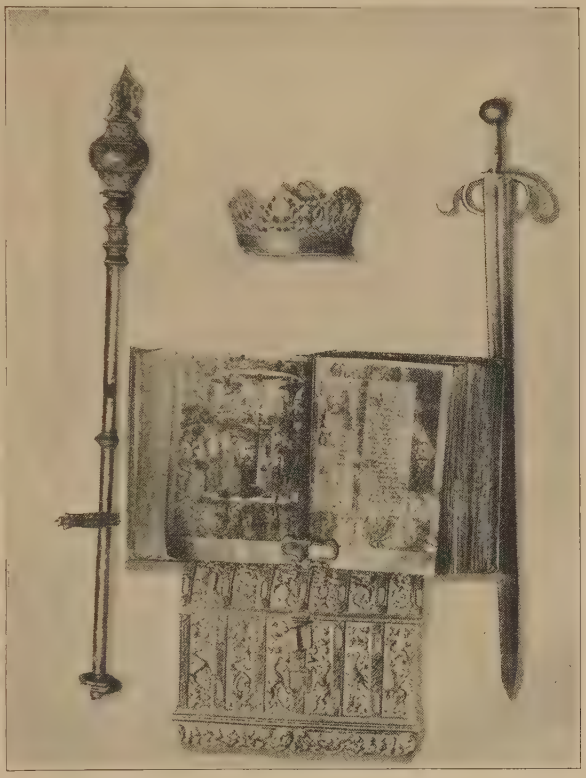
The day following, the sun looked down upon a pageant so magnificent that he might well have paused in his wide orbit to see and to admire. For all the might and chivalry of two great armies were drawn

up beneath the dreaming towers of that city of the soul, Granada. Courtiers, lords, ladies, cavaliers, soldiers, in endless pomp and circumstance, clad in all the panoply of victory, passed in triumph over the plain before the captured city, and into the streets where the Moslem had so long held sway. The wars of 800 years were over; the Crescent had fallen after having lived on high so long, and the proud and Christian banner of Spain waved over the whole land again. From the highest tower of the Alhambra the banner floated in the clear blue air, and cries and prayers of triumph went up to see it there. Preceded by knights and nobles of the highest rank in Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella moved in the vast procession that rolled slowly up to the gates of Granada, there to receive in person the surrender and the homage of the Moorish King. At the first hour past midday, the conquered King came forth, with the proud Crescent trailing behind him in the dust, and amid the groans and tears of his warriors, he gave up forever the key that was the emblem of his sway.

For this city that had been the idol of his soul, as it was the idol of all that Moslem race, was now reft from the hands that had held it so long and guarded it so tenderly For countless years to come was the Moor to remember this city of the dreaming towers, and for centuries there remained in the Moslem prayers the heartfelt petition, "Give us back Granada!" What wonder? For the Alhambra and its courts of pleasure, the Hall of the Abencerrages, and all the many mansions of this house of adoration, were now given over to the Christian, who could never bring to the worship of them the devotion that was their due. The heart of the conquered lay bleeding in the dust, and from the depth of his heartache the Moorish poet poured forth, beneath the walls he was to see no more, forever, the song which came not from

his own soul alone, but from the whole sorrowful spirit of the Moslem race:

"Beautiful Granada, how is thy glory faded in the night! The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger. No longer shall the Vivarambla echo to the tramp of steed and the clarion of the trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful cavaliers, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and the tourney. . . . Beautiful Granada! The soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moon-lighted streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy gleaming balconies; the lively castanet is no more heard upon thy hills. Beautiful Granada! Why stands the Alhambra so lone and desolate? The orange and the myrtle still breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; the nightingale still sings within its groves; its marble halls are still made sweet with the plash of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas!



CROWN, SCEPTER, AND SWORD OF STATE OF THE KINGS OF SPAIN

Alas! The face of thy King no longer shines within those walls! . . . The light of the Alhambra is set forever."

And now, from the silent streets, the long lines of the conquered King pass forth, never to return; while with the banner of Castile and that of Aragon afloat above the conquered city, the victors came to their own. In the streets that night reigned triumph and delight. In truth a wonderful year, even before its second day was dead. But the man who was to make this year remembered forever in all the history of the world, stood gloomy and ill at ease in all this merrymaking, waiting, with what grace he could find, for the ear and notice of his sovereigns. Melancholy and downcast, one of a motley crowd of hangers-on who followed the court in this its hour of triumph, Columbus beheld with sad contempt the transports of the thousands. Such is the account of one of the great historians, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the picture. He must have been, at this time, in a condition almost hysterical, having alternated so long between hope and desolation; his imagination, stimulated from long dwelling on the one thing, had raised that thing in his mind to the eminence of the one matter of import in the world. What to him was all this loud and raucous mirth, this tempest in a teapot over the taking of a little city, when he offered them worlds without end? He was, at this time, hovering at the brink of success, almost mad. His clothes were neglected, his manner strange and nervous, his eyes alight with a fanatical gleam. Despising, from the height of his creator's pride in his idea, the sycophants who followed, like himself, in the path of the monarchs, yet he, too, followed, and could not cease from following.

Even Hernando, for the time, was with him less and less; for Hernando was called by a voice he could not try to resist, beneath a balcony where glowed eyes that held all the dark beauty of all the eyes of Time. After all the days of sever-

A General View of Granada

ance, he now beheld those eyes once more, and he could not choose but see. Four nights he dreamed the long hours through on the open sward before her house, though the nights were chill, and he had to walk very briskly up and down to keep the warmth in his body. Then, on the fifth day, when his morning footstep halted before her door, there came forth an elderly man whom Hernando recognized with a great leap of the pulse. It was the duke of Medina Celi, who greeted him warmly, and at once invited him to enter.

"I heard that you and Señor Columbus were come again to camp," said the duke courteously. "I shall call upon him at his quarters; can you tell me when he is likely to be found there?" This was after a short and cordial talk between the two, both of whom, perhaps, were thinking of other things. Hernando was, at all events, and while he was turning over in his mind how best to mention the thing that was there uppermost, the duke saved him the trouble.

"There is a señorita, grown a little, it may be, in years and in gravity, since the days in Cadiz, who would never forgive me did I not call her now," and the duke bowed himself courteously out of the apartment.

Hernando stood still. A minute passed, a long, suffocating minute; his heart thumped insistently in his breast, his ears, strained to catch the faintest rustle of a skirt in the corridor, heard all the tiny noises and cracklings of the floor, the room. Another minute passed; still no sound, no movement; and then a third minute. Then, while his blood stood still, there came on the door a little sound, a tiny scratching; then silence, — and all at once a little laugh, and the voice he had never been able to forget.

"No indeed, you will not be needed, señora," said the voice merrily. "Señor Estévan and I are old friends of years! You may stay where you are!"

The door opened; there she stood.

His heart told him she had not changed at all. There she was, the same wonderful, vivid, beautiful child that he had loved; not a line in her figure was altered; if her face was older he saw it not, — and indeed she was but a child still, in everything of which bright youth was made. . . . He could have gazed so forever; she was of another mind.

"Why must you eye me so gloweringly, señor?" she said, with a trill of never-to-be-forgotten melody in her voice. She came slowly across the room to meet him; he could not move, but watched, as though she were a witch. This she noted, and pausing, laughed outright.

"You have forgotten me altogether, señor!" she cried. "I see that at a glance; I must introduce myself, I understand plainly. Señor, I have the honor to present to you the Señorita Christina Maria, daughter to his Highness the duke of Medina Celi; and you, I believe, are the Señor Hernando Estévan?"

Hernando cleared his throat of a strange huskiness, and spoke: "You are just the same; there has been nothing but you in all my heart since I went away from you at Cadiz, since you stood there in the courtyard!"

He tore open the breast of his coat, and drew forth a little packet.

"Look!" he said. "Know you this? Have you ever seen this thing before?"

She eyed it with owlish gravity, head on one side, saying no word. "It seems, unless I am greatly in error, to be a pin; made, I should hazard the opinion, of some metal akin to silver; am I inside of truth, señor?"

"That pin has been the talisman that has kept my heart your own," he said simply, his wide eyes on her face. And she, seeing, gave over her attempt to make light talk, and presently fell gravely regarding the pin, so that for a space

there was silence, only the two of them standing and fixedly looking at a narrow piece of silver held in the hand of one.

That pause, sweet as it was, while each went back over long-remembered things, was not Hernando's friend at last; for there was time for other memories too, among them the thought that she was the daughter of a duke, and that he, who held her pin, was merely a friendless, wandering cavalier. She thought of these things and hardened her heart, which had grown soft too fast to suit her; so that when next she spoke her voice was casual enough.

The Entrance to the Alhambra

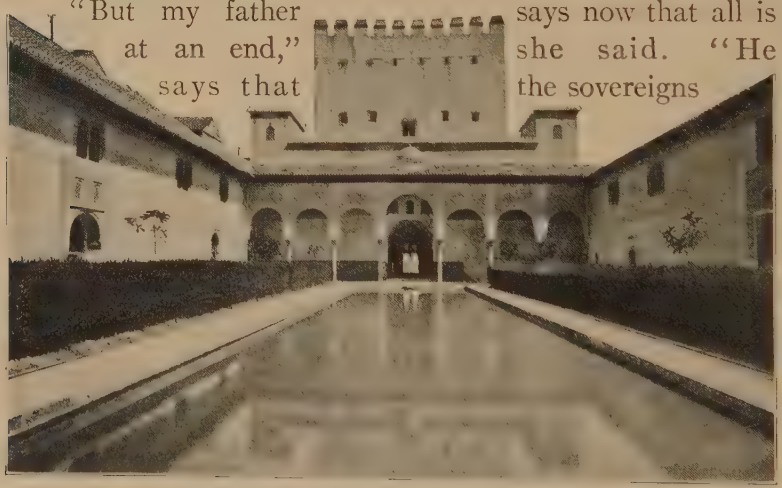
"Will it please you, señor, to be seated, and tell me of your travels in the time that you have not remembered us of Cadiz and the South?"

He would have protested, but her eyes gave him no choice; they sat upon a stiff, high divan that rimmed one end of the room, and fell decorously into talk. She was filled with interest, and demanded to know how he had been living, with whom he had been, and many other things; to all which she listened with an exaggeratedly friendly interest,

and an air of cool courtesy that robbed him of the words he was longing to say instead. He wanted to tell her of the long nights at Salamanca, the long hours of study capped by the black night of thought, when her pin burned at his heart and every night it seemed as though he must go to seek her. Instead, under that cool regard, he spoke of the monks, and the learned professors, and the rows on rows of books and manuscripts, and the little, tireless figures that wrote and wrote unceasingly in the old library, copying the great words of the world.

All the time his soul was singing that she was the rose of earth; that the shadow of her hair was the shade of the tree of life. Yet recollection came, at the last, to him also, and he told himself, sullenly, that he was mad to let himself think thus,— who was he, indeed, to think such thoughts? This made him sad, and perhaps some hint of that sadness slipt into his voice; which to banish he began to speak of his friend, so that, in the remembering of another's Dream, he might perchance forget his own; and she thrilled to the story that he told of the long pursuit, and the ruddy-grey road of hope.

"But my father says now that all is at an end," she said. "He says that the sovereigns



The Court of Myrtles and the Tower of Comores in the Alhambra

are agreed to give your friend his ships, and let him go to find the Indies he has striven for so long; do you not know that this is so?"

"I cannot believe that it will be really true," said Hernando; "he hath been hopeful so many times before; and the promises now are but a trifle more encouraging than they have been in the past. I myself know that in the end he cannot fail; but ah, how far may be that end! Meanwhile, he grows no younger; the snows have been in his hair this long time now."

"How old is he, then — or do you know his age?"

"I do not know it certainly; I have never heard him mention it; yet I am sure that he is past his fortieth year. Ah, but his eyes are young; they are as young and as full of light as any eyes of youth. Never have I beheld such eyes! — save for — one pair, they are the most wonderful eyes that see."

She would not have him on that topic, so she turned him back: "And if the King and Queen do yield to his request, — what then? Will he sail at once, think you, on this wild search for the golden East?"

"As soon as the fleet can be made ready; time is dear to him now."

"And — and — do you sail with him? Surely you will not sail on this mad quest?" Her voice, coolly incredulous, held no hint of the accent for which his ears were strained. Yet, what could it matter to her whether he sailed or stayed at home? He schooled himself to speak as coolly as she.

"Of course I shall sail with him; I shall never leave him," he answered.

"But why? Why should you, too — or do you too believe in this farrago?"

"I believe," he replied a trifle sternly; "but did I not

believe, still I should sail with him; my place is with him. I have no other tie."

She rose suddenly, her form hedged with a thousand glaciers.

"Perhaps he is waiting for you now, señor," she said calmly, and she walked up to him, offering him her hand to kiss, — waiting for him to take it and to say farewell. He looked at her in consternation, struggling to his feet, awkward and uncertain in the presence of something he did not comprehend; in some way, he could not guess how, he had angered her; yet he did not dare attempt to pierce that glacial wall, to come at the maid within.

Wherefore, constrainedly, miserable to the very depths of his soul, he touched her hand briefly, and turning, walked swiftly, stumblingly, from the room, and out into the street, looking upon a black world that had no sun on high. Inside the room he had just quitted, a maiden leaned listening against the wall; and her eyes were wet. Yet all at once she raised her head, and laughed, a soft, sobbing laugh of joy and of relief. He had not forgotten.

Hernando, despair at the heart of him, turned his blind footsteps back to Columbus's quarters. This was the end, then; she should be nothing to him any more; she had forgotten him: he would forget her! He would fling himself body and soul into the world's business, and so forget her. He had come at a great hour, for the world's business waited him in that low-ceiled room.

"We are bidden to the court to-day," cried a voice as he entered; and he stopped and looked in amaze; gone was the sad figure he had left that morning in that room; in its place was this great man with glowing face, and form that seemed to have expanded in the hour. Gone were the lines of sorrow and slain hope, and on that brow shone only now the light of high resolve. Flung aside, at the call of Fate,

are doubt and hesitation. The Man stands ready for his work, — and now, at the court of his Queen, his Work awaits him.

To the court they went, side by side; and Columbus entered that room as a monarch coming to his own. There, splendid on the daïs, sat enthroned the King and Queen, surrounded by all the glory and triumph of their realm: knights and nobles and ladies in rich array; glitter of jewels; gleam of lights. In the middle of the floor, silent, aloof, grandiose, clad in his sober suit, Christopher Columbus, mariner, petitioner — greatest of them all.

Door to the Private Apartments of the Moorish Kings in the Alhambra

After the opening ceremony was over and done, — and the proper number of compliments may be imagined to have passed, — the Queen, a little flush of earnestness touching her cheek to utter beauty, rose in her place to speak. It was her

due, for she it was who, after all this time of waiting, had found the will and the courage that her husband lacked. Ferdinand, indeed, never did fully agree to the greatest act of his reign; never did he fully believe in Columbus; never did he yield more than a half-hearted aid. But Isabella, beautiful from the beauty of her soul, smiled on the lonely figure standing before her, and, smiling, bade him nearer. He knelt, and, as one might touch a shrine, he reverently pressed his lips to the hand of her who was more than his Queen, — she was the angel that led him to his Dream.

"Christopher Columbus, your cause is won," came the clear voice to his ears. . . . In after time, when all the world went far away from him, those words remained, a shining, beautiful symbol of great faith, the faith that lifts the souls of men out of the earth, and gives to them the stars.

What need is there to tell more of that great day and its great hour? The royal consent was given; nought now remained but to agree upon the terms and the manner of fulfilment. And now, before the consummation might begin, must the bright face of the deed be marred with haggling and debate; for the terms of the Crown were not the terms of Columbus. The Queen's advisers, in whose hands she now left the details, very rightly, as they thought, felt that the royal consent should be all that this foreigner should exact. But no! Columbus had another mind! Was it folly, or was it not rather his finer sense of the greatness of his Dream, that made him ask the great demands he made. Conceive it to be only in keeping with the grandeur of his thought; he who was to find a New World could not go on that seeking like a common sea-captain; nor was it fitting that he should. He demanded titles, emoluments, honors, should his voyage be successful, not only for himself but for his family after him, in perpetuity. Wild things, these, to demand from the Crown, which, it was felt by the

counselors, had already done all that could be expected of it when it offered ships and men, and the sanction of its name.

Columbus's friends, fearful lest at the last minute the whole should come to nought, pleaded with him to modify his demands. In vain! He had made what he held to be his reasonable demands; and from them he would not abate one jot. He submitted them in writing, and as he submitted them, so after long debate, they stood. And round them the tempest raged. Thus they were:

First, that Christopher Columbus should have for himself during his life, and his heirs and assigns forever, the office of admiral in all lands and continents which he might discover or acquire in the ocean, — with similar honors and prerogatives to those enjoyed by the high admiral of Castile.

Secondly, that he should be viceroy and governor-general over all said lands and continents; with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government of each province, one of whom should be appointed by the King.

Thirdly, that he should be entitled to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, and all other articles of merchandise, in whatever manner found, bought, bartered, or gained within his admiralty, the costs being first deducted.

Fourthly, that he or his lieutenant should be sole judge in all causes and disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain, — provided the high admiral of Castile had the same privileges in his district.

Fifthly, that he might then, and at all times thereafter, contribute an eighth part of the expense in fitting out vessels to sail on this enterprise, and receive an eighth part of the profits.

Round them the tempest raged. And through it all Columbus stood firm, nor would he yield one inch, one hair's breadth. Thrice was the matter near an end; thrice was

it put right again by Santangel, or Deza, or some good friend. And these good friends sought with all their might to make this madman, yea, now in very sooth a madman, abate his demands. Quintanilla pleaded with him, the cardinal himself begged him, strove to make him be content with the mere commission, without asking almost royal honors and rewards. In vain: they were talking against the wind. With calm, cold eyes and inflexible face, Columbus listened, or seemed to listen; but he did not hear. There was another idea hidden deep in his heart, which turned his brain deaf to all pleadings and appeals.

THE TOWER OF THE IRON GATE, THROUGH WHICH KING BOABDIL MADE HIS EXIT

CHAPTER XIII

ON THE BRIDGE OF PIÑOS

THE counselors of the Queen were met in the cardinal's chambers; they were met to discuss the matter of the Genoese and his extravagant demands, and the Genoese himself was expected to be present. The air came gently in through the half-opened window, for the day was mild; and the counselors would rather, perhaps, have foregone the grave business that brought them together; but the matter had to be faced. They were there to face it.

"'I have spent the forenoon closeted with his Majesty," spoke Talavera, frowning slightly, from his seat at the head of the table. "His Majesty is favorable to the plan of this person, but he feels, — as do we not all feel? — that his demands are outrageous. I think I have no hesitation in declaring that, should these demands be abated, his Majesty will do all in his power to hasten the affair through to a triumphant end. The Genoese will at least have a chance to prove his theories about the roundness of earth and such things. What more should he ask? Nothing, as I see it."

"Nothing," echoed several others, shaking grave heads.

"When first I spoke with him," Talavera continued, "I asked him to modify his exactions; it seemed to me he was asking almost kingly prerogatives, and he answered that the thing he had in mind was of the measure of Kings. High sounding words, those; nor would he alter, though we talked for above two hours. . . . What makes him so determined, think you?"

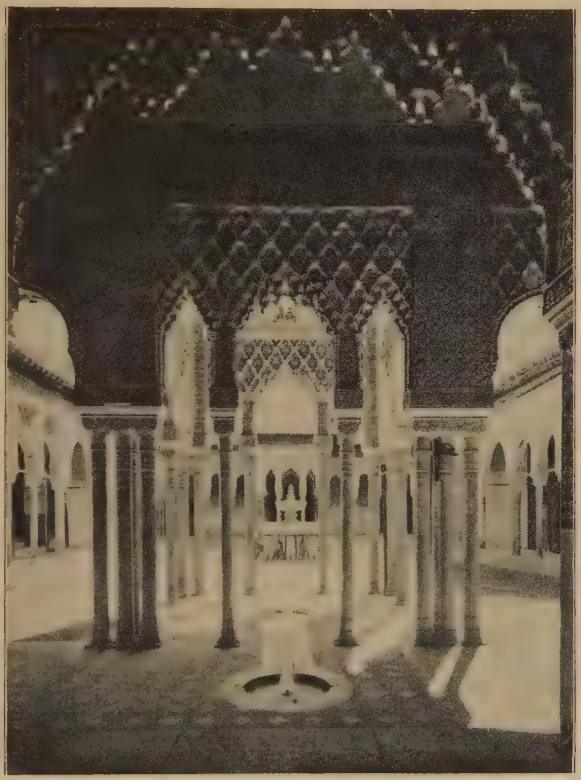
He looked about the company for answer. There were present a number of the King's gentlemen, among them Sant-

angel and Quintanilla, these last being the strongest of Columbus's adherents. Talavera looked to them for reply, but none came. Perhaps they were thinking that had it not been for the perseverance of this man, whose demands were now called so exorbitant, he would never have been in a position to make any demands whatever. So they held their peace, and in a moment the door opened to admit the man himself. Slowly he entered the room, his head held high, and his eyes level. He bowed gravely and with dignity to the company at the table, and sat, without haste, in the chair to which he was waved by a motion of Talavera's hand. Beyond a simple greeting, he had said no word; and, for a little space, there was no sound of speech in that room. Talavera, clearing his throat, and speaking with deliberate courtesy, began a suave and complimentary address, complimenting Columbus for the promise he had secured from the Sovereigns, and expressing his own belief in Columbus's

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS, ALHAMBRA

ability to carry through his endeavor to a successful conclusion.

"The only point that remains to be settled now," he continued, "is agreement upon what compensation shall be yours in the event of your success. It has been represented to me that your demands, which I confess seem to me exorbitant in some degree, stand in the way of the final completion of your contract with the Crown. I can hardly believe it possible that you will allow a small matter of emoluments to stand in the path of an achievement so great as yours would be. I think it likely that your position has not been understood, or has been misrepresented. I am giving you the chance to express before this company your true wishes. I make no doubt that all can be arranged with amity and fairness. I await your opinion, señor."



THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA

Columbus arose; his face was a shade white; but his

voice did not tremble, nor did he otherwise betray how momentous was the outcome of this hour.

"I have submitted my demands, — my just demands, I must beg your Lordship's leave to affirm, — in writing to my Sovereigns. I cannot abate those demands; nor can I conceive it to be the Queen's wish that I should do so. Have you read the document which I have submitted, señor? From it I cannot retract any word or any item; by it my hope must stand or fall."

"It is of that document that we are here to speak," returned Talavera, a little testily; for Columbus had apparently paid no heed whatever to his first argument, which he had considered rather well framed. "The Queen and her ministers feel that there is hardly a warrant in the matter for the great rewards which you claim; it is felt that the question of honors and rewards would come more properly after your triumph has been won; when you will not, I am bold to say, find their Majesties ungrateful. And to my mind it verges upon ungratefulness in yourself to insist so strongly at this time, when it is by no means assured that you will ever even return to claim these rewards."

"Where then is the difficulty?" spoke Columbus quickly. "I ask for not one title, not one honor, not one maravedi, — more than for the ships and men which I must have, — save as a contingent. If I do not succeed, the rewards will never be claimed; the titles never bestowed. While, if I am successful, I cannot but think the tithe I claim any more than the true desert of the man who shall do a thing so great as this will be. . . . I cannot change, señor."

"Then I tell you very frankly, señor, that you will never have the opportunity to succeed, or even to try," snapped Talavera. "There must be some other reason for your obstinacy; what plan is here that is not on the surface? Speak out, sir; for I think you to be verily mad, thus to

throw away power and fortune almost within your grasp. Is it not the part of folly?"

"There is a reason," said Columbus, very low. "A reason whereof I had not meant to speak, lest it should seem, in the presence of those greater in the Church than I, a presumption. I would not speak of it now, señor"

"Speak forth," said Talavera; "the time for speaking grows short."

"It is, then," said Columbus simply, "that I have held the hope that one day it would be possible to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels. I know that the Power above chooses strange messengers and humble servants, and it may be that I am one who is so chosen. At all events, I must live according to my belief. I do not seek these rewards for my own advancement; what would I do with wealth, other than as I have said? And now, señor, I can say no more. . . . But I cannot retract one word from my requests."

He bowed and retired. Presently the meeting dissolved, and straightway to the King went Talavera with his story. All too well it suited the King's book. The exchequer was in a sadly depleted state; it was madness to promise even the money for the ships. The Genoese was clearly a madman, as was shown by his wild scheme about the Holy Sepulcher. Why did his Majesty bother any longer about the matter,—thus Talavera, plausibly; and the King nodded in assent. The next thing was to overcome the Queen's demur, and this was a far harder matter, as Talavera knew. Nevertheless he set about it in his most persuasive manner, and by a little skillful misrepresentation, was successful. Her Majesty, always only too willing to listen to her priestly advisers, in this case, at least, listened too long. Talavera had his way.

"You may say to him that the negotiations are at an end,"

said the Queen sadly; and the counselor, masking a smile of triumph, lost no time in doing so. He found Columbus at his lodging, and told him; they two were alone; none else within call; and in silence and secrecy the news was told.

THE EDUCATION OF THE LAST OF THE MOORISH KINGS
(*From the painting by A. Maignon*)

In the evening of that day Hernando returned from his affairs to find his friend's room stripped of all its trappings. He looked about him in dismay.

"Come, my friend," said a voice behind him, "we go to France this night. There is no heart in Spain for us." The voice was firm, but there was heart-break in it too. And Hernando's eyes filled; he could not answer. Together they put in order Hernando's effects; there was no time to lose.

"When do we start?" Hernando ventured, after a long while.

"At dawn," said Columbus, so low that Hernando barely caught the words.

At the palace another scene was set. In the Queen's chamber stood a brave man and a true, Luis de Santangel, speaking not as a courtier to his Queen, but as man to woman. And the Queen listened, her eyes alight.

"What does your Majesty?" he cried. "I have no wit, as you know well, but I have loyalty to your house, and I have homage for yourself. Yet I say to you, therefore I say to you, what is this you let them make you do?"

"What is it that you mean, señor?" asked the Queen gently. "Speak freely and I will listen; none knows your loyalty better than I know it. Say on."

"I will. You are doing a grievous wrong to a great man; you are doing a wrong as great to Spain, which shall not be if I can help its being."

"What do you mean, señor?" The Queen sat up very straight.

"I mean this. Talavera has made you believe that Columbus asks things to which he has no right. This is not true; for I believe that in the event of his success, his reward can hardly equal his desert, so great a thing will it be. Your Majesty has been wrongly advised; your own belief was better!"

"I did believe in him — I do believe in him! What would you have me do? But Talavera says there is no money in the treasury, and his Majesty needs money sorely; they have shown me the need is very keen indeed."

"Let the money come in its time. Will your Majesty stand by your first word? The money will take care of itself!"

For a long while there was silence. The Queen leaned forward, her face bent in thought; and Santangel watched her anxiously, his eyes never leaving her face. Of a sudden she rose to her feet, her eyes alight, her face flushed with resolve. Santangel sprang forward and kissed her hand.

"You will do it!" he cried. "I can see that you will do it now."

"Yes," she said quietly. "I promise you that he shall have his will. You may go to him and say that it is my will. And pray go quickly, for I would not have him left in the despair he must be in at Talavera's news!"

"But how about the money?" asked Santangel bluntly; he was not prepared for a decision so complete. As for the Queen, her mind once made up for good and all, she could falter at no difficulties now.

"The money shall be found. If it is necessary, I will myself pledge my jewels for the need," she said, simply. Then, with a little smile: "It should not be you, good friend, who raises difficulties, you who laughed at them one moment since. Go now, and bear your friend the word of his Queen. Good night."

Santangel, with warm heart, left the Queen's apartments. It has been held in some quarters that Columbus owed little to the Church; this is untrue. Of the three men who helped him most, two were churchmen. Santangel, as he hastened out, was startled at the lateness of the hour. As he passed the cathedral the midnight chimes rang out; and as he passed he prayed, a little prayer of thankfulness straight from his heart. It was not until morning that he could seek Columbus's quarters to bring the news. And when at dawn he hammered on the door, he was too late. The place was empty.

On the bridge of Piños halted a man and a boy. The hearts of both were heavy, and they looked not back at the city they were leaving, as they believed, forever. For a moment only they halted on the bridge; and in that moment Fate moved. A great cry came from behind them. A courier, riding fast, dashed up in a cloud of dust, his horse white with lather.

THE RECALL OF COLUMBUS *(From the painting in the Capitol at Washington by Augustus George Heaton)*

"Is this Christopher Columbus?" he cried, breathlessly.

"The Queen bids you come!" he went on, not waiting for an answer. "She bids you return to her; and as you do desire, so her desire shall be!"

On the bridge of Piños he turned; turned to follow Fate along the white road to the city of his Queen.

THE BRIDGE OF PINES, NEAR GRANADA: HERE COLUMBUS WAS OVERTAKEN BY THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER

CHAPTER XIV

FROM PALOS BAY

"LOOK! Look your last on that brave lad!" shrieked the crowd wildly.

"There comes another! Brave lads they be; but food for fishes, too!"

"Nay!" came another voice gruffly. "Little ye know, foolish ones. They be not food for fishes; they shall be burnt alive by the wheel of the sun!"

Then, again, "Ho, fools! What would ye from this sailing with the madman of Italy? Look your last on our good Spanish soil, nevermore for your eyes!"

At the rumor of another boat returning, the rabble ran along the dock to the point where it would land, that no tidbit might escape them.

Never had Palos Bay seen such a sight as this; and the roisterers and ne'er-do-weels sucked in its sweetness as they might. The docks were crowded with people beneath the August sun;

THE PORT OF PALOS

people who watched, haggard, hilarious, or silent, according to their nature, the little dinghies plying to and fro between the shore and the three ships that lay anchored in the harbor.

Close at hand, a group of merchants stood talking in low tones.

"It is a mad idea," said one, uneasily. "The man is mad, and all his friends are lunatic. They will be hurled in space, — ay, and serve them right, the heretics! God gave us this good world; why must they seek for others?"

"What think you Master Pinzon means by getting fuddled by this Genoese fanatic?" asked another gravely. "Master Pinzon is a sober man, not wont to hazard his ships or his men, let alone his life, for nought."

"I cannot make that out, friend," the first answered. "But he must have caught the madness as well; they say that this Columbus hath a terrible eye, an evil eye, and that those on whom he looketh have no will but to follow him."

"I am glad he never looked on me," chuckled another. "For I should now be going to my death, as are these brave fellows that we see in the boats."

"You would never run any chance, friend Miguel," spoke a friend smiling; and the others in the circle smiled too unto themselves; for Miguel was not a daredevil to any showing. He spoke back testily, nettled at the laugh.

"Well, he hath not got any other wise men, either," he snapped. "Look at the crews he hath gained; what are they? Jail-birds and vagabonds; none other will ship with him. And wise they are; the sun will scorch them all."

"But there are those who say," another voice broke in, "that many great and wise mariners believe this man is right, and that Cathay lies there." He waved his arm over the western waters, and the others followed his gesture.

"Ay, it may be," agreed one grudgingly; "but I am glad I stay at home."

This met with a chorus of assent; and the group dissolved.

The Palos of to-day is not the Palos that witnessed the memorable sailing of 400 years ago. She is fallen from her old estate; and nothing of her now remains to tell of that

The Avenue of Elms

August morning when the sun beat down upon the three most daring vessels of that age, or of any age, perhaps. Palos now is no more a city; the sea that made it once has unmade it in its turn; and now nought remains but a poor, shrunken, miserable street, rimmed by sodden huts, the abodes of poverty and despair. No more from La Rábida's grey and barren cliff can the eye look forth, as it did 400 years ago, upon a harbor filled with sails from all the seas; nothing now is there but a few poor fishing-boats slipping feebly in and outward with the tide. Of the good sails that made her harbor, nothing but these remain; no keels but these come now to unload their traffic at the rotting docks,

the docks that once swayed with the tide that rocked Columbus's ships.

To go back to those docks: the movement, as the boats ply to and fro, bearing their load of seamen for this desperate emprise, becomes feverish and sluggish in turn. As the boats draw near, the crowd surges forward to the place where it will land for its quota of men; so that hardly can the men themselves force their way through the press of forms that wish to see these foolhardy folk who go forth into that western distance from which no one has ever come alive. And a wild set they are, these first seamen of Discovery. Believing, as did all the common people, that the sea would unquestionably swallow every sailor and every sail, one can conceive that it was no easy matter to find enough sailors to properly man the ships.

The Convent of La Rábida

The ships themselves had not been so easy to obtain. The shortness of the royal exchequer had seriously delayed Columbus's plans, and hampered the execution, as will be seen, of many of his dearest hopes. The very selection of Palos as the point of outfitting was an economic measure, induced by the scarcity of money, — and what a poor. puny little sum does the whole seem now, when it is considered that the whole outlay for this first and most wonderful voyage was rather less than $5000 of American money. Five thousand dollars! A long effort for a very little sum, it would seem. But the $5000 alone was not quite all; it did not

furnish the ships. These were furnished, two of them, by the town of Palos; not from the kindness of its heart, — no indeed, — but simply because, for some civic misdemeanor Palos was condemned by the royal authority to yield for one year the tribute of two caravels to the Crown, to be used as the Crown should see fit. Consequently Ferdinand, figuring on the matter, at once saw the great gain to the treasury by utilizing the two promised Palos ships; two, — and the third, after much delay and worriment, was finally given for the voyage by Martin Pinzon for reasons which we do not know, and which it is perhaps as well to leave unguessed. So much for the ships.

The Pinzon family, in the maritime affairs of Palos, appears to have had many of the characteristics of a monopoly; there was little stirring in the sea-traffic line in which a Pinzon was not interested; they owned more than half the ships that sailed from the port, and they had a considerable finger in every nautical pie besides. It was not well for a Palos sailor, anxious to continue to be a Palos sailor, to anger the Pinzons. And when it came to manning the ships for this hazardous voyage, the Pinzons' influence proved very potent indeed, — as far as two of the vessels were concerned. The two smaller, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, captained by the two Pinzons, were not only the fastest sailers, but they were manned by Pinzons' men, tried and experienced mariners, old, bold hands, who could be depended on. So far, well and good; but when it came to the equipping of Columbus's vessel, that was another matter. His flag-ship, the *Santa Maria*, was the largest vessel of the three, not very large at that; but she was a slow and an unwieldy craft, "a dull sailer and unfit for discovery," in her captain's own words. And what a crew was hers! As has been hinted, the pick of the seamen went with the Pinzons; Columbus took what was left, and

a sad company they were. They came from the streets, the wharves, the hovels; for the most part riff-raff of the worst; and to cap the climax, when the quota proved still to be incomplete, the prisons were flung open, and the full number made up from the cells.

At last they found them all, and now, on this bright morning, the full companies were rowed out to the ships as

THE DEPARTURE FROM PALOS (*From the etching by Léopold Flameng*)

they lay at anchor in the little harbor. From the peak of the *Santa Maria* floated the flag of the commander, and the royal standard of Castile. As she rode there, straining at her cable, it is a good chance to look well at her, at this vessel which is to lead so unique and forlorn a hope. The *Santa Maria* was a vessel of about one hundred tons burden, was perhaps a hundred feet or less in length, with a twenty-foot beam; she was decked over with a high poop astern, and a high forecastle in the bows; she carried three masts, two of them square-rigged; and a crew of fifty-two men. She was rather old, rather clumsy, quite indifferent

to any but the most sweeping suggestions of her helm, and altogether was a proud vehicle for the man she bore to such a proud estate. The *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, was of only half the burden of the *Santa Maria*, but she could sail three leagues to the larger vessel's two; she also bore three masts, and was decked at bow and stern. The third, the *Niña*, captained by Vincent Pinzon, was of forty tons burden, and carried a crew of only eighteen men. Over her side hung now the eighteen, and over the sides of the other ships hung their crews as well, for the Admiral is at hand.

On the road that leads from La Rábida come three men, one of them young, one of them white-headed, one of them round and brown. Prior Juan Perez is reveling in the keenest joy he has known since that day when there arrived to him the letter from the Queen, saying, "Come." He lays his hand affectionately on Columbus's arm, as they walk slowly along, — slowly, for if he must use his breath for talking, where, pray, shall he find overmuch to walk? So the cavalcade of three winds slowly down the road to the dock. Hernando in the rear, his eyes alight, and a strange elation at his heart, sees the bright day, and the swiftly moving crowd, with a stimulated vision, the quickened sense catching even the smallest and most trivial details. Never while he lived was he to forget how a gadfly, that pest of the country, buzzed and hovered sullenly about the prior's tonsured head.

"My friend," said Juan Perez, a trifle gaspingly, "you are called of God to do a great thing; the prayers of our Lady of La Rábida will go up for you every morn and every sunset. And you cannot fail, for it is in my mind that the light that never dies shines in your eyes." He paused for breath.

Columbus made no reply; they had come to a turn in the

COLUMBUS PARTING FROM PRIOR JUAN PEREZ (*From the painting by R. Balaca*)

road, and below them lay the town, its roofs lying under the level of their eyes; while beyond, swaying in the brilliant azure of the sky and sea, rode the ships. So little and so lonely and so frail they seemed, that Hernando shut a little shiver out of his soul as he looked. He turned and gazed at Columbus, who stood as though of carven stone, looking down upon the deck he was to tread. His eyes were set far, far beyond the harbor and the town,— set on a vista that was for them alone, the gleaming towers and pillars of Cathay. All thought of life and time was lost to him as there he stood, with the old monk and the young soldier of fortune standing motionless behind him. At his feet lay Palos, the gate that opened to his Dream.

It was a long minute before the hush was broken; then it was shattered by a gusty sigh from Juan Perez, at which Columbus, startled from his musing, turned to lay an apologetic hand on the old monk's shoulder.

"I will go no farther," said the prior, wheezing. "You will return to the monastery to sleep there the night; and I like not the climbing of hills over-much; though I will come if you desire it."

"It is not needful," answered Columbus, softly; "I will return within the hour, to spend my last night of Spain beneath the roof that has been kindest to me of all the roofs in Spain. God be with you till then, father!"

The prior toiled heavily back up the winding road to the cliff of La Rábida; and the other two strode swiftly down to the dock. It was to be his last inspection before the sailing; for they were to sail at dawn. The ebb of the tide came then, and they were to go out with it. But he must go aboard for one last look, to make sure that all was in readiness.

On the wharves he was greeted with murmurs,— mutterings and whispers of varied import, but none of encourage-

ment,— for to most of the eyes that looked on him, he seemed an evil wizard who had bewitched these ships and seamen to their doom. The old words, "Madman of Genoa," were muttered again, but under the breath now. They watched him hail the sailors in the dinghy, and bid them row him to his ship; and they watched, with awestruck gaze, the progress of the dinghy out to the nearest vessel. For a few moments the figure that had rested silent in the stern was seen no more; at length he reappeared, was rowed to the next vessel; and last to his own, the flag-ship. Meanwhile the crowd watched in a sort of inimical calm. Finally all was done that there had remained, and Columbus descended again into his little boat and was rowed ashore. Slowly he approached the wharf; the people, oppressed and awed at the darkness of their own dread, drew away from him as he landed. When his foot touched the dock, no hand advanced to give him help or welcome. They shunned him as though he had been a leper, and their low, restless, murmuring whispering never ceased. He stepped from the dinghy, followed proudly by Hernando, and turned his face for what was to be the last time, it might be, to La Rábida. Through the silent lane of people he passed, his eyes unseeing, his mind unnoting, the unfriendly faces, the half-veiled hostility that stung Hernando to the soul. Through the streets he passed, and so, when day was nearly dead, back to his friend on the hill. Twilight fell in the city and on the sea.

Mass was to be held at midnight for the wanderers, and the sacrament administered. Midnight came, and the little town, nestled darkly by the water's edge, danced with flickering lights. Men with torches rushed to and fro; and the old church of Saint George received silently the shadowy line of people. In the silence of the church the rites are done, the mass is said, and the sacrament given; the candles go out; the shadow-shapes file forth; the door is closed. And

on the grey docks, in the half-twilight of the very early dawn, the muffled notes of a gloomy horn announce the sounding of the hour.

The tide has turned. Out across the cool grey morning water go the boats with their quota each of men who may

PALOS FROM THE MIRADOR, SHOWING THE RIVER TINTO AND DOMINGO RUBRI, WHENCE COLUMBUS SAILED

never weigh them again. The dawn-wind springs up; and while the clear note of the herald rings out triumphantly over harbor and town, there climbs to his quarter-deck the man for whom this thing is done, Christopher Columbus. And it was the dawn of Friday, August 3, 1492.

The quick breeze freshens in the east; the sails swell out, the anchors swing cheerily aloft. Save for a few scattered shouts from shore, and the wild cheering of half the *Niña's* crew, no sound on sea or land. From the mizzenmast of

the *Santa Maria* floats out the flag of the Redemption, surmounted by the standard of the Queen. Out of the harbor, swimming noiseless in the ebb, the three ships fall away from shore. The town grows dim in the twilight haze; its thousand little noises are swallowed up in the crooning hum of the wind, and the creaking of the cordage. Stout be your hearts, O ye who man these ships! Look now your last — it well may be your last — on Spain!

Over the stern hang all hands who can be spared from the ropes; and they too pull at their tasks with faces turned whitely toward the green shores fading so desolately astern. Farewell, you shores, and green hills of home; farewell, you docks and little roofs, and houses, and the tower of old Saint George; farewell, our Lady on her hill! Remember now the faces of those whom ye hold most dear; think of them as now they are; it may be you must remember them so forever.

Of all the eighty-seven men on those three vessels, all men save one looked shoreward. He, his white hair floating level in the mounting breeze, stood on his deck alone, his eyes aglow with everlasting fire, and set indomitably toward the golden West. . . .

THE BLESSING UPON THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS (*From the painting by A. Gisbert*)

CHAPTER XV

INTO THE WEST

"IN Nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, Friday, August 3, 1492, we started from the Bar of Saltes. We went with a strong sea-breeze fifteen leagues, which are sixty miles, towards the south, till sunset; afterwards to the southwest and to the south quarter southwest, which was the way to the Canaries."

THE FIRST VOYAGE

In such wise, and with these words, began Columbus's own account of the commencement of his voyage as they were written in the journal which he kept. This journal, alas! has become part of the dust of time, and save for a few passages restored by Las Casas in one edition of his own abridgment of it, none of it now remains as it came from the hand of him who wrote it out night after night in the dim and lurid light of his cramped little cabin aboard the *Santa Maria*. Las Casas, it is true, pious and reverent historian that he was, leaves to us his own shortened, and doubtless vastly improved, version; but what a document now would be this Document!

The ships went bowling merrily along in the bright weather, with the steady east wind blowing stoutly; of this wild venture, the start, at least, was propitious; and it

may be imagined that Columbus thanked every god of sea or sky that it was so; for with the unease of the crew's spirits and temper, the fewer difficulties encountered the better. Hernando he made his personal aide, and gave him a berth in one end of his own cabin; and, save when Columbus was at the helm, the two were seldom separated for long. During the first three days the tension was extreme; the men were restless, eager for any excitement, nervous at any sign or movement out of the ordinary; and Columbus had continually to move about amongst them on the watch for any ferment or outbreak. After three days of unbroken sun and steady winds, however, the temper of all improved, and from the conglomerate collection of ill-assorted shipmates came gradually a faint semblance to a crew of seamen. The trouble was much less on the two smaller ships, where the crews were fewer in number, and were, in addition to that, tried sailors, and friendly to the Pinzons who commanded them. Nothing, there seems no reason to doubt, but the manner and dignity of Columbus saved the *Santa Maria*, manned as she was by jail-birds and riff-raff, from disaster, even before these three days were past. By the time the Canaries were reached, however, the first great hazard was over; the men would follow their captain.

On the third day out it was that the first mishap occurred. Hernando, who was on deck at the time, observed that the *Pinta*, sailing perhaps half a mile to port and a little astern, was making signals of distress. He at once descended to the cabin, where Columbus was deep in study over his maps.

"Captain," reported the young man, "the *Pinta* is making signals —" he got no further, for Columbus, rising with a jerk, passed hastily from the cabin and out upon the deck. The greater part of the crew was gathered along the port rail gazing uneasily at the *Pinta*, which displayed flags and

signals easily translated by Columbus, though the code was unknown to the sailors aboard.

"Pinzon signals that the *Pinta's* rudder is broken and useless," said the captain in an aside to Hernando, who stood anxiously by his arm. There was a choppy breeze blowing, and the sea was rough; Columbus ran the *Santa Maria*

THE SANTA MARIA

as near the *Pinta* as he dared, but he did not dare venture close enough to be of any service. He signaled back to Pinzon to fix the rudder as best he might, hoping to make it last until the Canaries were reached, when repairs could be made. And Pinzon, able seaman as he was, did manage to improvise a tackle of cords to support the rudder; the voyage was resumed.

"Surely the rudder was strong and stout when we left Palos?" asked Hernando perplexedly. Columbus smiled a smile free from all hint of bitterness.

"I think we have Señor Rascon and Señor Quintero, her owners, to answer for the accident to the *Pinta*," he replied softly. "They never looked with favor at the sending of their vessel out to seas unknown," he went on, "and I think they would be very glad if such an accident were to make it necessary to leave the *Pinta* at the Canaries." This was indeed the true explanation, as was afterward attested by the evidence of the sailor whom the rascally owners had suborned to the deed. Their ruse came near to proving successful, moreover, for on the following day the makeshift rudder gave way again, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Pinzon finally managed to steer the *Pinta* safe to the Grand Canary, which was reached by all hands on August 9. The three captains then held a conference in Columbus's cabin.

"I think it best to leave you here, Señor Pinzon, with the *Pinta*, and press on to Gomera," Columbus said, after the situation had been canvassed in detail. "I will try there to get another caravel to replace the *Pinta*, and you shall see what can be done here; meanwhile, you will do well to repair the present rudder as best you may, or even fit a new one; for I feel that we will have to go on with the same keels with which we started."

It was so decided; and accordingly Columbus and the

Santa Maria pressed forward to Gomera, the westernmost of the Canaries, where for many days he strove to find track of a vessel to replace the injured one, to no avail; and, after a fruitless search of nearly two weeks, he returned to the Grand Canary and rejoined the other vessels. Pinzon, meanwhile, had been hard at work at repairing the rudder; this being found impossible, an entirely new one was shipped, and the *Pinta* was again ready for the sea. Pinzon had also taken advantage of this time to change the sails of the *Niña* from lateen to square-rig, that better time might be made; and more days passed in this employment. Finally, a full month from the day of leaving Palos, the fleet moved on to Gomera and anchored in the landlocked northeast bay.

Columbus, noting the disaffection of the crews, would stop here only a day, just long enough to replenish the stock of wood and fresh water, and of provisions. The men, now at the very western brink, would have dallied longer here, and did all they knew to delay the sailing. One man, Miguel, a Portuguese seaman with a dark lean face, moved about among the crew inciting them to delay; Miguel was the instrument of the two wretched owners of the *Pinta*, a willing tool enough, and it may well have been that he had a grudge of his own to satisfy, so malignantly did he resist and harass Columbus — all very secretly and by stealth.

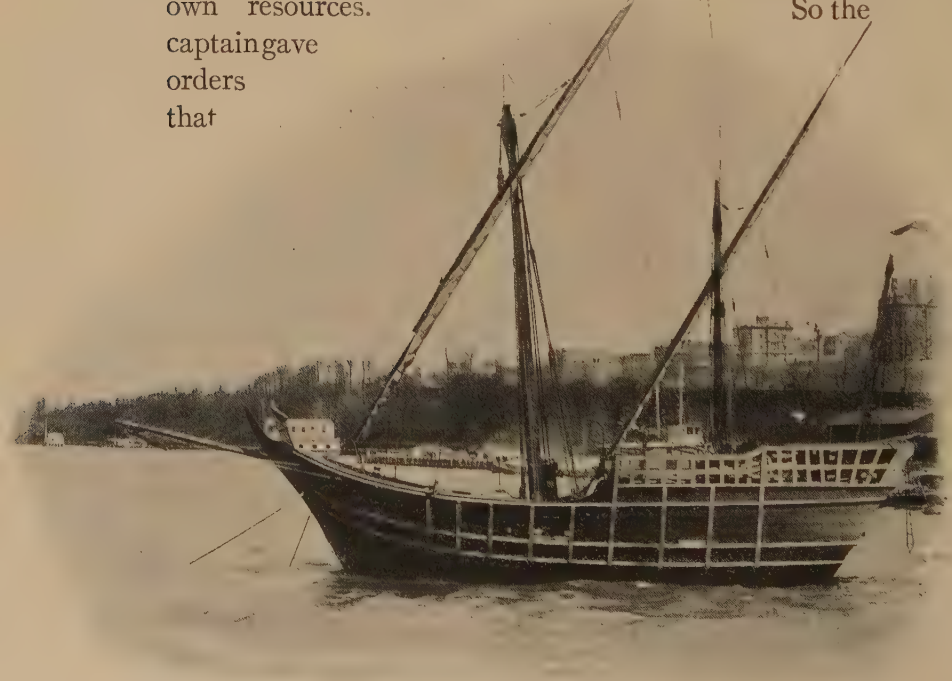
On the third day, however, the anchors were raised, and with a light land breeze that carried them westward at a snail's pace, the three little ships set forth into what they felt to be the very jaws of doom. So light and fitful was the breeze that the first day only two leagues were traveled, and the second day hardly more; so that the men, taking this as a sign from the skies, besought Columbus to give over his mad scheme while there was still time, and sail back to Spain and home.

"Not if every wind that blows were arrayed against me,"

replied Columbus simply to this faint-hearted plea; and his words bit like steel.

When the sun rose on the next day they were out of sight of land; vainly the men scanned the fading east for a sign of the islands they had quitted; not even the faintest of clouds rimmed the sea; they were alone, in the vast and perilous desert of the sea. When this was seen, men wept, wept bitterly, and called upon their God and all the saints, and besought, with pleading and wet eyes, that they turn back before it grew too late. Already, to their shrinking gaze the wild West bred gigantic doom; the sun loomed monstrous over the yawning wave that hungered for their bones. On their knees they begged, strong men that never had knelt before to man; and to their pleading came no answer but the cool and rapt decision of their captain's "No!"

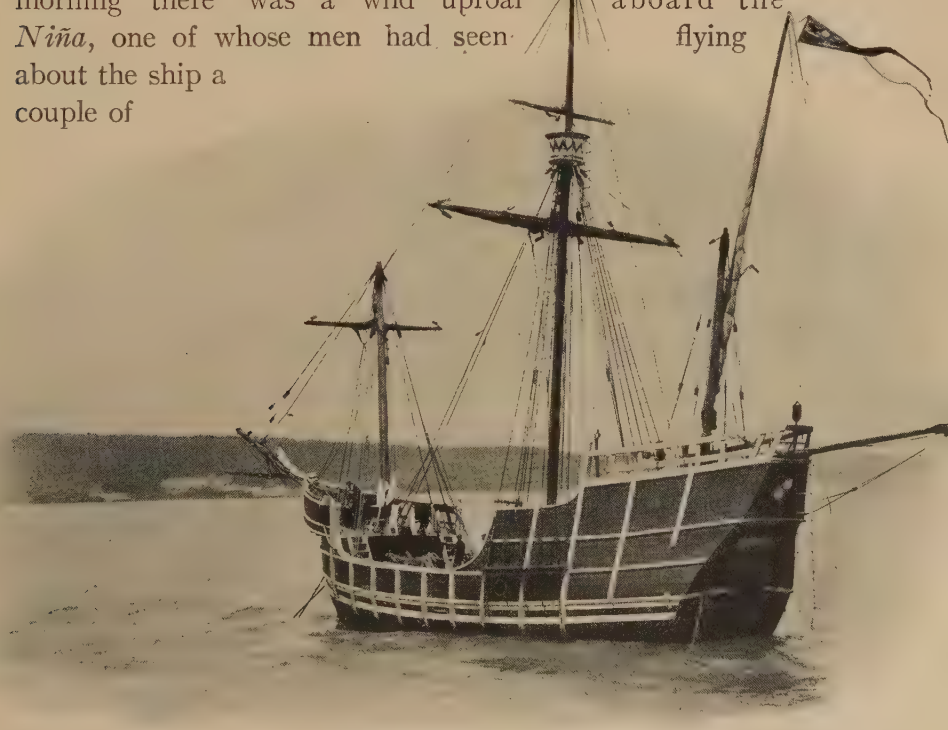
To the Pinzons now Columbus gave his final orders; for it might readily be that the ships could wander so far afield that each must depend upon his own resources. So the captain gave orders that



The Nina

they were each to sail 700 leagues to westward; and then to lie to for a day and a night; this distance is significant because it shows that he expected, or at least hoped confidently to find land within that distance. It is likely too that he gave the Pinzons leave to use the stratagem which he himself put into effect, to wit, the double set of books he kept to show the day's sailing. This ruse he adopted from precautionary motives; he was not going to have his men refuse to go farther when those 700 leagues were sailed; hence, he hit on this plan; it is probable that the Pinzons, too, made use of it, for the easing of mind of their crews. So the first day, after leaving sight of land, they made sixty leagues, which was in order reported by Columbus to the crew as forty-eight; the second day twenty leagues, reported as sixteen.

Now were they well away, and Columbus's brow grew clearer as the days went by without serious incident. One morning there was a wild uproar aboard the *Niña*, one of whose men had seen flying about the ship a couple of



The Pinta

birds described as a jay and ringtail, the excitement resulting from the known fact these birds never, by repute, flew more than twenty-five leagues from land. These birds of the new world were of different feather, as they were one day to find. The weather was unclouded and serene; the breeze held gloriously, for now they were come into the zone of the trade-wind, that wind which in these summer months blows so bravely and so steadily from the east. By day the ships rode buoyantly the shining sea; by night the velvet darkness stole around them like the personal presence of the god of night; the great stars, so bright and softly luminous, seemed so close that some were alarmed at the sight, thinking that they must in truth be nearing the place where the sea and sky came together.

It was about this time that the first perplexity came to Columbus. He came one day into his cabin, with so thoughtful and grave an eye that Hernando, who watched his face keenly, was solicitous at once.

"The compass is acting strangely," Columbus replied to his query. "It no longer points directly northward. I do not understand what has made it veer to westward. For three days —" he paused, and fell to studying the charts, which he spread open on the low table before him.

"How long has it been so?" asked Hernando softly, laying his hand on the other's arm; the two were very close, and Columbus smiled in an abstracted fashion as he looked up from the table and grasped the boy's hand.

"For three days I have noticed that the needle was turning to the west of north; at first it was very slight; and I thought I might be mistaken, or that the compass might be affected by the sun or some other cause. But to-day, when I took my observation, its angle was widely west of north. I must think what can be the reason for that —" His head bent over his papers. Hernando, after another look at his

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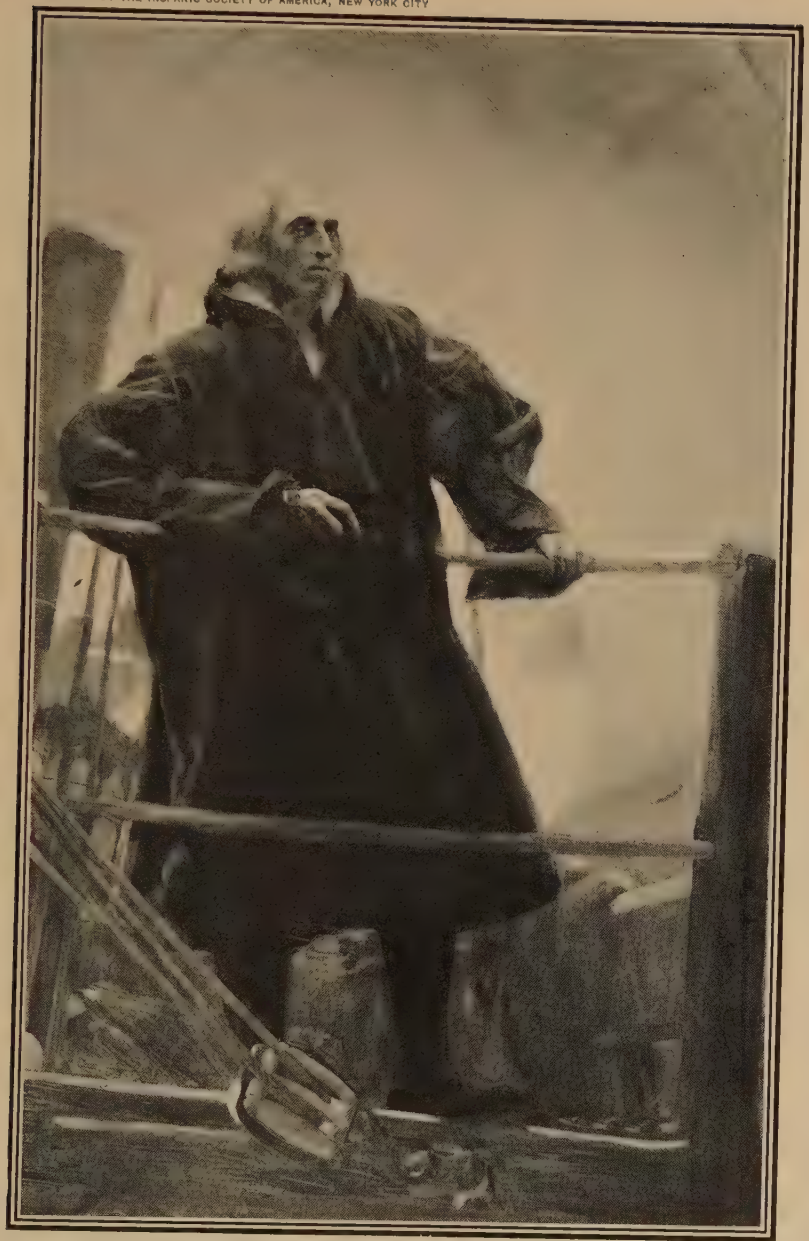


COLUMBUS DEPARTING FROM PALOS (*From the painting by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida*)

absorbed face, stole out of the cabin and left him. When he gained the deck, he was startled to see that a boat was putting off from the *Pinta*, and rapidly approaching the flagship. His first thought was that the *Pinta's* pilot also had discovered the strange actions of the needle; and this was indeed the case. The dinghy soon drew near, and Martin Pinzon and his pilot and three other sailors clambered heavily up the steep side of the *Santa Maria* and scrambled over upon the deck. Pinzon asked at once for the captain, and Hernando, prudently considering that it would be better if secrecy were observed as long as possible, led the four directly into his master's cabin, where Columbus still sat unmoving over his maps and papers.

He greeted them gravely, and asked courteously that Pinzon seat himself.

"No," said Pinzon with equal gravity; "I have come to find out if it is the *Pinta's* compass that is wrong, or whether you have noticed it also."

He did not say what it was that he had noticed; but Columbus, looking him cheerfully in the eye, made no attempt to misunderstand him.

"The swaying of the needle to the west of north?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone, a slow smile, as of indulgence with a child, touching his lips. Hernando, knowing that one short half-hour before, he had himself been puckering troubled brows over this matter, looked on in amazement; then, as the nerve and resource of his captain came clear to him, with new admiration.

"Do you not know the explanation of that fact?" went on Columbus. And Pinzon, not relishing it to have this discovery of his turned to nought, shook his shaggy head sulkily, and grunted out that he did not know it.

"It is simply this," pursued the captain. "The North Star, which is not a fixed star, but moves in a circular orbit,

COLUMBUS IN THE CABIN OF THE SANTA MARIA (*From the painting by Thomas J. Gullock*)

is now swinging in that orbit. This causes the deflection of the needle; if you will take the position of the star just at dawn, you will find that the needle is true." And Hernando, holding his breath, marveled at the confidence and conviction in the tone.

After a little the conference dissolved; there was nothing more to be said; and on the following morning, taking the reckoning of the North Star at dawn, as Columbus had directed, the needle was found to point correctly once more; so that danger passed; but Hernando, when the visitors were gone, came to his captain and asked him when it was that this explanation had come to his mind. Columbus smiled and eyed him half whimsically; when he was freed from the pressing exaltation of his Dream, he was as human as any man.

"It came to me," he said slowly, "as Pinzon started to speak; I had to say something to quiet his suspicion. There is another reason, the true one, I believe, but that could not be explained to them so they would have understood. Let it stand as it is; they will marvel no more."

Still the trade-wind blew them onward; and the balmy weather wooed the soul to happiness. So wonderful was this summer in the sea that even the journal, that careful, sober record of facts, bursts into lyric speech for a sentence or two in commemoration of this heaven's weather, which, the captain wrote, was "like April in Andalusia; and nothing here is lacking save to hear in the stillness the singing of the nightingales" — a rhapsody, in truth, from that pen! It is to be regretted, however, that the crew did not join in the delight of their leader; the men aboard the *Santa Maria* had been steadily growing more and more restless and uneasy. As the days went by, like each to each, and, as every morning dawned, showing the same unbroken stretch of water marked by no living thing, the temper of these jail-birds and one-time roisterers waxed bitterer with each succeeding hour. The malcontents grew bolder, now that they had the open or tacit approval of their hearers, and many were the wild plans they made. Miguel, the rascally and the alert, moved among them, fomenting trouble with every shipper; he met

now with willing listeners, men whose courage was oozing momently from their finger-tips, and who were coming to believe that this sailing was to go on forever, — unless something was done. What that something should be, not even Miguel dared yet put into words, but his hints grew daily broader and more sinister.

Columbus, watching the men with his hawk's eye, guessed much of this, and did his resourceful best to pour oil upon the troubled waters. In vain; the strain had reached the point of ultimate tension, and the air grew hot with whispers of sedition. In the men's quarters Miguel talked, talked without ceasing, urging his followers to the point of frenzy, he himself, cool and unhurried, waiting and watching for the moment to put the match to the powder. With this treason between her decks, the *Santa Maria* bore faithfully upon her westward course; at her helm the hand that never wavered.

CHAPTER XVI

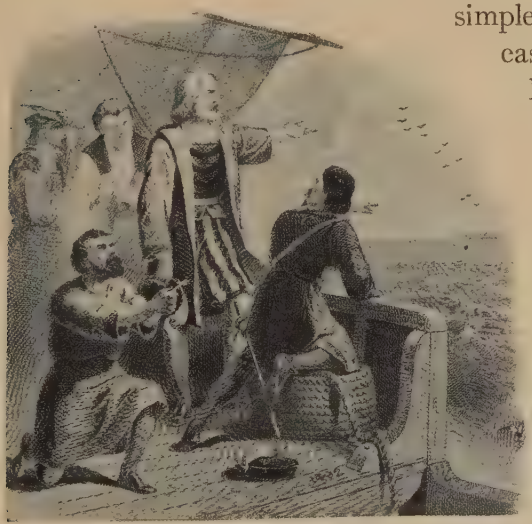
MIGUEL THE MUTINEER

"IT would be murder!" Chicken-hearts even here, it would seem.

"*Caramba!* And if it were? But it is not murder; it is only self-preservation. This Italian fool, with his fancies and his wild eyes, will never turn; if we do nothing, or sit here screaming 'Murder!' like so many women, we shall still be sailing when the beards of all of us are white." So Miguel, with deep scorn in his voice, and eying the faint-hearted speaker with cool contempt.

"But how can it be done? How can it be explained? Let us not forget we are sailing under the Queen's standard; there will be questions, and the question too, belike, if we come home without our leader. How then?"

"What an uproar about a simple matter, yes, of the simplest! What more easy, Señor Whiteliver, than for our fantastic captain to grow so interested some night in his study of the stars, that he fall into the sea? Bah! He is nought but a foreigner, a miserable Italian; no questions will be asked; or,



THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF LAND

if they are, leave their answering to me; I will tell a tale!" And Miguel shook his head in vast impatience with the cautiousness of his hearers.

THE BRONZE DOORS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

"But how of Señor Pinzon, señor?" persisted another of the little group that, screened by the forecastle wall, crouched talking in strained whispers. All the crew, save these, were asleep, or aloft; but these men had Miguel gathered about him, in the dead of night, when no watch would be kept on his actions, to talk of the deed which he had set himself to compass. He turned now on the last speaker with a sarcastic smile on his lips.

"Señor Pinzon would not weep," he said slowly, drag-

ging his syllables. "There is no great love lost there; they are friendly, yes; but Señor Pinzon would wear no mourning weeds if what I hint should one evening come to be."

"Who is to do the trick?"

"It will not need so many; enough only to guard against all chance of failure; your deaths, my friends, would answer for your awkwardness. But it will be simple; three or four men hid behind a coil of rope; a rush, a heave in the night, and all is over!"

There came a footstep on the deck above; and the mutineers, holding their breath, listened till it died away, as the walker passed forward to the prow.

"That is he now," whispered Miguel in a sharp whisper. "Even now he walks the deck, and gapes at the stars; what can they tell him? Fool!"

Presently, by mutual consent, the group dissolved; perhaps it was that there was no more to be said; but more likely it was the echo of that footstep in their ears, the footstep that never wearied, never tired, as the man they were planning to kill strode the midnight deck, hour after hour, night after night, reading the sky to find the signs he sought. Those who had been of that conference so disturbed, could be brought to no future conferences, though Miguel strove to sting them by all the means he knew. There were others, though, who were not so squeamish; and gradually the plans were matured. Yet, strangely enough, there was no one who wished to be of the fatal party; all were agreed that they had sailed far enough and to spare; yet that was a very different thing from what Miguel plotted. And Miguel, his dark face twitching with his rage, cursed them heartily for cowards; yet he himself was no more anxious than they to make one of the midnight party.

A fillip to their plot was given, however, about this time, when, one beautiful golden morning, the ships drew into

that peculiar zone known as the Sargasso Sea. When it was seen that the water was no longer clear, but was filled with interminable, swaying, half-sunken, golden masses of growing seaweed and sea grasses so that the progress of the ships was gravely impeded, then there was panic indeed. The men thought they had come to the place described by the romancers, where the ships could not sail, but would be left forever to rot and rot; and they gathered round Columbus in anger or in terror, according each to his nature. Columbus, smiling on them a peaceful and a quiet smile, bade them observe that the ships still sailed almost as swiftly as before, and that the clinging masses of the weed did not in the end remain hanging even to the rudder; where then was the hazard of the weed?

"May it not even be," he asked calmly, "that this is a sign that we are approaching land? Is not this growing life a token that we are nearing our journey's end?" At length, seeing that the ships came safely through, and that no harm came to them, the men ceased their murmurs. They also were borne up by the theory that land might be near; poor credulous men! they were only too glad to take literally Columbus's words of hope. They saw a sign of land in every portent of the sky. No need for him to point them out; they saw a mirage on the golden clouds of sunset, far to westward, — a sign of land! A frigate-bird whistled by, — a sign of land. A boy on the *Niña* killed a pelican with a stone, — again a sign of land! After all faith was not a matter of reason, but of hope. And these sea-wanderers breathed in new hope with the air that swam about the man they followed. In the present case, however, led by his hope, he came near to skirting the failure of all his hope. He had figured that the actual distance sailed was now above 700 leagues, and he looked now to find land at any time; it well may be that he talked too loudly and too flowingly of the

"signs of land," for, while still the ships sailed slowly through the Sargasso Sea, the storm-clouds began to gather with a will. The frigate-birds disappeared; no more pelicans were seen; no more floating branches gladdened the eyes of the crew; and last straw! the mirages seen on the western clouds proved as empty as their empty name.

The grumbling that began now was no secret affair, no matter of whispers and hidden plotting; it took the form of open groups, frightened, angry and reckless, gathered openly on the decks, talking mutteringly together, with glowering eyes fixed on their captain. He, mindful of every whisper passed among them, outwardly serene, inwardly kindled to a keen suspense that made sleepless the hours of night. Miguel, in his element now, moved heaven and earth in his efforts to bring about an open mutiny, seeing that his plan of the simple and efficacious night-attack met with no supporters. And in this at last, after so great a labor, he succeeded.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

It was now October 9, more than two months from the

day when Palos harbor sank behind them into the sea; two months they had sailed away from all they knew and all they loved, into this terrible wilderness of sea, which had no ending in this world. The evening of this day Columbus, pacing to and fro on his lookout, heard passing far above him the wings of a huge flock of birds; in the darkness he made out that they were sailing to the southwest, probably — he instantly surmised — toward land; and accordingly he directed the helmsman to change the course several points to the south, which was done, when morning came, so that word could be passed to the other ships. It would seem that he was prescient.

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE DOCTORS OF SALAMANCA

The news came with a flush to the frightened and angry crew of the *Santa Maria*. In almost open insurrection now they gathered to discuss the change. Below, in his cabin, Columbus talked quietly with Hernando of his great new hope; for the birds were flying to land, and the 700 leagues were long since passed; it could be a matter of hours only now!

"He knows not whither he is going!" cried a sailor above, and his mates growled approval. "He changes the course

now, after holding one course so long; he knows not what he is doing! We are lost unless we turn at once!"

"Ay; back to Spain!" they cried. "We have hunted mare's nests long enough. Let us bid him sail westward no more; we have done all that men can do; let him hear us now!" Again came the low chorus of assent.

"And Pinzon says turn north for land, instead of south, as our madman here would steer us now! Ah, curse the day I left my solid, stout old jail at home to wander strange seas with a lunatic!"

"And what a fool was I to follow too!" cried another of the precious band.

"Ye need be fools no longer!" said Miguel, savagely. "If ye will but stick together now, the deed may be done, and none the wiser. Come, who will follow me to the cabin? Back me, and my dagger shall drink his blood!"

At this the storm broke again, and the little group swayed to and fro in its conflicting hopes and fear. But there were too many there filled with cold fear of this wide sea to relish the idea of sailing back across it by themselves. Whatever his faults, their captain was a seaman.

Meanwhile, to the cabin came Ruiz, the pilot, and four other loyal and hardy men, bringing the word to Columbus. Hernando, standing at his side, felt his cheek flush with anger at the tale the pilot told; but Columbus, smiling sadly, shook his head. His voice was very quiet when he answered.

"I have known of this, Ruiz," he said; "yet I thank you for your telling me, and for your loyalty and that of these men. I have known that this thing must come; let it come now; I am ready; come, we will go to meet it!"

"It need not, but for that knave Miguel," muttered Ruiz; but the captain made no sign that he had heard. He rose quietly, took his sword from its place on the wall, and

turned again to the others. "Come, let us face them!" he said, and turned toward the cabin door. Sword in hand, the others followed, and out upon the deck they went, that intrepid little company of six, to confront the wavering, seething, swarming mass gathered abaft the helm. The sight of them flung stillness on that mob as though it had been water flung from a pail. The mutineers stood still in their tracks, and for a space no man could find his voice. Above, in the bright day, was no sound but the wind-strained sails and cordage; this only, save for the veiled murmur of the sea.

"You have come on this voyage in the name and for the honor of the Queen!" rang out Columbus's voice, low but very clear, and no man answered him nor thought to answer until that voice was done. "You have come upon this perilous voyage like soldiers unto battle; like brave men and like heroes; would ye then grow faint before your goal is reached? Would ye then turn when the glory is almost within your grasp? What shall be said for men, cradled in seas, who sucked the milk of hazard at their mothers' breasts, should they falter ere the course be run? Bravely have ye followed, and greatly hoped; should all this go for nought? Have ye followed so faithfully over league upon league of trackless sea, only to turn faint-hearts at the end? It cannot be; there lives no power for failure in the Spanish blood! I say no more of signs of land; I say no more of the distance we have sailed, or the dangers we have passed; no more of the hope I have that our course is almost run! I call on you to follow to the end; ye dare not turn back now, with that standard at the helm. I bid ye all to follow, in the name of the Queen, of her glorious and blessed Majesty, Isabella of Castile!"

The men stood trembling as they listened. At last, when that great voice fell silent, a straggling few came for-

ward, renewing their allegiance, and swearing that they would follow to the death. Others, their faces touched with the hue of shame, stole softly aft, out of the sight of that exalted eye which pierced their very souls. Only by the rail, where stood Miguel and a few of his bosom friends, was there no yielding; these men stood stubbornly erect and talked in low tones. One by one their fellows stole away, and left them. A sneer from one of these woke in Miguel's breast the fury that had been smoldering so long. He shook himself free from the others.

"Fools and children!" he cried. "Would ye let a few wild words tame you to his hand? ye should at least need beating as dogs are beaten before you eat fawning from the hand! I, then, Miguel, free man and Spaniard, will not so eat! Neither will I be put off with words. Know then, you Genoese, that you are a madman and a fool, and that you take us to our death. We follow no farther; this voyage ends for you — thus!"

Sword in hand, and with a frightful grin on his distorted face, he darted for Columbus, who made no effort to evade his rush. Like a flash of fire the desperate mutineer crossed the few yards of deck that separated him from his target. His sword was drawn back to thrust, and still Columbus made no movement. At his back stood the pilot Ruiz and the others, apparently too surprised by the suddenness of the attack to do ought but gape. But one sword was ready; and that one, driven straight forward with all the strength of Hernando's arm, found a resting-place in the breast of Miguel. Clutching at his throat, he flung his arms aloft, and his sword, falling from his flaccid hand, fell clattering to the deck at Columbus's feet.

The mutiny was over, its back broken; they carried Miguel, who was not killed, but heavily wounded, below, where he was put in chains; when he should have recovered

it would be time to talk of punishment. After all, in spite of his grandiloquent boast, he was not a Spaniard, but only a Portuguese dock-rat; and the captain used that fact to smooth the way back toward serenity for the rest of the crew; they had been led astray by this wretched outlander, that was all,— they would follow now to the end. And they, gazing at the light of his eyes, felt that they would so follow. In the cabin Columbus put his arm with affection around Hernando's neck.

"You would have let him strike," said Hernando reproachfully to him.

"I had my coat of mail," returned the other, quietly; then, his voice softening, "perhaps I knew, too, that there was a ready sword at my side that would not fail. I saw that sword at Cadiz,— dost thou remember, little brother?"

Hernando, remembering all too well, remembered other things; that night in his dreams they came back to him,— the memory of the little maid with the proud head and the buoyant shape, of the dark hair and the smile that took his heart forever; of the silver pin that even at that moment he held clasped between his fingers. On his lookout post aloft, Columbus too thought of many things long unthought of; belike of the little isle of Porto Santo, and the humble grave that lay beneath its dusty turf. Above him rose, to the infinity of height, the dark and splendid purple of the night, lit with the intimate beacons of the stars; and all that night he watched in the silence.

The next day, one of the days of gold for all time, dawned, by a fitting management of fate, all golden in the east. The sun came up out of the sea like the very chariot of the god, and the waters gleamed tremulous and splendid under his light. The wind blew so steadily that there was no motion even of the pennons, other than a little ripple; and the ships moved, as though on an endlessly flowing river, serenely

THE DISCOVERY OF LAND (*From the painting by J. M. W. Turner*)

to the west. Mile and mile and mile; hour and hour and hour; so had passed the world away; they moved in a trance of movement; it was as though the sea were an interminable, unchanging pageant through which they passed in a dream. The flowing, flowing waters hardly went white beneath the prow; the wake astern scarce rippled, and was still, so that it was hard to tell on what path the ship had come. And the day went forward to its noon; and noon came and passed, and the sun swung around into the helmsman's eyes; and down the southwestern sky it fell, sinking slowly, and with the majesty of death, to its setting in the golden wave.

It passed at last, this day, when it seemed as though time were not, and could not be; when all the world seemed afar and strange, so that men looked on each other as though they knew not whom they saw; so keen was this feeling of the unreality of things that some pricked themselves many times with their daggers to make sure they were not a-dream. The very air swam golden in the strange light of the sun; and stirred in and out the lungs like some divine and ethereal liquor that they breathed. Mutinies and strife and plots were as though they had never been; the white sails of the ships seemed like vast wings of birds, flying through an open world, over an empty sea. Yet with it all was no sense of hazard or of portent; only the real, the sublime, aloof indifference of life that is not life, but is only the shadow of a soul.

At last dusk fell. The sun had fallen lingeringly from sight, and the water had passed from gold to crimson, and to silver and purple and grey; and the wind of dusk had fallen too, and sighed breathlessly in the twilight. It seemed as though that day had lived for years; and, when night came, all eyes were ready for the night. The sailors went quietly to their bunks, and silence reigned. The dusk grew deeper; the stars hung out their luminous and friendly

lanterns; the sea turned purple-black as turned the night. Far to the starboard sailed the *Pinta* and the *Niña*; and Columbus, at his old post at the lookout's seat, could see them faintly by the light of the stars. To him had come Hernando, when night drew in, asking that he too might watch this night; but Columbus bade him sleep.

"To-night I watch alone," he said. Hernando left him.

Leaving the Convent of La Rábida

The night wind ruffled his hair as he stood straight, baring his head in the darkness, and letting the air of Heaven blow upon his heart. How long had been the way! Was he not after all a madman? Over and over again he followed through his Dream. He remembered the first days at Porto Santo, when it was as a baby struggling for birth; when he had stood on the rocky height above his little house, and looked to westward, toward this west in which he now was come. He remembered the long hours of study with Bartholomew,— where was Bartholomew now? — it did not matter. The unending hunting of the means, that hopeless, hopeful, hopeless chasing after a King's whim, cheered by a Queen's smile! For her sake he must not fail! For her sake there must be a land at the end of this endeavor.

He remembered the tender shining of her eyes. . . . And yet . . . the 700 leagues were long passed and gone, and still no land. Might he not be wrong? might there not be some monstrous error in his mind? might it not be that he could go on and on forever to no end? Madman and fool, one had called; and many aforetime; might it not be so? Was he not worse than that, being murderer as well, if no land was here? Land must be here! His eyes strained forward in the night . . . only the sea, the long, tremendous reaches of the sea. He bowed his head upon his hands.

Columbus Leaving Palos

At 11 o'clock the moon rose; for half an hour before its coming was presaged by the faint glimmer in the east, like a hint of glory. Columbus did not see; his eyes were turned the other way, straining, straining through the night. His pulse went beating hard about his heart.

Slowly he rose to his feet. This was a dream, the climax of a dream! He had dreamed too long,— for behold! like a flash of lightning to his soul, there gleamed into his eyes a little spark of light,— one, single, flickering point of light that was a star,— and yet was not a star!

He cleared his eyes of the tears that filled them, cleared

them and looked again; it was there! There could be no doubt of it,— that thing was a lantern, or a torch that rose and fell with the waves. Now it was gone; and for a moment black fear, cold terror, gripped him to the soul; then, like the glory of love's smile, the light came again,— came again, and flickered, and moved, and went out, and came again.

The admiral closed his eyes; what things he felt we know not; that moment was his own. But the next was Spain's! Ringing from his lips came a great cry; and Hernando, in his cabin, and Gutierrez, from his post, heard and came running to his side. They found him standing still and straight, his high smile of glory on his face. And, as they looked, he raised his arm and pointed over-sea; and they, following his arm, saw the thing that he had seen. The light on Guanahani!

The light on Guanahani . . . the answer to his Dream!

CHAPTER XVII

SAN SALVADOR

WITH laggard feet the long hours moved to dawn. Columbus had given word at midnight to the other ships to lie-to, and wait for the dawn before going farther; so and through all the night the three ships lay and waited, in the very sight of the long-desired shore. But at last the dawn arose in panoply of crimson and gold, and at the firing of the sunrise gun great cheers arose to the sky, that startled the sea-

THE LANDING ON SAN SALVADOR

birds. Around the feet of the Admiral gathered his crew, with swelling hearts and tearful eyes: no room was here for doubting or despair,— the fault was theirs, and theirs alone; and for the fault of their doubting and their fears they besought pardon on their knees. But he, the man of whom they prayed it, heard them, and only smiled vaguely upon them: his Dream held him fast. He looked forth upon those rocks of the eastern coast of this isle as a man may look at his heart's desire.

Soon, however, it was time for action; and he gave orders,

seeing that the eastern coast was rocky and unfriendly and that a strong wind was blowing from the east, to swing to the southward around the southern end, and come up around the sheltered shore along the west; and this was done. Most cautiously, and taking soundings every minute, the three vessels stole around the south point of the island, and standing northward along that shining shore, they moved slowly along, seeking a safe anchorage. As they drew nearer the men could see what manner of land this was, and many the wild exclamations of delight at sight of the luxuriant foliage and the heavenly greenness and beauty of the land. These men, so long afloat on a sea that had no ceasing, wept hysterically at the good green earth at last. They laughed and cried and hugged one another, praised the Admiral, sang songs, prayed; but at length their mood resolved itself into one of pure excitement and exhilaration; in the most bubbling spirits and with an enthusiasm that must have been good to see on faces that had been sour so long, they made ready for the landing.

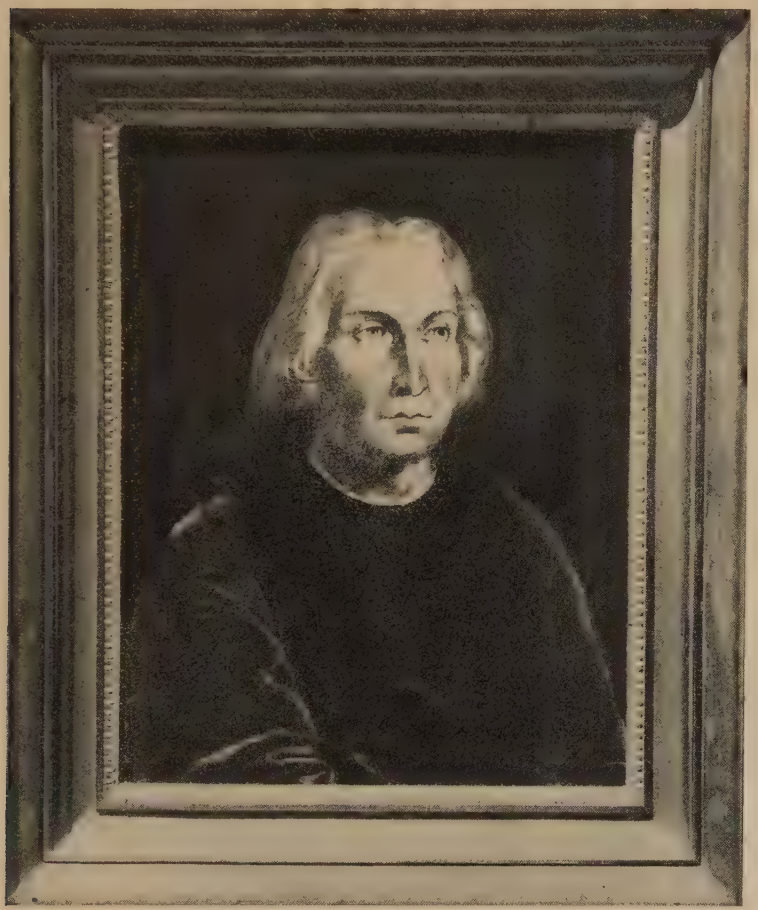
What adventure, of all that ever were upon this round globe of ours, was so well worth man's joy? What joy in going, in playing, in being, ever reached the splendor of this day's joy? For to the Old World a New World was that day given.

"What depth?" cries the helmsman.

"No bottom," replies the man with the lead; but soon there is better news. "Forty fathom, thirty fathom . . . fifteen fathom!"

The sails are clewed up; one after another the great sheets of canvas are hauled in, the ropes are coiled; and the anchors, which for so long it seemed might never be needed more, are given clearway. The ships come to in the wind; and then, with three white spots of spray, the three anchors shoot over the prows, to find safe hold in eight fathoms of

water. Then while the men cluster round with wild cheering for their Admiral and their Queen, there mounts to his quarter-deck, for one last look and prayer before landing,



COLUMBUS (*From the Museum of Marine at Madrid*)

Christopher Columbus, Admiral and Viceroy and Governor-General of this sea and this land.

One moment alone he stood before going below to don his armor. Emerging soon, he gave orders that a boat be lowered, and from the poop, his scarlet cloak bright in the

sun, he directed the lowering of it. In this he took Hernando, Rodrigo Sanchez, the overseer, and Rodrigo de Escovedo, the secretary and recorder. Manned by stout seamen, well armed, the little boat pushed away to the *Pinta*, anchored near, and thence to the *Niña;* from these came the two Pinzons, to join the landing party; and the dinghy turned its nose to the shore. High in the front rode

At the Threshold of the New World

the great standard of Castile, and each of the other two captains bore a banner of his own. White surf rimmed the rocks, but there were many openings through which level stretches of yellow sand could be seen, and for one of these inlets the boat now made. Safely the rocks were passed, the shallow harbor entered; with the high standard floating on the wind, and with head bared reverently to the sky, upon the land of his discovery stepped its white-haired overlord.

The others followed fast behind; and falling on the earth, pressed their lips to it, so says the precise old chronicle,

praising God that had preserved them for this sight. Columbus gathered the little band about him, and standing on a small mound above them, bade the secretary write to his dictation:

"I, Christopher Columbus, native of Genoa, and now subject to their gracious Majesties King Ferdinand and Isabella his Queen, do hereby take possession, in the name of those monarchs, of this land and this sea, to become part and appanage of their power. I hereby take possession of this island, which I name San Salvador, and which was found by me and by these gentlemen of my company, on this the morning of Friday, the twelfth day of October, in the year of grace one thousand four hundred and ninety-two!"

One by one they signed the document, first Columbus its author, then the Pinzons and the others as witnesses, and lastly, and hard by the red seal at the bottom, Rodrigo de Escovedo, notary and secretary. When this was done, a prayer was said; we may conceive it to have been a long prayer, and presumably its hearers kept their eyes closed the while; for it is recounted that during this praying there crept out from their hiding in the trees the original owners and inhabitants of the island, and drew amazedly nearer to the little group of strangers, who stood so still, unmoving, and listening without comment to the sound of one man's voice.

When the prayer was done there they were; and white men and Indians looked on each other with wondering eyes. What make of men are these? both well might ask; for no such sight as this was ever known to the eyes of either race. The natives, who, from his belief that this land was India, Columbus had at once called Indians, proved to be fine, straight, graceful savages, with clear brown skin and coarse, straight black hair; they went almost unclothed and moved "as though oiled." They eyed the strangers with wide

gaze, and kept pointing upward till Columbus caught their thought that the Spaniards had fallen from Heaven. This appealed to him as a very good idea to foster in the aboriginal breast, and it is probable that he encouraged them in their belief of the Spaniards' divine origin. He was well used, moreover, to dealing with natives, and had brought ashore with him a considerable supply of beads and brightly-colored trinkets to catch the savage fancy; he remembered how the African natives had been ready and even anxious to exchange gold and ivory for a few glass beads or a bit of red ribbon, and he felt sure that these people would do the like, which, in truth, they were eager enough to do once their first fears had fled, and they saw that the strangers intended no hostility. So it happened that for his first few beads Columbus found himself the possessor of a motley collection of shells and gourds and half-spoiled pearls, but also, — sight that thrilled his heart — a few narrow hoops of yellow metal which there was no mistaking. Gold! It was gold, — and Cipango must be near. It is not quite clear just why gold meant Cipango, but so it was.

"Bid them say whence comes this gold!" he demanded of the Jewish interpreter, who, though he knew no more of the native's speech than any of the party, was still used to conversing with strange peoples, and kept up a vast pretence to understanding. He put the question to the Indian who had had the gold in his ear, and the Indian replied at first only by signs and shrugs. But all his signs were to the southward, and the interpreter soon reported:

"He says they come from the south, from a great land."

"From Cipango?" queried the admiral eagerly.

The interpreter repeated the question to the group of natives, who said the word over again after him, pronouncing it with a slight difference.

"They say its name is Cibao." Not so far from Cipango;

we may excuse ears that were longing for the sound "Cipango" if they construe "Cibao" to their desire. Further questioning elicited no more information; and Columbus determined to waste no more time, now that it seemed he had learned what he wished. Yet somehow he was not willing all at once to leave this island which had been so dear a find. He had called it San Salvador, though the native name for

SAN SALVADOR (*From an early print*)

it was Guanahani; and for two days more the ships stayed anchored in its harbor. The second day was Sunday, and all hands went ashore, and holy services were held beneath the trees, much to the amazement and marvel of the natives, who had not seen such things before, we may be sure. Through all the rest of that warm summer Sunday, for the air was like June, the men roved almost at their will over this island, and traded trinkets for whatever articles the Indians possessed which struck their fancy. Columbus, zealous as always, decreed, however, that anything of real value must be saved for the Queen. On the third day after

the landing, the ships sailed southward — sailed away from Guanahani in search of greater spoil. But Columbus, standing on the poop and looking reverently back upon the rocks and surf of this first haven of the New, blessed it in his heart. It had after all been, and was to be, more than any other one thing, the answer to his Dream; on this shore he had known the first, great, pure thrill of exaltation and of triumph; he was to find greater glories, perhaps, in the years to come; was to meet greater honor and greater praise; but one cannot help regarding this thing as the real peak of his Fate, the true summit of his life.

He had done, in one sense, what he came to do; he had found a New World, and Guanahani was its symbol; he had fought the good fight, Guanahani was its crown; and the light that flamed on Guanahani's shore was the candle which was to burn forever in his soul's shrine. That he had done more, much more, than he meant to do, matters little; the glory of his fame is hardly brightened nor dimmed thereby. Farewell, then, you magic isle, he leaves you to your leagues of peace, to the sunlight in the trees, and the white surf on your reefs. Night after night shall lights go dancing on your eastern shore, and he shall not see them. His eyes were to see many things, mighty things and petty things, and sad; but through and behind them all, in the secret places of his soul, you shine, Light on Guanahani, serene and beautiful and undiminished, flaming a fixed star that never dies, across the night of Time.

By one of the few utter perfectnesses of chance, or Fate, a light still shines on the east coast of Guanahani, much in the same place as must have shone that first and greatest light. They have reared a lighthouse on the farthest reef, beyond the last rock of the shore, and there, night after night, year after year, and so, please God, on to eternity, shines out a beacon to the east. A modern revolving light

it is, — what matters that? It shines, revolves, shines again, just as it is written of that one so long ago, which "shined, and then was lost, and then did shine once more!"

Leave her now, this little isle, to brood upon her crystal seas; for other things are calling, and already the three ships are bent toward wider fields of hope. The Admiral bore, carefully wrapped and preserved in silk, a long letter to the Grand Khan of Cathay; and this letter he was now setting about to deliver.

"Where do you think the mainland to lie?" asked Hernando of him, the two again in the Admiral's cabin and the letter is the subject of discussion.

"It must lie to southward, probably somewhat to the west," Columbus replied. His unerring instinct for distance and direction was again shown in this instance; for though, of course, it was not the Cipango which he sought, he did strike land in the very place and at the very distance that he had planned. The Cipango that he sought was only a continent and another ocean away; there is a measure of absurd pathos in the spectacle of his hunting so sedulously for this land so far away, instead of making the best of the real finding that was his; but, after all, it is a small matter. The greatness of his deed lay in his discovery, not in what he did with that discovery.

"Land! land ho!" was heard again before a week was passed; and thereafter frequently. The ships sailed about much at random for nearly a month, though always with the fixed idea to search out the Grand Khan and deliver the letter from the sovereigns of Spain. Various islands were discovered, and of each the same story is told: the natives are much like the other natives; the skies are the bluest known to man; the foliage the most verdant and luxuriant; the fishes in the sea are the strangest million-colored finfolk that have ever been known; indeed, through all this

part of the history runs a näive and delightful strain of simple and childlike joy and animal spirits. These bearded seamen, most of them undoubtedly villains and cutthroats on the slenderest of provocation, sunned themselves happily, in this belated summer, like so many young animals full of the sap of youth in the spring. Even Columbus's staid and sober narrative grows incoherent and amusingly dithyrambic over the many and divers delights of this land.

Towards the end of October a native was found on one of the islands, who told not only of a great land to the south, but also of a mighty King, or cacique, who dwelt therein in a vast city in the interior. With characteristic optimism, this was at once believed to be Cipango, and the home of the Khan; and accordingly all sail was spread in the direction of this long-desired goal. On Sunday, October 28, the travelers entered the bay of the town, on the coast of Cuba, now called Nuevitas; and for a space it seemed as though their search was over. For this Cuba, stretching as it did beyond all sight to northward and to west, seemed the mainland indeed; and from the Indians Columbus learned of the proud King far inland, who could, it were sacrilege to doubt, be no other than the Grand Khan.

"Send hither Rodrigo Jerez and Luis de Torres," the Admiral commanded. The interpreters were sent for at once.

"Señor Pinzon brings me word that the Grand Khan, or Cami, as these people call him, has his palace a four days' journey hence," said Columbus. "It is my wish that you start, with suitable escort, at once, bearing a letter from myself, and bringing word that we will follow on your heels.

The two looked at one another in silence. It may be fancied that they did not altogether relish this plan of a four days' tramp across new country; but they had no choice. Therefore, putting as good a face on the matter as they could

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS *(From the painting by John Van der Lyn)*

summon, they bowed respectfully, and departed to make ready for the trip.

When they had gone the Admiral determined to take advantage of the necessary idleness to overhaul and recalk the ships, which were sadly in need of attention. It was thought wise to work on only one vessel at a time for fear of a possible attack; accordingly the *Santa Maria* was drawn up on shore, and heeled over as far as she would go, and the growth and shells were scraped from her bottom and sides. The other ships were similarly cleaned in their turn, and, before all this was done, the embassy from the interior returned with empty hands, and vile tempers.

"We found no sign of any city, nor of any palace, nor of anything, save thickets, and jungles, and impassable morasses; we found no kings, but hundreds of snakes that hissed at us from the trees; no cities, but millions of insects that stung and would not be driven away. There is no city there; and if there were, we would leave it for others to find." Thus Luis de Torres, in the first flush of his temper and his fatigue; let no one blame him too heavily who has not tried such a march. But Columbus was not daunted, because in the meanwhile had come news of a great river along the coast, which led right into the Khan's very court-yard; and when the ships were cleaned and set afloat, along the coast they went to find this obliging river.

Along the coast they went, and so for several days, lying to at night, that it might not be passed in the darkness; but no river! It was by this time the middle of November, and while there were yet no signs of winter, the Admiral was becoming impatient for actual, tangible results of some sort. He had to make a report to his monarchs, and he wished to have something more spectacular to show than the few pearls and bits of gold which were as yet the only spoils, unless we may count the natives of San Salvador, six of

whom were still "protected" in the cabin of the *Santa Maria*. At this juncture came the busy Martin Pinzon with sticks of cinnamon, which one of his men had taken from a native; and on investigation great quantities of this spice were found on the land. It is also to this period that we may attribute the first actual discovery by Europeans of that weed which was to give Sir Walter Raleigh a part of his fame,— tobacco; for these natives smoked it freely, much to the amazement of the Spaniards, and to their disgust as well, for some of the daring spirits who tried to imitate the natives became very sick indeed. If they had been modern schoolboys they would probably have persisted; but they were superstitious sailors of four centuries ago; so Europe waited for Sir Walter to bring it its tobacco.

Martin Alonzo Pinzon was, as nearly as can be determined, a good man according to his lights; but he was only human, and there can be no doubt that he felt that due honor was not being paid him for his zeal and ability in this hazardous undertaking. There was only one master, and Columbus never allowed any doubt to arise who that person was. Probably the canker had been gnawing at Pinzon's soul for many weeks; perhaps it was but the momentary weakness of a long-tried, long-tempted man; at all events, he proved unequal to the task of remaining true to his allegiance to two masters, himself and Columbus. The manner of his defection was this:

Despairing of finding the Grand Khan, who seemed as elusive as another Spaniard, not so many years later, was to find the Fountain of Youth, Columbus decided to abandon for the time his search in Cuba, and turn his prows eastward in an endeavor to locate an island which some obliging savages had described to him as being, "all gold." It would be curious to know just how much the natives of these lands said on this subject of gold, which interested them so little

and the white strangers so much; it is, however, certain, that most of what they said was untrue or misunderstood. The amount of gold that was actually to be gleaned from all these researches would not have paid for the smallest of the discoverer's ships. The probability is that the gold-hungry Spaniards, like some prosecuting attorneys to-day, framed their queries so as to bring the answers they desired to hear. Be that as it may, they now heard of this golden island to eastward, and thither they steered, beating wearily and laboriously to windward, and drifting back almost as fast.

The *Santa Maria*, being heavier and larger and more unwieldy than the two smaller vessels, was more strongly buffeted by the wind than they; and in the day's sail fell some ten or twelve miles astern. The *Pinta*, Pinzon's boat, the fastest of the three, made especially good progress against the baffling headwind. Along toward sunset she swung far to northward on a tack.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAND (*From the painting by Christian Ruben*)

"Why does she bear away so far, señor?" asked Hernando of the Admiral.

The other looked at him a moment without replying.

"Fly from the peak the signal of recall," he said at last; and from the spar the word hung forth for Pinzon's eye, calling him at the same time by the firing of the *Santa Maria's* cannon. Anxiously they watched the *Pinta*, for some sign of turning back; there was none.

The sun set flaming in the west, sinking down into the crimson sea; and twilight gradually stole over the water and the sky. Columbus and Hernando, their eyes straining through the dusk, peered across the leagues that lay between them and the *Pinta*, now but a shadow among shadows. Presently she could be seen no longer. The two looked everywhere save at each other; the same fear held the heart of each,— that Pinzon did not mean to come!

"Will you not set a torch aloft?" asked Hernando quietly.

The Admiral gave the necessary orders. The brave torch flamed aloft, sending a beacon far over the sea.

All too easily is it understood. Pinzon, with the fastest ship, and his picked crew, and his Indian and gold and cinnamon for display and evidence,— why should he wait? What held him from sailing homeward as straight as bird could fly, to bear his sovereigns the great news? — and reap the honors that would most certainly be his? It was no small temptation; and Martin Pinzon, strong man and stout seaman as he was, was not strong enough to resist it. Judge him not; for many reasons, but above all for this: that life itself judged him and found him guilty; and his punishment came, crushingly complete, hard upon the heels of his transgression. He has not long to exult, has Martin Pinzon; let him do it while he can. Meanwhile, as fast as the winds will warrant, the *Pinta* heads for home.

Morning dawned upon an open sea.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST ROOF IN THE NEW WORLD

SAINT NICHOLAS EVE there drew near to the island of Hayti two little ships. Lonely they looked, in the wide sea, they two; and lonely enough they felt. Columbus had sent the little *Niña* ahead to point out a suitable harbor; slowly skirting the shore of this new land, the ships of the Admiral at length found themselves an anchorage in a perfect bay, which, in honor of the saint's day, was promptly entitled the Bay Saint Nicholas.

FERDINAND OF ARAGON

It was a beautiful land, more beautiful than heart could dream of; the men hung over the sides fascinated and hushed, rough voyagers of the seas as they were, by the sight of this perfect beauty. Even the journal, in its hatchet-faced rhetoric, grows joyfully exuberant over the skies, the trees, the softness of the air, the nightingales and other small birds. Indeed, so wonderful did this new land seem, and so like to the garden-spots of their own Castile, that it was almost by mutual inspiration and acclaim that they called the name of it Española, or Hispaniola — little Spain.

For two days they stayed in the harbor, repairing the slight ravages the wind had raised with the canvas; and then it was time to begin again on the ferreting out of the

THE PORT OF LISBON

two things on which Columbus's divided mind was set: the Grand Khan must be found, if possible; gold must be found, whether it were possible or not. From now on, to follow the indications of the journal, the Khan seems in a measure to suffer an eclipse by the golden shadow of his rival. It was desirable to find the Khan; but Columbus knew, none better, that gold meant not only wealth, but security and prestige and added honor. Moreover, the Khan lurked in so secret a place that it was much wiser, in the journal's opinion, to bend one's attention to the more accessible thing; for gold, at least in the stories of the natives, lay waiting his hands in almost every place, save only the one he happened to be in. It was a good deal like the jam in a celebrated and classic household, which "occurred" always "to-morrow and yesterday," never to-day. Just so this gold, which was to be found — anywhere save only the spot where the seekers chanced to be.

Thus the time went by, and presently the year fell near its close. It was, in fact, the eve of Christmas when the second grave accident befell the Admiral. Misfortunes, so seldom traveling alone, seemed to be heaping themselves up before him. As night fell on this day, the Admiral, worn out by a two days' watch, retired to his cabin early. The wind was almost dead in the air, and the two ships, hardly a breath stirring their sails, went drifting slowly along, apparently a safe distance from the shore. Hernando, too, had gone to his bunk, and was throwing off his garments preparatory to going to bed, when he felt a strange lurch of the ship, and found his body pressed gently forward against the edge of the bunk. Almost instantly the sensation ceased, and the ship settled into stillness.

Hastily he threw on his clothes and rushed forth on deck; he was hardly ahead of the Admiral, to whose quick instinct the stopping of the vessel had already spoken a note of peril. Pitchy darkness reigned on deck.

"Hallo, aloft there!" Columbus hailed; and haltingly the answer came.

"I am here; what is it?" in a quavering treble. The Admiral's head flung back, and in no uncertain voice he summoned his pilot and trusted men about him. The pilot came reluctantly, the others slowly, rubbing their eyes.

"Who is at the helm?" the Admiral demanded of the pilot, who stammered, and begged the question; but his questioner held him to a reply.

"It is young Gomez," he said, shamefacedly, "I went below for a few winks of sleep; there was no danger; the ship was not moving."

Columbus did not even wait to reprove him; there was more urgent matter ahead; and he bent his mind to it. It was soon seen that the *Santa Maria*, as she drifted lightly before the breeze, had struck upon a low mud shoal, on

which almost her whole length now was fast; she was not deeply imbedded, but was gradually sinking deeper, and, what was more alarming, began almost at once to heel heavily over onto the starboard side. There was no time to lose.

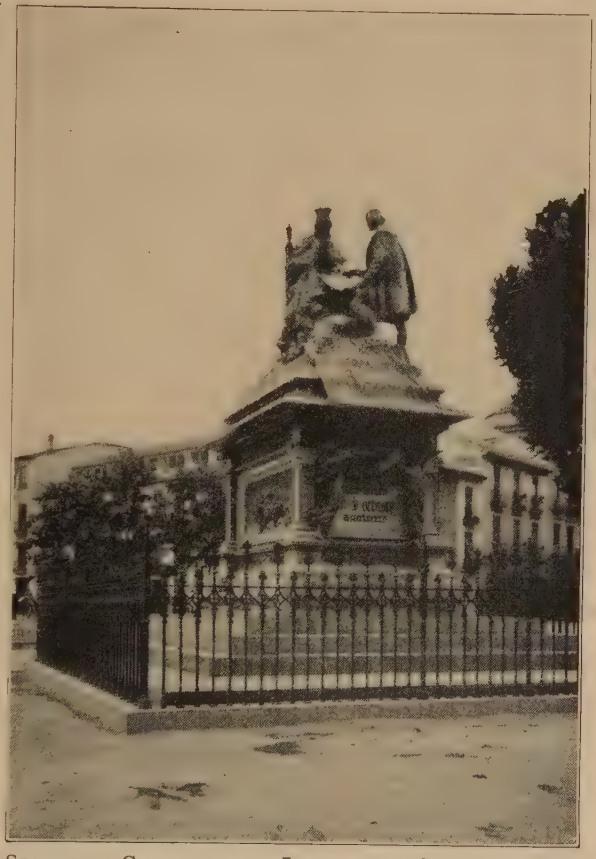
"Lower the boats there!" Columbus ordered. In a moment the two dinghies were in the water alongside, manned by six men each, with a coxswain.

"Row at once to the *Niña*, thither where she rides; and bid her lay alongside to take off stores and lighted ship," came the orders. The dinghies shot off into the darkness, toward the point where the *Niña's* signal-light gleamed across the water; in a moment they were out of sight. Then, for what seemed an eternity of waiting, those left on the careened vessel stood hoping against hope; for even then it seemed sure that the *Santa Maria* was doomed. Luckily the listing had ceased, and the slanting deck stood still.

"We must transfer the stores and records to the *Niña*," the Admiral said; and directed the bringing forth of the stores and the more valuable trophies, records, and the parrots, gold, and other things gleaned from the natives. Soon all that could be done was accomplished, and nought remained but to wait the assistance of the *Niña*. . . . There her light was, bright in the night, and the boats must certainly have reached her now; but she did not move; and all that night she came no nearer. This was for safety's sake, not for lack of loyalty, however, for the first streak of dawn found her at the Admiral's side, awaiting his orders. One Pinzon at least was true; for the men in the dinghies, renegades as they were, endeavored to persuade the *Niña* to do as the *Pinta* had done, and leave the Admiral and his helpless ship to their fate. The *Niña* would not.

By the morning light it was seen that there was no hope of saving the stranded vessel. With mournful heart Co-

lumbus gave orders to save from her all that might be saved; for the first strong sea that struck her would spell her doom. It was a melancholy hour, in the grey dawn, as the boats plied to and fro, bearing the goods from the stricken vessel, now settling deeper and deeper into the sand. She may have lacked many things to make her a good ship, but she had come a long and a perilous way; and now she lay at the mercy of the sea which she so gallantly had defied. Columbus, his face gone old and grey in the morning light, said no word; but his eyes never left the body of his ship. Her seams were opening now; it was a matter only of hours. At last, when there was no longer heart for staying for the end, the *Niña*, crowded to the gunwale with the doubled crews, crept sadly away to her anchorage in the Bay Saint Nicholas.



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA AT GRANADA, SPAIN

It was Christmas Day. . . . Before high noon was

come, there started on the shore of this new land what was to be the first Spanish roof in all the New World. Columbus, whose mind, driven by necessity, worked swiftly to the conclusion which he saw to be inevitable, gave orders to commence the building of a fort. And this fort, in honor of the day of its founding, he called Fort Nativity, or La Natividad. Swiftly its walls rose; with the help of the friendly natives, the stockade was soon done; and the garrison-house inside was soon walled and thatched. The Admiral gave orders to stock it with provisions for a year, and this was done, from the stores of the *Santa Maria*. Then came the call for volunteers to remain. There was no lack; in fact, there were more who desired to stay than could be permitted to do so; the men, very reasonably, looked with the gravest apprehension at the little *Niña*, and it was small wonder that they shrank from the long home voyage with that tiny and fragile keel. So forty-two of them chose to remain in the fort; and the rest, the stoutest and most loyal, elected to follow their Admiral whither he chose to go. In charge of the fort he placed Diego de Arana, with Guiterrez and Escovedo for his lieutenants; and to them he gave the powers and authority of governor-general, and laid upon them the gravest of adjurations toward sobriety, piety, and wisdom. Perhaps it was from a premonition of what was to come, perhaps it was only his native caution; whichever was the motive that prompted him, he laid forth enough rules of conduct for these first settlers to have governed several colonies: they were to treat the natives kindly and Christianly; they were to labor heartily and to obey their governors willingly; they were to stick close by the fort, and not roam loose in this strange land; they were to work earnestly for the discovery and securing of the gold mines which were said to lie near at hand; and they were, above all, to bear their solitude with cheer and bravery, until such time as he

could return with his new expedition; which he promised to launch at the first possible hour.

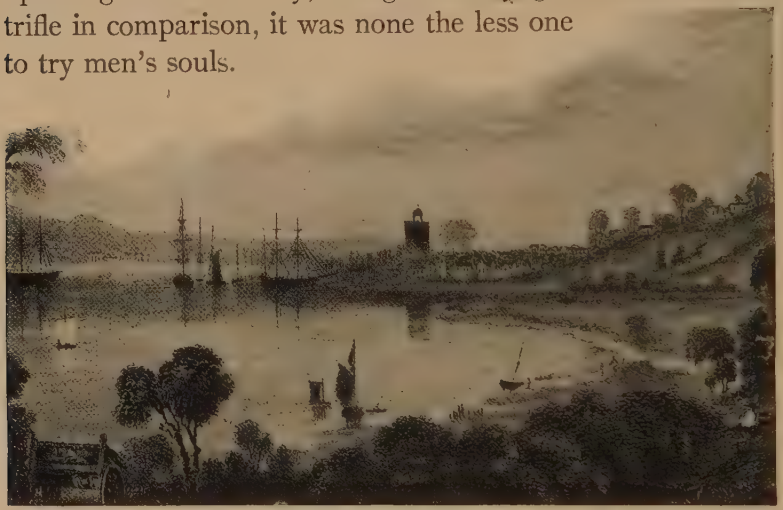
From the walls of the fort they watched him out of the bay; and from the tiny quarter-deck of the *Niña* Columbus turned anxious eyes backward upon the colony he had planted, alas! so insecurely upon the coast of his discovery. Dimmer and dimmer grew the shore; and at last, with a sigh, the stout hearts on the *Niña* gave over the memories that bound them to the shore, and with all their courage swung into the great business of the hour. It was no part of Columbus's purpose to abandon the shore before he was compelled to; and so for two days he coasted eastward, hugging the land as closely as was prudent. On the morning of the third day out, a great cry from aloft went thrilling through the air, bringing the flush of joy to every cheek.

"Sail-ho: the *Pinta*!" cried the lookout, in a mighty voice; and a great cry of welcome and of relief burst from the throats of the *Niña's* men, to echo back the accent of that news. It was true: there, not half a league away and directly in the golden path that led to the rising sun, lay the *Pinta*. It was a shamefaced and chopfallen Pinzon who came with dragging foot aboard his Admiral's vessel, to make what explanation he could for his desertion.

"I knew that I must find you about this place," wound up the plausible Pinzon, when he had told in exhaustive detail how his going was against his will, that his men had insisted upon it, and that he had gone only to find more gold, that greater honor might accrue to the Admiral. Columbus, who read behind the words the falsity of the heart, shook his head quietly, but said only a few mild sentences in rebuke. Perhaps he knew that hard words could mend no breaches. But to Hernando that night, when again they were alone, and the *Pinta*, the chastened *Pinta*,

sailed docilely in their wake,— Columbus said, with a flash of prescience, "He will betray me yet again."

"Why not throw him into irons now?" demanded Hernando; but Columbus shook his head. Martin Pinzon was a better seaman than he was a man; and seamanship was needed if the two frail little cockleshells were ever to see Spain again. For truly, though the voyage back seemed a trifle in comparison, it was none the less one to try men's souls.



The Port of Palos

With his unerring instinct for sea-ways and sea wisdom, the Admiral now chose what seemed the best course for home; this lay to the northeast, many leagues to northward of his route in sailing west; his wisdom was vindicated almost at once; for the ships found steady winds from westward that bore them along so safely and so surely that the men were amazed; it was hardly possible to believe that this was the terrible voyage home, from which all had shrunk. Presently the Sargasso Sea was reached; this time a thing of no terrors; and the ships went steadily through it without peril or delay. It was not until this sea was passed, and long passed, that the first great peril came upon them.

It was now early in February, and it was thought to be almost time to look for signs of some of the western islands of the old world. There was a wide difference of opinion about what islands lay in their course, and the arguments ran high. The Pinzons thought they must be near Madeira; but the Admiral, scanning the sky with his eye that never faltered, proclaimed that their true position must be slightly to southward of the Azores. It was true; but death must be looked in the face before that goal was reached.

That night came the wind out of the north; out of the north and west it came, later swinging round wholly to westward, so that the vessels ran before it under bare poles. All that night and all next day it blew, and all the following night, and with every hour it seemed to increase in violence. Great masses of wind-and-rain clouds passed furiously over their heads; and the roaring of the wind was like the howling of beasts veiled in a fog; rain fell with fury, too, at times; and always the sea waxed higher and higher. The morning of the second day terrific cross-seas set in, so that the frail vessels were racked to the very keels. Already one of the *Niña's* masts had loosened under the strain, and part of her rigging had to be cut away. All through this desperate time communication between the two ships was kept up by means of lanterns at night, and flags by day; but on this second morning in the yellow and lurid light of the storm clouds, no *Pinta* was to be seen.

"The sea is bare," reported the lookout in daunted tones; coming close to Columbus, and shouting the news into his ear, for the howling of the wind.

"Look again," directed the Admiral. But the second word was the same.

"I pray she may not have perished," said Columbus, gravely; but another fear than that was in his heart as well, a fear that he did not put in words.

"What orders, Señor Admiral?" demanded the helmsman.

"Run with bare poles," replied the Admiral. "Keep her as near before the wind as may be done; she must ride it out!"

Yet all that day again the fury of the gale grew greater; by night it was little less than a hurricane. Great troughs of seas yawned for the frail *Niña*, and each breaker seemed as if it must beat her down beneath its conquering weight. Yet she rode through them all. By night of this day, when all on board were exhausted from the forty-eight-hour vigil, and staggered to and fro with half-shut eyes, dead for sleep,— the storm seemed to have determined to make an end. As the darkness shut suddenly in upon them, and the raging waters were blotted from view, the hope that had been so hard to kill went far toward dying in the breasts of all. It seemed useless to struggle against this terrible anger of the elements. The men, many of them, gave up, and kneeling on the deck, in hoarse and broken voices prayed for the health of their souls, and besought the mercy of Heaven on them, sinners. Columbus himself, who did not despair while he had a keel under him, who had seen many storms as fierce as this one, was now ridden by a terrible fear. Suppose the ship should be lost, as perhaps the *Pinta* had already been,— where then would live the story of his Discovery? Something of this Hernando read in his face, knowing that it could not be personal fear that held the Admiral's eyes so sadly grave. Affectionately he approached him where he stood on deck.

"Do you fear for the *Niña*, señor?" he spoke, close at the Admiral's ear.

"Ay," returned the other, "and — there is another fear than that."

"Bearing the word to the Queen?" said Hernando,

THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA (*From the painting by Juan Cordero*)

simply. And the other nodded in assent. It was by this time pitch-black; nothing could be heard but the wild seas racing by, and breaking with crashing might on prow or decks; and the shrieking of the wind, which had not ceased one moment in all these hours. It was with difficulty that they could hear each other's voices, and Hernando, who had his plan in mind, led the Admiral to the cabin's door.

"It must not be lost," he said as soon as the door shut out the howling of the night. "The wonder of your deed must find the Queen at last."

"But how? How shall it be, if the *Niña* rides not out the storm?"

"You must place records in something that cannot sink."

"I have seen it done," said the Admiral thoughtfully. "Yes, it must be done so. Help me, thou. Let bring a stout wine-cask from the hold; I will make ready the records for its freight." Hernando disappeared.

"Here is the cask," he said, returning; "and here is a cake of wax, to keep the parchment from being destroyed by the waters." The Admiral now wrote a brief account of his voyage, and his discovery, and how he had taken possession of the land in the name of his Sovereigns; and signed it, and Hernando and two seamen signed as witnesses; and the whole was encased in wax, and consigned to the cask, which was stoutly headed up by Hernando. In the darkness they carried it on deck, and with a muttered prayer for its safe delivery to some Christian hands, they flung it into the sea. A similar cask, on afterthought, was placed on the *Niña's* prow, so that it too might float to safety, should the *Niña* sink after all.

How she could live much longer, men could not see. The darkness of the night added to the terrors of the gale and none save the Admiral had really any hope left alive. In accordance with the pleadings of his men, Columbus

called all who could be spared on deck, and read a prayer for their lives; he then declared that this tempest must be a sign from Heaven; and it seemed just to him that penance be done to placate the angry world.

"Put lots in a cap," he said, "and all men will draw; he who draws the marked ballot must go on a pilgrimage to Saint Mary of Guadalupe bearing a wax taper of five pounds weight." The men agreed, and all took the vow to perform this penance should the lot be theirs. They drew, the Admiral first.

"The marked lot is his!" the men murmured. It was so; and Columbus took the vow of pilgrimage once more. A second lot resulted in a sailor's vowing a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto; and a third lot, whose votary was pledged to a solemn mass and an all-night vigil at Santa Clara de Moguer, fell also on the Admiral; it was as though he, and none but he, could serve in this exalted business. Las Casas, his biographer, finds in this fall of chance an almost divine appointedness. It must almost seem as though it were.

Morning broke on a subsiding sea; by noon the sun shone brightly in the sky; and at the very hour of its zenith, a lookout shouted from his peak the welcomest words that ever fell on weary ears:

"Land to the north!"

It was the Azores; and soon the *Niña* found anchorage in a rounded bay.

Of the rest of this homeward voyage, small need is there to speak. Egged on by the jealous Portuguese, their governor at the Azores sought to imprison Columbus and his men; but by the sheer force and brilliance of his courage, Columbus won them free — won free, and sailed for Spain. The first land that he saw was the headland below Lisbon; and thither he went. Here, too, was envy, and rage that he

had not sailed for Portugal instead of Spain; but no open hostility; and his friends offered him safe conduct by land to Spain.

"No!" said the Admiral. "By sea I went; by sea I will return!"

The bells rang out in the town of Palos; wild bells across the morn; for out across the bar of Saltes, on that bright March day, rode a tiny caravel. And at her peak shone forth the standard of Castile!

Columbus Meeting the Natives

From Huelva and the country round the people thronged to Palos; all Palos's own were there, wide-eyed upon the wharves; and the streets were full of a cheering, weeping crowd. Prayers, cries, sobs, wild laughter could be heard; but in the end cheers only. For, following slowly up the tide, there came creeping up the bay the battered, wind-blown, sea-shorn *Niña*. And aloft in the blinding sunlight the flag of the Admiral flanked the banner of the Queen! She came to anchor in full view of home. It was over.

The Admiral went ashore; to Spain's own heart the people clasped him. No talk of foreigners now; no sneers, nor doubtings, nor muttered warnings of distrust. Let him taste praise, and honor, and hero-worship now; it is

his due; and these things come not often, nor to many men. Make the best of it while it lasts, Christopher Columbus! It will not always endure. Only a shadow divides the peak from the abyss. Yours now is the sunlight on the heights, the beauty of the broad day; there is another side to the shield of Fate.

Into the harbor of Palos, before that day was dead, crept the vessel of the man who was to know the shadow, not the sun. On that selfsame day came the *Pinta*, with Pinzon at the helm; the traitor Pinzon, who sought to sneak first home, and claim the credit and honor of the whole. He comes but half a day, yet all the world, too late. And none marks him. The story of his deed has already gone abroad. The face of earth, that should have been so fair, smiles not for him. Through the vacant streets he passed, and heard, — O bitterness of sound! — the shouts and merrymaking of men toasting, praising the man he sought to wrong! Through the vacant streets he passed; and no man noted him. Straight to his home he passed, and through the door, and past the loving welcome of his wife; with fumbling steps he sought his couch; and turned his face, his grey face, to the wall, — and died.

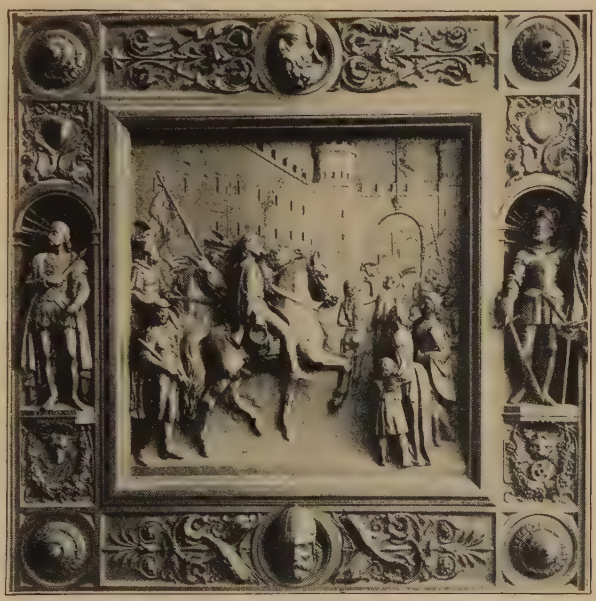
In the cathedral of Saint George, they were singing hallelujahs for the Admiral.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GARMENT OF GLORY

SHE leaned forward toward him, with the beautiful flush still rising in her cheeks; and Hernando, reft of speech, could do nought but look, and look again into the eyes that were not made for forgetting.

"Tell me more," she pleaded, this dark-haired Desdemona of Andalusia; and Hernando, though he would much rather have feasted eyes alone, had to obey her.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF COLUMBUS INTO BARCELONA

They were at Barcelona, where the court was; and the daughter of Medina Celi waited now in attendance on her Majesty the Queen. In the anteroom of the Queen's apartments she now sat, with this young man before her, held as by a spell under the enchantment of her eyes. In his breast, beneath the silver pin, his heart raced to and fro, till it seemed as though she must hear it. Indeed she might have, had she not been listening to some-

thing in her own bosom, something that she thrilled, yet feared, to hear.

"At the Azores the jealous Portuguese would have held us prisoner," he went on. "But they dared not face the Admiral; and they set our men free, who had gone ashore to do penance for our saving from the tempest." He had told her of the voyage out, and the landfall, and the wanderings among the islands, and the loss of the *Santa Maria;* and then of the long, grey homeward leagues; and the tempest at the last. She had listened with starry eyes, her breath coming and going; and in her heart this new, inexplicable something which she dared not read. Hernando, whose eyes never left her, drank in her melting beauty to a heart that had starved long; and on his face and in his eyes the tale of his heart

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THE STREET OF COLUMBUS IN BARCELONA

showed plain as print. Even Medina Celi, had he been there, could have read it at a glance. Yet what use was here for words? For she was still the child of royal or nearly royal degree, and he was but the free-lance of his fate. So he looked and looked, and said no word.

Suddenly she leaned nearer to him, and spoke, very softly. "Do you remember the night of the new moon at Cadiz?" she whispered.

He evaded her glance. "It is a long time since I have been in Cadiz," he answered. "There were undoubtedly new moons while I was in that city, but it is very long ago, — should one remember every moon that rises?"

She caught her breath; this was a response for which she had not looked.

"Perhaps you have no time, amongst your islands and new seas, for such every-day things as moons, señor?" she asked, crisply, her manner suddenly achieving a vast politeness and ceremony; her tone a study in cool shades.

At the sound he flushed, and bit his lip; he strove to look away, yet could not; he fancied that in her eyes he read hostility; and the mischief was done, irreparably. He flung himself on his knee before her.

"Thou knowest, thou fairer than the saints' dreams, that I have not forgotten the new moon, nor any moon, nor anything, of that Cadiz year," he cried passionately. "Thou knowest that I have had thee, and none but thee, in mind and eyes and heart, ever since that day upon the dusty road! Have I forgotten? I tell thee I have taken thee, thy face and thine eyes, through all the seas and all the days and nights. Thou hast been as far across the world as I or as the Admiral; for I have seen thee there, magic in the darkness! . . . Why do I say this? . . . I told myself I never would again."

She did not answer, for a little space; and when she did,

her voice had changed again, so that it was like the voice of a strange person. Yet winning it was, and he could but listen. He had hoped she would follow his lead, for all his pretense to the contrary, and talk of the Cadiz days; she was, however, differently minded, and passed adroitly on to other matters.

"Tell me more of the triumph at Seville, of the first triumph of your Admiral whom you love so much that you must give him all your life."

"Have I not told it all?" asked Hernando, dreaming of other things.

"It may be . . . yet tell it over: how you came to Seville?"

"On Palm Sunday it was we came to Seville, from Palos; and glory waited us, or more truly, it awaited him, ere we reached the gates of the city. The good Queen sent a herald to welcome him; the governor and his aides met him while yet we were afar off, and escorted him through the gates. The bells in the churches rang out their welcome; and the brave sun shone as though it too were eager to welcome him home."

"What did you then? Were you in all this glory as well?"

"I stayed by the Admiral's side. The next day we had the pageant, the parade, such as you will see soon here in Barcelona, of the wondrous things found in the western ocean and its lands. You will see: for I heard to-day the Queen had set the second day from this as the day of audience."

"Why did you not come to Barcelona sooner, — the court was here."

"The Admiral would not come before his bidding. I — I would have come, could I have come alone. But I — I could not come without him."

"You had nothing to make you wish to hurry to Barcelona?" insinuatingly.

"My heart turned my feet hither, when first they touched Spain," he answered simply, looking her straight in the eye; her gaze fell.

"How do you enjoy being the trusted aide of the greatest figure in the land?" she asked hastily, to cover her retreat. "It must be pleasant to be greeted with cheers and applause every time you set forth in the street."

"He is the greatest figure in the land," said Hernando stoutly, resenting the lightness of the tone. "Let them cheer as they will, — it matters not much one way or the other now, — but remember the years he spent begging at their heels, he, the Admiral, begging for a hearing, only a hearing, and the chance to offer them wealth and honor beyond the dreams of Kings. Well may they cheer him now! I remember when they called him madman of Genoa, and the urchins of the streets threw clods at his back!"

She had no desire to stop him now; and he swept on, tumultuously:

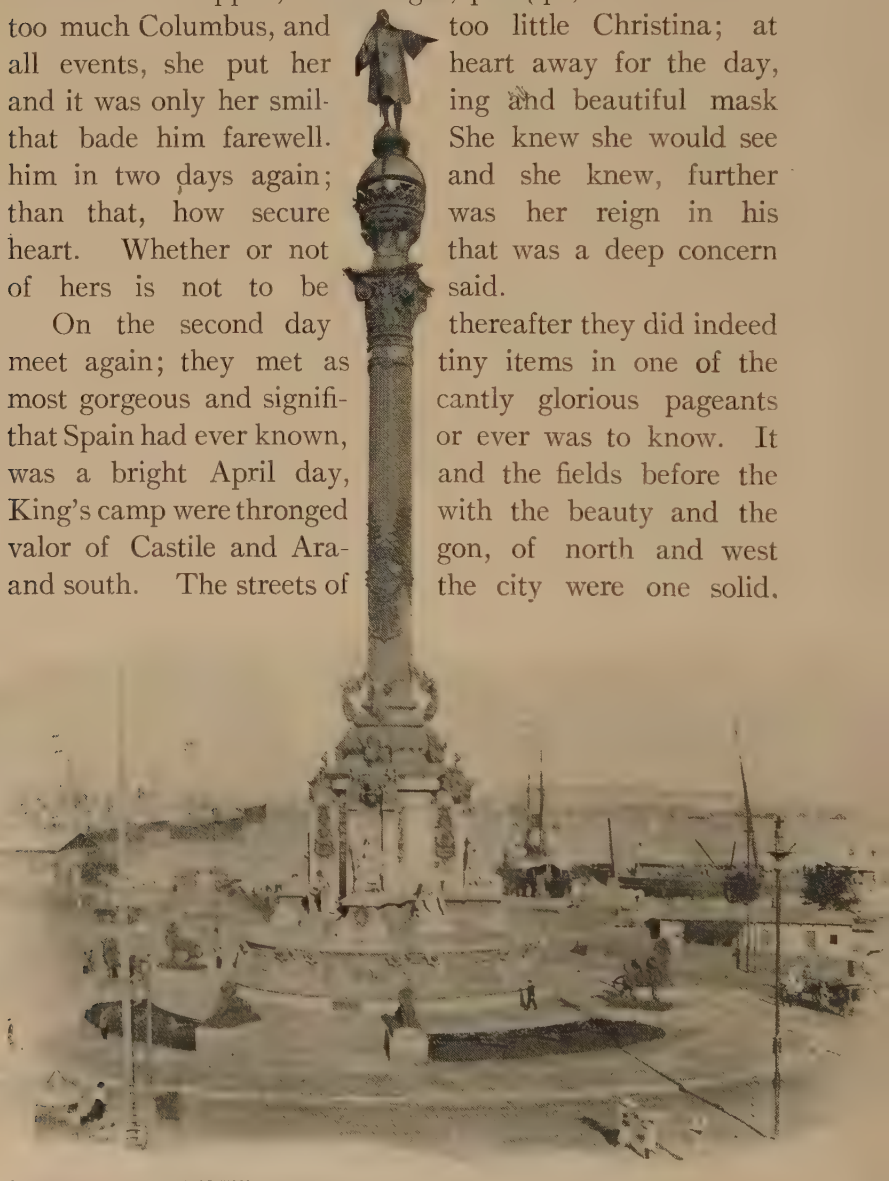
"All is different now: they cheer him to-day, where once they threw mud and stones; the King and Queen, after dragging him at their court heel for months and years, send messengers to him now, praying him 'to come to court with all speed.' Only too gladly now they call him; 'Don Christoval Colon, Admiral of the Ocean Seas, and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands of the Indies!' Empty titles, though I rejoice that they give them, even so tardily! What are titles to him now? Let the people roll them over their tongue as they will, and, if he can, let him relish them as his reward! They cannot pay him, with their idle pomps, — for he has seen the purple seas in the night, and the light that leapt on Guanahani's shore!"

He sat down again suddenly. "I — I beg your forgiveness," he said, "for speaking so violently; but it is so

easy to applaud — afterward. And his hair has grown white with waiting. In two days you shall see."

While he had spoken, fired with his loyalty and enthusiasm, she had listened all too willingly, thrilling to his fervor; now that he stopped, she thought, perhaps, that he talked too much Columbus, and too little Christina; at all events, she put her heart away for the day, and it was only her smiling and beautiful mask that bade him farewell. She knew she would see him in two days again; and she knew, further than that, how secure was her reign in his heart. Whether or not that was a deep concern of hers is not to be said.

On the second day thereafter they did indeed meet again; they met as tiny items in one of the most gorgeous and significantly glorious pageants that Spain had ever known, or ever was to know. It was a bright April day, and the fields before the King's camp were thronged with the beauty and the valor of Castile and Aragon, of north and west and south. The streets of the city were one solid,



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THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT BARCELONA, SPAIN

moving, swaying mass of excited humanity; at the windows and on the roofs were thousands more, for whom there was no room in the streets; and on the lips of all was but one name, Columbus!

The ceremonies had been arranged with no little care. One might fancy he could detect the friendly and officious hand of old Juan Perez, the whole order of the day was of such unction. The sovereigns had sent a troop of cavalry to wait Columbus's orders, and to clear the streets for his procession; ornamental as they were, they were more useful still. Winding slowly along, at the head of the little company they went, and the throngs in the streets, scrambling out of the way of the horses' feet, made way before them. The sun shone bright on their morions and on the shining harnesses of their steeds. And as they paced slowly along, the cheering went frantically up in front of them, wild and long and marvelous.

"Huzza!" they screamed, from street and window and housetop. "Huzza! and huzza again! Christoval Colon! Hail to the Admiral! Hail, Christoval Colon, Admiral of the Indies, finder of the new seas! What word of the Grand Khan? . . . Hail, all hail!" So they greeted him.

Almost at the tail of his little procession he rode, a white-haired, sad-faced man, dressed in a dark, rich suit, his only ornament the gold cross of Castile. He bestrode his horse somewhat carefully, for he was still rather unused to it; and his eyes did not seek the crowd that shrieked itself hoarse in his welcome. At his side, and a little to the rear, rode Hernando, his heart swelling in his Admiral's triumph. Thus they passed on through the streets of the city, and came at length out upon the open plain; straightway they approached the camp, and saw before them brilliant in the sunlight, the glittering pavilion of the King. To it rode the cavalry, and in their wake came the rest. There is space

to see them now, and a strange sight enough it is. Spain has seen nothing like this.

Close behind the cavalry came three monks, riding on mules, and bearing relics of their church; they are brothers from La Rábida, friends of Juan Perez, and they are his proxies now. Nothing strange about them, — but what make of men are these who follow them? Red-skinned they are, black of hair; straight of body they are, painted with wild colors on the naked skin, and decked with bright feathers. There are six of them in all, including two women, and they were not more stared at than staring; for if they were new to Spain, so equally was Spain in all its grandeur marvelous to them.

"They are red men," gasped the on-lookers, cavaliers and ladies of the court, as the little band drew nearer and the strangers could be clearly seen. In their hands the Indians held gold nuggets, or coral branches, or bright plumaged parrots that screamed and fluttered wildly. Close upon the heels of the natives came the sailors of the two ships, their bronzed faces turned almost to the hue of the Indians' own; and they too bore in their hands things new to the eyes that watched, — fruits and flowers and vegetables, and corals and lizards and strange birds of every imaginable color.

"Hail the Admiral!" they cried then, for coming silently, almost sadly at the tail of his pageant, drew near to the royal pavilion the man who had made these things possible. Around him and before him rode his pilots and principal men; close by him Hernando; and all were dressed in rich armor or suits, and mounted on sumptuously caparisoned horses that pranced and curveted like the spirited Arabs they were, to the no small discomfort of many of the riders, who could walk slanting decks but had scant knowledge of how to sit a horse with either grace or comfort or security.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA (*From the painting by R. Balaca*)

With the fanfare of trumpets, the procession halts now before the royal tent, and Columbus feels the ground once more beneath his feet. Slowly, and with steady tread, he passes through the lane of wondering faces, and, with his left hand on his sword and his right holding his plumed hat, he walks quietly up to his Sovereigns, and 'mid a breathless stillness, kneels at the feet of his Queen, his wide eyes seeking her eyes.

Honor above honors! The Sovereigns rise together, and, descending from the little daïs, give him their hands. His obeisance is made to both alike; but his homage goes to but one. He has striven for her, and he holds his honor from her hand alone, happy to have it so. Released from the suspense of the situation, the courtiers now break into plaudits and cries of praise, and through a tumult the herald sounds his trumpet for silence.

"Don Christoval Colon, Admiral of the Seas and Governor General and Viceroy of the Indies, I give you welcome in the name of his Majesty the King of Spain, and of his Queen!" proclaimed the herald. The King himself repeated the titles, and the welcome, and smiling on the man he sought to honor bade him be seated in the royal presence, and begin his story.

The Sovereigns resumed their seats on their throne; and Columbus, with eyes alight, seated at the foot of the throne commenced his great narration:

"Most gracious and Christian Majesties," he began, "through the grace of God and by the aid of Him, and His ministers on earth, yourselves, it has been given to me to do what many of the greatest and wisest in this world declared could not be done. Only through the divine grace could this thing have been accomplished. I am here to tell you of the manner of the doing: I have sailed across the unknown ocean, and have found the lands that lie on the other side. I bring

tokens, which you have seen, that come from the new lands, from the lands which I am convinced must be the islands of Cathay. I have taken possession of all this land and all this sea in the names of your Majesties, and I humbly beseech you to use what speed you may in helping Spain to hold the richest country under the sun, which I have found across that sea. These strange men and women whom you see

A General View of Seville, Spain

are the natives of those shores, — heathen peoples all, waiting the guidance and salvation which can reach them from our holy Church. I have brought these few from amongst the hordes that rove these lands, that you might see, and know my tale for truth. Is it well done?"

The Queen answered him, "It is well done, Admiral! Speak further."

"I will begin with the day when Palos height sank out of sight into the sea behind us, and the men wept, fearing they never would see their homes again. First to the

Canaries we went, and there we tried in vain to find a ship to replace the *Pinta*, then disabled. We could not; and Pinzon, as able a seaman as ever sailed, repaired the trouble at last. Away from the Azores we sailed, away from the known world; and again the men wept, and would have turned back. I told them it might not be; they must endure until the end. And they did endure,— many of them stand there, with the story of their sea-leagues writ in tan upon their cheeks. They followed long and well; if they faltered once and again, let it not be remembered!"

The Queen leaned forward toward him, her eyes like stars.

"Nothing shall be remembered save the courage and the loyalty both of them who followed and of him who led the way," she said.

"I thank your Majesty," Columbus answered in a low voice; and spoke on. He told the story of the voyage in memorable words, the long, empty days, under the unchanging skies, when no sign of land or life was anywhere; when the ship seemed to sail downhill, or to hang helpless in the weeds of the Sargasso Sea. He told of the days when that sea was passed, and of the trade-winds that bore them on, and of the signs of land, and of the many and bitter disappointments. While his auditors held their breath, he told of that midnight watch beneath the sentinel stars,— and of the Light that sprang across the gulf of Night,— the symbol of New Life in a New World!

From the thronging courtiers and ladies of the court came little sighs and breaths, and exclamations of wonder and of praise. Columbus heard them not; with his eyes still seeking those of his Queen he carried forward his story, even to the end. When all was told, he knelt once more at the foot of the throne; and with tearful eyes the Queen held out her hand for him to kiss.

The King too rose, and the royal party proceeded to the Chapel, there to sing a mass and a *Te Deum;* after which, as tried and excited nature was beginning to levy its toll, the court dined.

CHAPEL OF THE CATHOLIC KINGS AT SEVILLE

On the right hand of the King sat Columbus, the guest of honor, flanked by the cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, whose guest he was to be whilst he should remain at court; and we may assume the meal to have passed off as pleasantly as its ceremony would allow. It was a new sensation, this

dining with kings; but the Genoese mariner, with his white hair, seemed as simply and utterly at home as he had seemed in the cramped little cabin of the *Santa Maria*, where all the dishes had to be held in hand with care, to keep their contents from pitching out over man and board.

Grudge him this not, we say! He will have none too much of it in his life, this glory and this praise; the sunlight will change to shadow soon enough. The favor of kings is a fickle thing, as all men know; and he who has been mighty knows the distance to the deeps. In the field outside men cheer him now; fair heads and wise are turned most flatteringly his way. Look at it, you Genoese, clasp it while you can, this bauble of power! Assess all these smiles for what they are worth; they ride on the same lips that mocked you once for a madman. . . . What matters it? Enjoy your hour. At the last, "spirits that soar know neither depths nor heights."

Down at the far end of the table, with none to mark him, sat a youth who ate little, having to look with all his eyes, both of body and of heart, at a maiden who was to him more beautiful than the sun and moon.

CHAPTER XX

WESTWARD AGAIN

SELDOM has it been the lot of man to know the triumphs showered upon Christopher Columbus. If he had spent years waiting for the tide to turn, when it turned it made up for its delay; he was near to being overwhelmed by its golden flood. In those days of pomps and grandeurs even, his stood alone. No honor was too great, no tribute too extreme, to be heaped upon him by his grateful Sovereigns and their willing courtiers; he walked on cloth of gold; equerries of the Queen waited upon him when he took the air; four-and-twenty servants of the King's own company were detailed for his personal attendance at home. He seems to have taken to all this as if to the manner born; but after all, why should he not? He sprang from a family of Italian peasantry, and a love for pomps and vanities was in the Italian blood. Many writers of commentaries have waxed facetious, or scornful, over Columbus's obvious delight in the splendor of his triumphs,— to what profit? If he enjoyed them, so much the better; they were to come to an end soon enough!

These same writers have endeavored to discredit Columbus's action in claiming for himself the annuity promised to him who should first sight land on that great first voyage. A seaman named Triana should have had the reward, say these, for he was the first who actually saw the land itself; all that the Admiral saw was the Light. A quibble of the feeblest, it must seem, to say that the light was less a part of the land than the tree seen by the sailor. It would no doubt have been a generous act for the Admiral to let

Triana have the reward; on the other hand, it was Columbus who dreamed the Dream, he who found the way, he who sailed the sea, he who saw the first, real, indisputable evidence of land. Even setting aside poetic justice in the matter, his title would seem as clear as day itself.

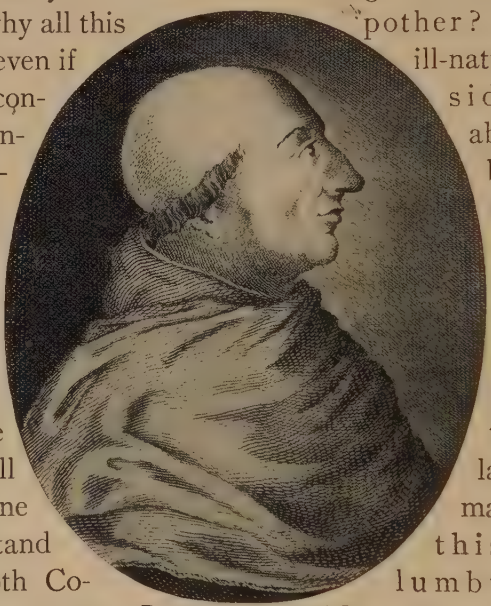
The Monument to Columbus by Lanzio, at Genoa

No one seems to have doubted this at the time, moreover; and so prominent a personage must certainly have been the mark for envy and jealousy in no ordinary degree, and have been exposed to the slurs of all ill-minded persons. Yet strangely enough, no rumors of jealousies have come down to us, with the single exception of those which took place at one memorable banquet, which were the occasion for that engaging story about the egg.

Is this story true or false? There is ground for belief either way; but because, while not a particularly good story, it is a good symbol,— let it be told here. It runs as follows:

At one of the state dinners at the cardinal's house, the talk, as was usual when the Admiral was of the party, fell

upon the New World and the voyage thither. After the customary expressions of wonderment and admiration, some person rose to his feet, or perhaps murmured to his neighbor, to say that after all this was not so wonderful a matter. It was a good piece of seamanship: well and good: but in a country like Spain, some one else would have come along presently to do the same thing if Columbus had not! So why all this pother? A mild comment, even if ill-natured; and, all things considered, a fairly reasonable one.



POPE ALEXANDER VI

Columbus stood up, dignified and austere, and called for an egg. An egg was brought, and duly placed before him. He looked around the table.

"I will lay a wager that not one man among you can stand this egg on end!" quoth Columbus, and passed the egg to his left-hand neighbor.

That grandee tried, and failed; his left-hand neighbor tried in turn, and failed; and so it went, around all that table; and every man there tried to balance that egg on end and every man was forced to admit that he could not do it.

Whereupon the Admiral, graver than a judge, took the refractory egg in his hand, plumped it down upon the table hard enough to break and flatten its shell,— and there it stood! The grandees looked on with mixed emotions.

"You can all do it now," said Columbus gently; "it is easy, when I have showed the way." The little piece of

bombast was apparently triumphant. At all events, the faultfinder could think of no fitting retort; and thus the only cloud upon the Admiral's fair fame was swept away into air.

He was in almost daily consultation now with the Sovereigns; for great matters were afoot. The discovery of new islands, and therefore new possible subjects and wealth, opened up an avenue for discussion and dispute between Spain and Portugal, into which Kings, courtiers and sea-captains, prelates and priests, entered with a vim. The seat of this controversy shifted, before the news was four months old, to Rome, where the Pope sat and puckered his brows over it for many a long hour. He was not a profoundly wise Pope, and his knowledge of geography was of the vaguest. Ferdinand, kinsman to the Pope, put the matter before him in so plausible a manner that the head of the Church obligingly announced that all the islands in this new sea belonged, with all the heathen peoples that in them might exist, to Spain.

He issued a bull to this effect; and before the ink was dry on it, the protest of Portugal was entered. The Portuguese envoy presented his side of the argument to so much advantage that the Pope was constrained to reconsider his first bull. Presently he issued a second, also taken exception to by the wary Portuguese; whereupon he issued the third bull, which gave to Spain all new lands west of a line 100 leagues west of the Azores, and to Portugal all the lands and islands in the seas to the east of that line. In the meantime, both countries thought it wise to explore and discover as many new islands as possible; and both set to work to equip fleets as fast as the nature of the undertaking permitted.

The idea of having Portugal claiming some of his new islands on the plea of having discovered them before the Spaniards could, was not pleasing to Ferdinand; and the

equipment of Columbus's second expedition was pushed as rapidly as men and money could push it. Meanwhile King John of Portugal was hard at work on his own fleet, which was to sail nominally for Africa's west coast; and the envoys of the two countries were busy bribing one another in their endeavors to find out exactly what was afoot. So the months went by, and presently the Spanish fleet was ready. No lack of volunteers this time; all the hardy mariners and adventurous souls of Spain flocked now to the Admiral's standard; the difficulty was to choose from among the throngs of applicants.

It was at this time that Columbus came first into contact with a man who was to be a great factor in his life henceforward; this personage, who was now put in charge of the financing of the expedition, was the Bishop Fonseca; and a sorry old bishop he was. In fact, the most of the Admiral's troubles in the future were to be traceable to this man, whose animosity to Columbus dated from the time when he made the discovery that the Queen had granted the Admiral more attendants than she had the bishop. A trifling enough cause; but Fonseca had a long memory.

During the months of preparation Columbus and Hernando settled at Cadiz; and to Cadiz came, ere the summer was done, the duke of Medina Celi, and the daughter of that gentleman. While Columbus was meeting his provisioners and his would-be followers, winnowing the wheat from the chaff, Hernando found time to steal away to the castle in the hills, there to feast his eyes and torture himself with hopes foredoomed to be vain. He found the maiden capricious at this time, a thing of swiftly veering moods, that tangled his mind and his heart inextricably when he tried to thread the mazes. Christina had apparently locked pity and mercy and all the other softer emotions away in a crypt far from the light of day; and Hernando looked in

vain for any sign of softening. Had she put her feeling into words, it would perhaps have been: if he chooses to spend all his time oversea, he need look for no consideration ashore. Certainly he received little. It did not matter; the harm had been done long since. So through the long summer days Hernando dreamed and looked and dreamed; and thought of the days to come when the wide sea should spread between them, and looked more devoutly than ever.

THE PORT OF CADIZ

At length, when September was nearly done, the long awaited hour arrived; and one afternoon he bade her farewell, to join Columbus at the eve of his departure.

In the rose arbor of the *patio* of the castle they stood, and the shadow of their parting lay deep in their eyes. Christina, with an effort, strove to hold her wonted manner of baffling coolness; but as she looked at him she could not; so the eyes of both of them went sad. There was no pretense between them that day. He knelt to kiss her hand at parting; her fingers clung for an instant to his own. One moment of ineffable silence; without a word, he rose, and

turned away. Without a backward look, he passed slowly out of the *patio*, out upon the dusty road.

Straight to the Admiral's rooms he went; and straight to his master's side. Columbus, smiling his rare smile, nodded to him gently.

"You are come in time for a meeting of the mighty," he said. "Within the hour they meet me here, the leaders of our expedition, to confer with me before we sail." His room was stripped of all his belongings; he had taken them on board his flagship, the *Marigalante*, that morning. Hernando's own possessions were also safely aboard; nought remained but to sail.

"Here they are," said Hernando, after a little time; and the first of the Admiral's coadjutors and aides entered the room.

"Hail to the Admiral of the world's seas!" cried the newcomer, striding abruptly into the room, and advancing, with smiling face, to the Admiral, to whom he gave his hand in greeting. To Hernando he nodded smilingly.

"*Buen' dia*, Señor Ojeda," returned Columbus, reflecting a little of the other's cheerfulness in his tone. Well he might, for there were few souls alive sour enough to resist Alonzo de Ojeda. Child of a great house, he was soldier, politician, brawler, adventurer, athlete; he was brave as a lion, wild as a hawk, reckless as the wind; no man had ever seen him serious, none had ever seen him daunted or abashed. He had great personal strength, uncanny skill with sword and dagger; and withal, as little good common sense as any man alive. Such was Ojeda.

Barely was he through with his greeting when the door opened to admit Giacomo Columbus, Christopher's youngest brother, who was to command one of the larger vessels, and in whom much authority was to be vested in the New World. Close at his heels came Pedro de Las Casas, a good man and

a scholar, but notable chiefly as having been the father of that brave man and true, the Right Reverend Father Las Casas of the Biography.

The other captains and cavaliers followed soon: There was Pedro Margarite, a soldier and courtier of Aragon, who was a bold black man with a heavy beard and a heavy tread; a good fighter but a bad friend. There was Juan Aguado; and Juan de la Cosa, the trusted and loyal pilot of the poor, stranded *Santa Maria:* there was Antonio de Marchena, and Bernardo Boïl, in whose charge the heathen were to be placed, in his capacity of apostolic vicar of the Indies; and, among many others of less note at that time, there was Juan Ponce de Leon, the future discoverer of Florida, he who was to seek through the swamps and wildernesses of the land he found for the Fountain of Youth which not he nor any seeker could discover. A goodly gathering it was; widely different from the leadership of the former voyage. And the fleet that swung at anchor in Cadiz harbor bore scant resemblance to the three doughty little shells that had set forth from Palos one brief year before.

The men that manned this proud new fleet were different too, from the street-scum and gallows-birds that bestrode the decks of the *Niña* and the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*; but they were no better. They were, for the most part, young men of roving and adventurous dispositions, with no homes and no morals, who came on the expedition because it was believed that the Indies were composed entirely of gold. They had no intention of working, or of making themselves useful in any way. Many of them were men of good birth; but all were alike in their unsuitableness as pioneers and missionaries. There were 1500 of them in all, and they crowded the seventeen vessels of the fleet altogether too full for comfort.

September 24, 1493, the fleet sailed from Cadiz; Co-

lumbus leading in his flagship. Before sundown the land was out of sight. The Admiral's plans were plain and clear; no need this time for evasions or misrepresentations of distance; he steered, as before, straight for the Canaries, where the entire fleet arrived in safety. Less than a fortnight from the day of his departure from Spain, the Canaries were left behind; and the fleet swept confidently westward in what was now a known and noted course. Of the incidents of the voyage, nothing is preserved; Columbus's journal which he kept, was lost, and no record remains. All that is known certainly is that, when the ships were still out of sight of land, the water supply, too closely estimated, began to run low; and panic broke out in many of the crews.

"There will be no water; we shall die of thirst!" the cries went up; and the Admiral was waited upon by a delegation of seamen, demanding they knew not what, unless it were that he manufacture enough water to last the voyage out. This, fortunately, he was able and willing to do in a manner.

"I have put the crews on half quotas of water," his captains reported.

"Restore the full quota," he replied, with high confidence, smiling at their uneasy faces. "We shall make land inside of forty-eight hours!"

On the second morning thereafter, land was in sight. Never more clearly than on this voyage was demonstrated the Admiral's unerring instinct for pathfinding on the wide waters where path was none. He not only made his landfall at exactly the time he predicted, but at the very place he had had in mind, one of the group to the southward of Hispaniola. For a few days he cruised around among these islands, and found that their inhabitants were assuredly cannibals; skulls were found around hearths, as well as other human remains; and the Spaniards eyed what natives they could see with much unwholesome respect.

THE SEA-FRONT AT GRAND CANARY

From one island the ships were visited by a large number of women, who swam out to the *Marigalante* and begged to be taken aboard; they were prisoners, and sued for protection from these strangers who came in ships. Columbus, perhaps remembering the Sabines, gave the women ornaments, and sent them ashore; whereupon the natives stripped off the ornaments, and sent the women back for more. The second time Columbus did not send them ashore, but he took them along and put them to work, together with some others whom Ojeda had taken in a trip inland. This incident is worthy of note, in that it was the first real instance of the taking of slaves to occur in the New World, those from the first voyage not being used for menial purposes. Afterwards slavery was to flourish; and these first adventurers may be pardoned for not seeing the moral turpitude involved in it, considering that churchmen, that whole civilizations in all times, even the present, have been able to find nothing wrong about it.

So Columbus took his slaves, and started for Hispaniola, for he was anxious to learn the condition of the colony at La Natividad. He turned north and with unerring precision arrived, after an uneventful cruise, off the harbor of Monte Christi. The ships came to anchor in the bay. The Admiral and his men went ashore, marveling somewhat that there was no sign of life from the fort, whose roof they thought they could detect through the trees. They had landed near the bank of the river, and as they went forward those in the lead stopped suddenly, with cries of dismay and of horror.

"What have you seen, señores?" cried the Admiral, coming hastily up.

"Look!" they said, for all answer, and pointed to two objects that lay, charred and blurred by fire and rain, half buried in the sand.

"Are they — are they — Spaniards?" The Admiral could hardly frame the words; and his men, who by now were turning over the gruesome things in the sand, nodded in assent.

"Let us push on to the fort," cried the Admiral.

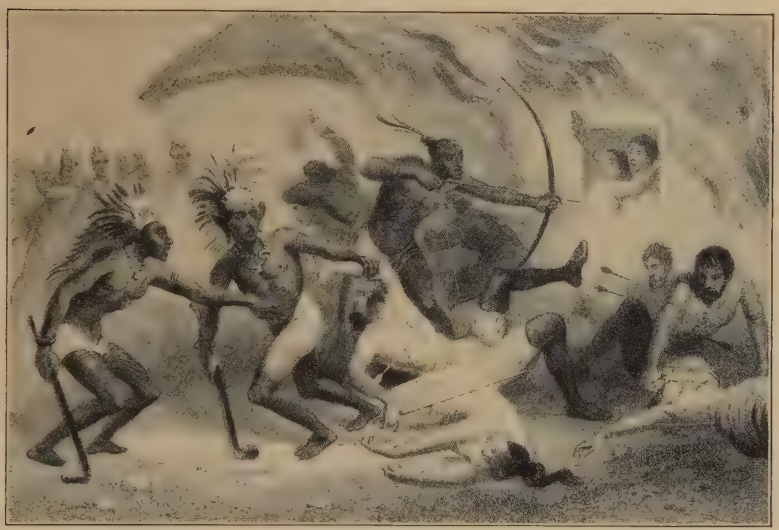
On the site where it had stood there was no fort; there was no block-house, no stockade, nor any sign of life; only

Ruins of Isabella

a few charred logs rotting in the earth. Columbus stood in silence, looking with stricken heart on the evidence of ruin and of death. He gave orders to search the island thereabout; but as he gave them he knew them useless. Yet the men searched and searched; and found, when day was nearly dead, further and more ghastly proof of the fate of the New World's first colony.

Later, when Columbus found again his friendly chief, Guacanagari, the truth was known; and a tragic and a bitter and a shameful truth it was; yet it was no more tragic or

shameful than similar truths when civilization has met Arcadia in all times. All that is vile in the higher peoples seems to burst into rank flower, as though it strove to show to the ignorant, innocent heathen how vast the abyss into which they might, with education, hope to fall. The settlers of La Natividad proved this bitter truth. Their destruction was the answer to their crimes. The fate of La Natividad epitomizes the fate of nations where the sins and vices of humanity are allowed to outweigh the good; where luxury drives honor from the soul, and the great tree falls, decayed from root to heart.



THE DEATH OF ORANA (*From the drawing by A. Bonargue*)

CHAPTER XXI

THE MAINLAND OF ASIA

TO Columbus at his new town, Isabella, named in honor of his Queen, came Alonzo de Ojeda, asking a boon. Ojeda had been idle for nearly a month, and the inactivity was preying on his spirit.

"I ask your leave to head an expedition to the land of Caonabo, to find the mines we have come to seek," he said, without preamble; after a little consideration, the Admiral gave his consent.

"How many men do you wish?" he asked; and Ojeda answered, "Twelve."

Perilously few to dare the wilderness, and the stronghold of the fiercest of the cannibal chiefs; but Ojeda refused to take more. In the end he had his way. One fine morning he and his little band started forth on their quest for gold, and vanished into the forest.

Now that the fleet had unloaded its stores, there was nothing to keep them; but Columbus did not like to send them home empty-handed; if now he could but send home a cargo of gold from Ojeda's mines! So he held the ships in the bay, and put the men to work completing the city of Isabella. This, the first town to be built in the Indies, was situated some ten leagues to eastward of the ill-fated Fort Nativity; and the Spaniards worked as most of them had never worked before, to make it a strong and defensible place. A stone wall was built around the whole, and this exhausting labor, in the hot sun, did more to discourage the Spaniards than any amount of vain gold-hunting would have done; most uneasily they awaited the return of

Ojeda, and chafed greatly at having to wait at all, when gold lay loose only asking to be picked up.

Ojeda, luckily, was not long in returning. He had not, it is true, found any mines, or any great store of gold; but he had seen rivers whose sands ran yellow with the precious metal; and he hurried back with this glowing news to Columbus. The colony went wild; all their troubles, as by magic, were forgotten; they walked again upon the heights; and Columbus, as excited as the others, went hastily to work on his long letter to their Majesties over seas.

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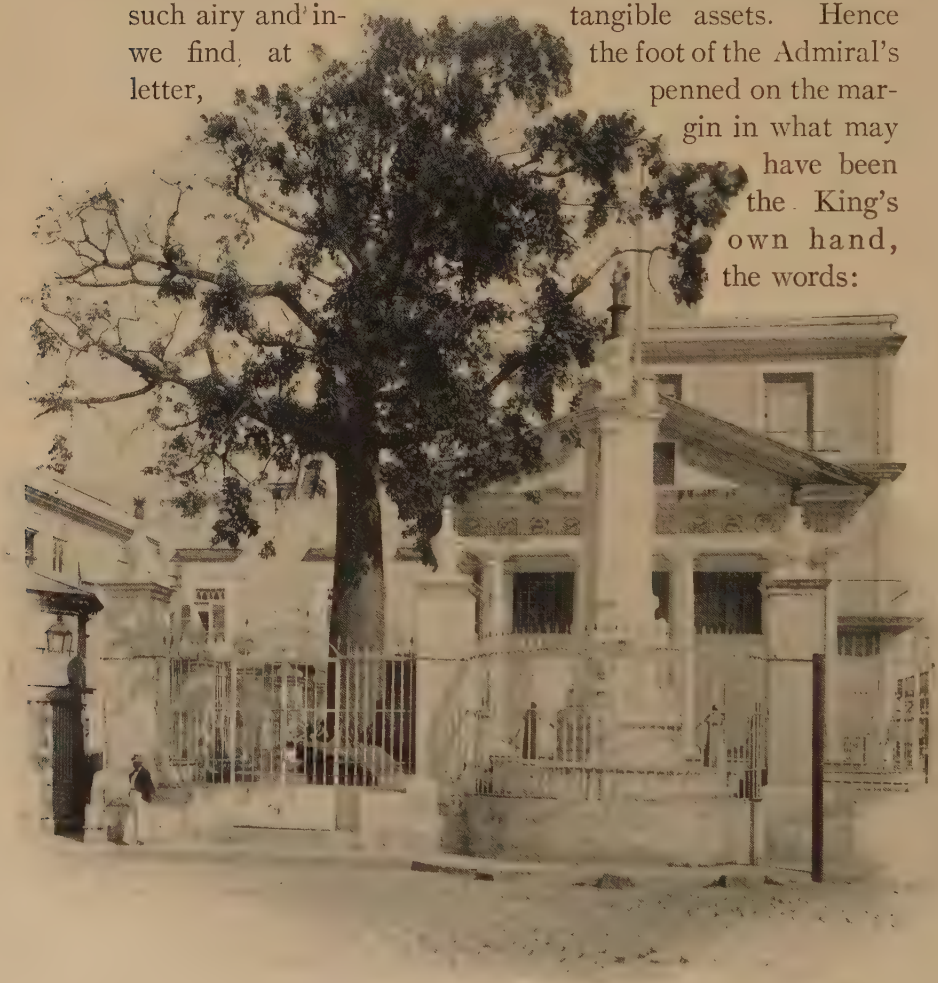
THE COLUMBUS FOUNTAIN AT AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO

It is not possible to do more than sketch this remarkable document, which was notable chiefly for the splendor of its promises and the corresponding poverty of its related achievements. For this failure to do more than promise, however, the document more than made up, in the Admiral's mind, by the magnificence of the prospects which were held forth. He told about the gold he expected to find, about the beauties and richness of the lands; and the rest of the letter was filled up with complaints about the sickness of his men which had prevented more accomplishment, and

the petty matters of wages and titles for some of his dependants. One thing more he put in this letter, and that was the matter of the slaves; but for the present it was not made a great point, and the Queen, while she disapproved, found it not worth while making trouble about.

But there was a matter which was worth while inquiring into; and that was the momentous and absorbing one of gold. It is all very well for the Admiral to rhapsodize about the birds and the skies and the other beauties of the new possessions of the Crown,— but crowns do not flourish on such airy and intangible assets. Hence we find at the foot of the Admiral's letter, penned on the margin in what may have been the King's own hand, the words:



Landing-Place of Columbus in Havana

"Let him endeavor to ascertain, promptly and definitely, the amount and value of this gold of which he writes!"

There was, in the Sovereigns' reply, no lack of appreciation of the greatness of the Admiral's achievements, they were eager to admit it and to accord him what honor lay in their power,— but! Let him ascertain how much gold there is! Thus does the cold but healthy light of day strike chill upon the fairest fabric of a Dream. Columbus was rapidly nearing that point in his career where deeds of wonder were not enough,— they must be golden deeds as well. And when this reply was communicated to him, there rose in the root of his soul a cold little doubt that would not sleep, whether he was or was not to find any gold in this fair-appearing but non-producing wilderness.

Now, at this time, with the sailing of the fleet to Spain, begins one of the longest and most bitter chapters of treasons, annoyances, and distresses that have ever beset a human being. Columbus, being a man of personal force and magnetism, depended largely upon the personal element in his leadership; he was not the sort of phlegmatic, systematic soul who can set going a machine that will run as well without as with him. For this he can hardly be called to blame; yet had it been a fault a thousand times over the punishment could not have been more sweeping or more bitter. As long as the Admiral was present, his crew of gentlemen-adventurers and ordinary brawlers could be held in full subjection; the minute he was out of sight discipline vanished, to be replaced by lawlessness, jealousy, fault-finding, outrage, lust, murder. Every evil passion lifted its head and sent its possessors like very scourges forth into the peace and beauty of that virgin land.

Chief among the gentlemen who now developed into presentable successors to Beelzebub — had that worthy needed a successor — was Don Pedro Margarite. The valiant

cavalier in him was so inexplicably bound up in the bully and the animal that it must have puzzled Señor Margarite to make himself out. After a deal of trouble, into which it is useless to go in detail, Columbus discovered that the discontent among the settlers had come to the stage of a serious mutiny. The men objected to working; yet if they did not work, they presently would not be able to eat, for the original stores were running low. The Admiral, when he found this mutiny out, dealt with it summarily; threw the ringleaders into chains, and effectually quelled the uprising. But the need for doing something to keep these uneasy spirits quiet was manifest; so the Admiral determined to organize a gold-hunting expedition to Ojeda's mines that he had almost discovered. High in authority on this foray he placed Don Pedro, with his black beard and his heavy hand.

He erected a fort at the bank of a gold-colored river, and called it Saint Thomas, and, giving his final instructions to Margarite, he went back to Isabella, his other settlement, where already he was deeply needed, though he had been gone only a fortnight. Margarite made a good beginning.

"Men," he said, "we have here a good fort, and a good river, and much gold. It is beneath our dignity as Spaniards to work while there are natives to do it for us. I leave it to your intelligences." Or words to that effect; and while their intelligences may have been feeble, they were keen enough to catch the idea so sweetly set forth. There and then began a life of horror for the natives near that fort of Saint Thomas. The men were compelled, as much as the lazy Spaniards could manage, to work at the gold washing; and the white men spent their time stealing the natives' wives and outraging their daughters. A beautiful presentation of the principles of Christianity; and the natives would not have stood it as long as they did had it not been for

their fear of the whites and their belief in the Spaniards' supernatural origin. The worm turned at last, however, and Margarite, alarmed, sent a frightened and earnest letter to the Admiral, asking aid from him against the native chief Saonabo, who was approaching with a vast army.

"I will go to help the old bull," said Ojeda, with a laugh; and Columbus was only too glad to let him do so, placing him in command of Fort Saint Thomas in place of Margarite. The Admiral himself, now that the town of Isabella was for the moment enjoying peace and quiet, and that Ojeda could be counted on to take care of the other settlement, decided to make his long-deferred trip in search of the mainland of Cathay.

"Provision the *Niña*, the *San Juan*, and the *Cordera*," he ordered; and April 24, 1494, the three caravels, manned by about fifty men, set forth on the hopeless search for a mainland a quarter of a world away. He had left his youngest brother, Giacomo, in charge of Isabella and its affairs, and, while his security was not justified, he went away feeling that the settlements at Hispaniola could get along for a term without him.

Hernando, who accompanied him on the *Niña*, was in grave concern over the state of the Admiral's health at this time; and he communicated his distress to that faithful old retainer, Juan de la Cosa, who was taken as map-maker.

"He does not sleep of nights," Hernando said to this friend, glad to find some one to whom he could pour out his anxiety. "He walks and walks the floor of the cabin, and harks back to his charts again and again. That goes on night after night. Sometimes, when I have awakened late at night, almost at dawn, his light has still been burning. Can you not think of some way to ease him?" The old pilot shook his head sadly.

"Nothing will mend him now save the finding of what he seeks," he said.

"But surely that finding must be near?" asked Hernando, anxiously.

"I pray that it is," returned the other; "but I think that we have seen no lands yet which can be Cathay. I fear there are more seas yet to cross."

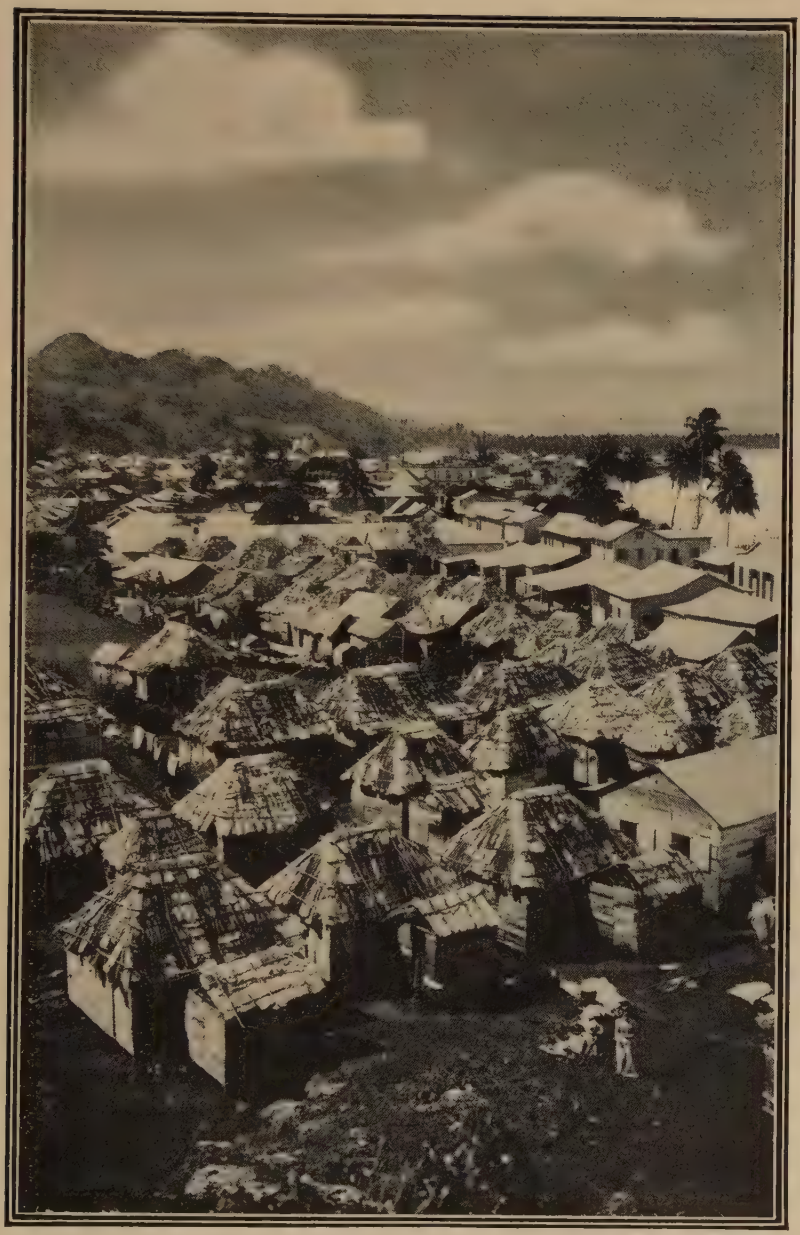
"Do you not think this great land ahead of us is the mainland?"

"It may be," said the pilot, shaking his head doubtfully, "yet somehow I cannot think that it is. Where are the great cities — where is Quinsay of which Marco Polo wrote? We have found nought but naked savages, that live in huts. Quinsay is twelve miles in a square, and has marble walls forty feet in height,— how can this land hold things like that, and we not have seen?"

"That is what we are going now to find," said Hernando cheerfully.

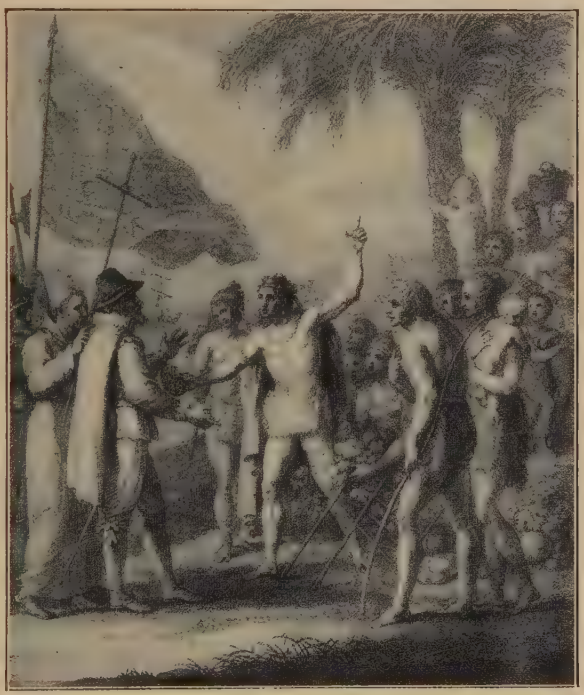
"I pray it may be so," returned the other again; and went away.

For six weary and profitless weeks the three ships cruised about in the bright waters, finding all manner of beauties of nature, but none of the marvelous works of man for which they sought. They visited most of the small islands in the neighborhood of Cuba and Hispaniola, and explored, in many instances, far enough inland to be sure that the land was not that of Cathay. Ever and always the Admiral, answering his unreasoning obsession, kept returning and returning to the shores of Cuba. He could not get it out of his head that that must be the mainland of Cathay, and from much brooding and much hope deferred, he grew, it seems, a little mad. Certain it is that the clearness of head which characterized his movements up to this time here deserted him, and he beat pitifully up and down the Cuban



AGUADILLA, THE FIRST LANDING PLACE OF COLUMBUS IN PORTO RICO

coast, now on one side of the island, now on the other. From harbor to harbor the squadron beat its way, and in the native villages of importance mass was said, and crosses erected to mark both the subjugation of the country to Spain and the conversion of its inhabitants to the true faith. It was during one of these visits that Columbus was met by the reigning cacique with gifts, who was invited with his retinue to the service of the mass which was about to be said. This made a profound impression upon the natives, who saw in it the celebration of a solemn mystery. At its conclusion the cacique went to the Admiral and spoke with an earnestness befitting the occasion, saying:



COLUMBUS AND THE CUBAN CACIQUE DISCUSSING IMMORTALITY (*From an early engraving on copper*)

"What thou hast done is well, since it appeareth to be thy way of returning thanks to the Almighty. Word hath been brought to me that thou hast lately come hitherward with a mighty and resistless army, conquering many chieftains and spreading fear amongst their people. Be thou not, by reason thereof, vainglorious. Learn rather that one of

two journeys must thy spirit take after it departeth: Either thou goest down to darkness dismal and most foul, made ready for those who have wrought injustice and cruelty upon their fellow-men, or else thou risest to an abode of joy, prepared for men of peace. If, then, thou art mortal and believest that after death thou shalt be dealt with according to thy deeds, take care that thou wrongfully hurtest no man, and that thou doest no harm to those who have in no way harmed thee."

Columbus, greatly moved, could only assure the simple savage that such was his belief, and that he had been sent to teach the true faith. But the episode added to the unhappiness already upon him. His cheeks grew emaciated; he went almost without sleep, without food; all night he walked the cabin floor, or paced the deck; and with the breaking of dawn his eyes were the first to strain through the morning mists, seeking, seeking for what he was never to find. At the end of one of his runs along the southern coast, he came suddenly, after a night sail, out into the open sea to southwestward of Cuba; and hesitated for an hour whether it would not be well to go further westward still. Had he done so, he would have found Mexico; Mexico, with its mines of gold and silver, and its wonderful Aztec temples and cities. But no! true to his abiding nightmare that Cuba was Cathay, he must return there. Return he did, forthwith.

Now, under the strain of all his trouble and disappointment, his brain did in truth begin to weaken; he began to see visions, to hear voices in the wind,— and the voices whispered to him that this was most certainly Cathay, and that he was foolish to waste any more time in proving it.

"Take our word for it," the whispers told him. He decided to do it.

"Call the men together," he ordered; and on the *Niña's*

deck there collected the chief men of the expedition, De la Cosa, and Nino, and Roldan, and Vincente, the monk who served as chaplain, Hernando, with anxious face, hovered at his Admiral's back, nervous and ill at ease. Well might he be.

"Write as I speak," commanded the Admiral. And the secretary made ready to obey. "I, the Admiral, on board the *Niña*, on this fourteenth day of June, 1494, do hereby affirm that the land before which this fleet now rests is the mainland of Cathay, and I affirm it as my belief that it is possible to return from here to Spain by land. We, who sign this paper, do also affirm it as our belief and conviction that this thing is true, and we pledge ourselves not to doubt this, nor to affirm the contrary at any time whatsoever!"

There was more of this extraordinary document, but that was the substance of it; and every one of the fifty-two men, under pain of severe penalties, was brought up and made to affix his signature or his mark, the Admiral first, Roldan second, and after them the others. We must be as lenient with this sad performance as lies in our power; it was the act of a man whose reason was unseated. It might be wished he had not done it; but what man, under such circumstances, would have done no worse?

This having been satisfactorily disposed of, there was nothing to keep them in Cuba longer; and the Admiral wearily gave orders to turn the fleet toward home, or rather to the town of Isabella, where, he reflected with sad foreboding, things were doubtless in a sorry state. The elements now took a hand in harassing him; a tremendous, swift tempest arose, and for two days the ships were in the gravest peril. By the finest seamanship and the providence of God, they rode out the storm; at length, early in August, they rounded the headland on Hispaniola's coast, and knew that they were safe.

Hernando, walking the deck with the Admiral at that moment, uttered a great cry of alarm; suddenly springing forward, he caught Columbus's body as it sank back limply into his arms. Hernando laid him on the deck, kneeling above him in the keenest anguish; and round the two gathered the men, their grave faces telling how nearly their hearts were touched by this calamity to him who, whatever his weaknesses, was a leader one must either love or hate, and these men, many of them old shipmates of the first cruise, and with all their sins and hardness and familiarity with death, turned their faces away when the chaplain, bending over the prostrate body, made the sign of the Cross. He thought the Admiral was dead.

Hernando, white-faced, directed the men to carry the senseless form down to the Admiral's cabin; they laid him in his bunk, and withdrew. The leech came, a man of little skill, but of great if humble humanity; and at Hernando's pleadings, he examined the sick man carefully; Hernando hanging over him, daring hardly to breathe.

"He is not dead," said the leech, cautiously; and paused.

"Will he — ?" Hernando could not finish the question.

"He may pull through," said the leech, more cautiously; and more he would not say. There he lay, the great Admiral in the poor bed of the mean little cabin; and the soul of him fluttered, fluttered, trying to decide if it should go or stay. The hours went by. Still he hung between life and death. Night came: on the morrow they would be at Isabella. All that night the sick man fought for life. His breath was merely the shadow of breath; his heart lying so still that it seemed to have stopped forever; yet when the morning came, he was still alive. And he was still alive, though deaf to sight or sound, when the *Niña* sailed slowly into the harbor at Isabella, and dropped anchor before the landing. He was still alive when there came aboard a grey-

bearded man with keen, grey, anxious eyes, who bent above his body and placed his strong, warm hand on the almost motionless breast.

"Christopher," said the newcomer. "Christopher! It is I, Bartholomew!"

Christopher hears him not.... It is not pleasant to dwell upon this time. Let us pass over it once and for all, and take up the thread again when Columbus, nursed back

RICHMOND CASTLE, NAMED BY HENRY VII

to health by Hernando and Bartholomew, was again his own man and able to learn of Bartholomew's curious mixture of good and evil fortune in consequence of his mission to England.

Robbed and forced to work as a galley-slave by a pirate he encountered on his voyage to Britain, undertaken just after the double-dealing of Portugal became known, he had escaped. More time was consumed in earning the money necessary for his proper appearance at court. He finally laid his plans before Henry VII at Richmond. To his surprise and delight, they were accorded both understanding and the promise of support. An agreement was

entered into, and Bartholomew left at once for Spain with the joyful news.

But news still more joyful awaited him in Paris. There he first learned of Christopher's sailing, of the great Discovery, of his triumphant return, and of the honors showered upon him by King and Queen, clergy and nobility, and by the people in general. There, too, Bartholomew found himself a person of such consequence that he was commanded to court by Charles VIII, who delicately presented him with a hundred sadly needed crowns to take him on to Spain.

ELIZABETH OF YORK, QUEEN TO HENRY VII (*From the portrait in the Hampton Court Gallery*)

Bartholomew reached Seville just after the Admiral set sail on his second voyage. He thereupon repaired to the court, then sitting at Valladolid. Ferdinand and Isabella extended to him no small share of the distinction con-

ferred upon his brother, giving him command of a small squadron laden with supplies for the colony. He missed Christopher again at Isabella by the narrowest of margins, and so set forth to meet him on the voyage around Cuba.

Hernando, hearing the tale, could contain himself no longer. "Had Spain failed us, all would not have been lost!" he exclaimed.

"True," rejoiced Bartholomew. "Had not the good Queen intervened, we should not have sailed from Palos, but from one of the ports of England."

"And the honor of the great Discovery would have been England's," mused the lad.

"This world and all the deeds of men turn on trifles," said the Admiral, weakly, as he gazed with affection upon his faithful brother and helper.

The portrait of Bartholomew Columbus, like that of many another kinsman to those of high distinction, has had its outlines blurred by the dazzling glory of that other. Yet it is fully worthy of place in the temple of fame. Less amiable and engaging, perhaps, in its lineaments, and less characterized by greatness of soul, its features are still bold, generous, heroic, and stamped with iron firmness. The good Las Casas, who knew him well and was a judge of men withal, notes that he was active and fearless; that his undertakings were given instant execution, heedless of the difficulties to be met. His person was a fair frame for his spirit. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, he had the air of authority, lacking somewhat the sweet persuasiveness of Christopher. But he was enterprising and painstaking intellectually, though without the crowning enthusiasm and imagination that makes Christopher stand alone. By way of compensation, he was more the man of affairs, more practical, and with much more of worldly wisdom.

During Christopher's illness many things had happened.

The worst of them was that Margarite, passing from one outrage to another, had finally, under the influence of his bad precept and worse example, corrupted a good half of the colonists, and, stealing what ships he wished, had sailed for Spain, to make Heaven knows what charges against the Admiral and all his friends. Hispaniola was well rid of him; but the storm he had raised was still to break.

So bitter was the enmity he had inspired by his crimes and outrages in the fierce chief Caonabo that this warlike chief had formed a federation of all the native tribes on the island, with the avowed object of sweeping every white man into the sea,— every tribe save one; for Guacanagari the loyal would not join the war-party.

There were plenty of natives without him, however, and an army of 10,000 of them gathered in the forest, and made ready for attack. It was a solemn moment. But there was also the man for whom the moment was made.

Don Alonzo de Ojeda craved an audience with the Admiral. It was granted.

"I will go and capture this Caonabo," said Don Alonzo, casually. Columbus, who knew him now, smiled.

"How many men do you wish?" he asked.

"Eight will be plenty," declared Ojeda, cheerfully. With his eight men he started off into the woods. Four days later he returned with Caonabo bound hand and foot, riding on Ojeda's horse, while his captor walked cheerfully at his side, endeavoring to explain to him that it is no disgrace to have been caught by him, Ojeda,— quite the reverse, in fact.

Deprived of their leader, the natives gathered in fury, and Ojeda, going forth against them with that unconquerable smile, defeated them utterly and tremendously in three pitched battles in which they outnumbered him more than ten to one; and finally the entire island was reduced.

All this took months to accomplish, however, and mean-

while there had arrived at the Court of Spain Señor Margarite and his arch-plotter, Buïl; and just as Columbus began to hope for peace, there sailed into the harbor Juan Aguado, armed with the King's commission to see if Margarite and his jealous partner had been telling the truth.

Señor Aguado was a good man; but, clothed with his brief authority, he proceeded at once to usurp prerogatives.

CHAPEL OF HENRY VII AT WESTMINSTER

He set down Bartholomew from command, the Admiral being absent, and acted the imperator generally. Bartholomew, who commands the respect and admiration of every man who reads his story, behaved with dignity, and waited patiently for the Admiral's return; meanwhile, Aguado exercised his sovereignty to his heart's content.

"Thank God, the Admiral!" went up from the hearts of Hernando and Bartholomew, when at length Columbus's bugle was heard outside the walls. He greeted Aguado with courtesy, though he had every reason to treat that officious gentleman like the upstart he had become. But after consultation with him and with Bartholomew, he could reach only one conclusion; he must go back to Spain.

CHAPTER XXII

ASHES OF TRIUMPH

BACK to Spain, therefore, Columbus made ready to go, and that with as little delay as possible. He talked the matter over again with brother Bartholomew, who since his unexpected arrival at Isabella had been of the greatest service to Christopher, both as administrator and as counselor, and brother Bartholomew was of opinion that he had better go. It was hard, it was agreed, to answer spoken accusations to the Sovereign's ears with written defences for the Sovereign's eyes. Señor Margarite and his friends must be venomous and busy indeed, judging from the presence and the arrogance of Aguado. Yes, he must go; and even as he was completing the making up of his mind, there came a piece of marvelous news that clinched the matter finally.

"There is a Spaniard without," Hernando announced, "who wishes to speak with you concerning some mines of which he knows —"

The Spaniard was admitted, since "mines" or anything that sounded golden proved a credential that would have admitted its bearer to the inner sanctum at any hour of day or night. And this Spaniard told a tempting tale.

"My name is Miguel Diaz," he said. "I am, as you know, an outlaw from the old settlement at Isabella. I married a native wife, as you do not know; and I have found what I think must be the wealth of Ophir, which you never would have known, had it not been for me."

The Admiral remembered him; he was a malcontent, who had, as he said, been exiled from Isabella for brawling, and who had wandered away into the interior; he was

without doubt a cutthroat and a liar, but the news he bore had a golden ring to it that made his hearer blind and deaf to all beside. He promised the fellow the pardon he asked as a reward for his news, and set out, all a-tremble with anticipation, for the mines of Ophir, where Solomon had dug the gold for his Temple, as everybody knew. They found the mines with little trouble, and there was no doubt that gold was there; in what quantities was not so easy to determine; but Columbus, thrilling to the discovery, gave little heed to that. The spot where Miguel Diaz had found him an Indian princess for a wife — and it was she who told him of the gold — is now the flourishing city of Santo Domingo, which owes its being to this curious commingling

THE ARMOR OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

of romance and greed. Columbus could hardly wait to get back to his ships, now waiting in the harbor: this, this at last was the word that he had longed for, to bear home with him; now, at last, had he track of a finding which would make his Sovereigns exult no less than himself. So, with the unquenchable optimism that had survived all the troubles of his stormy life, he hastened back to Spain, where, after a long and hazardous voyage, he and his two ships and his

A Spanish Fiesta (*From a print*)

220 voyagers arrived. After an absence of nearly two years, Cadiz harbor saw him again when, on the close of a warm June day, in 1496, he came wearily to anchor under her wharves.

Not much was left of the great array with which he had set forth! Only the two caravels followed the Admiral still, out of all that proud company of seventeen; and other aspects were sadder still. Not so miserable even had been the appearance and bearing of those on board the little *Niña* on the occasion of that first return; the men who

crawled miserably off these two vessels and allowed themselves to be taken ashore, inert and woebegone, were merely the shadows of men. Fear and disappointment and the length and hardships of the homeward voyage had stripped them of all but the bare life in their veins. They gazed on the world, yea, even on Spain, the land of their birth, with lackluster eye; and the Admiral gazed on them dispiritedly, lacking himself the heart either to blame them or to quicken their deadened souls.

He himself, as he stepped painfully ashore, appeared as anything save the discoverer and ruler of the half of a world. He was at this time becoming subject to the two maladies which were never wholly to leave him, a disease of the eyes which rendered him at times almost blind, and that painful, if aristocratic complaint, the gout. So no triumphal entrance into Cadiz followed; perhaps Columbus wished to make much of this return, but the sight of his wretched crew, and the sadness that rode at his own heart, forbade. It would appear as if he was beginning to recognize that never again would the plaudits rise so gloriously for him; that, whatever might be his achievements, never more would return that first, immaculate idolatry which had greeted him who landed at Palos. Had there been any doubt of this in his mind, it was removed at once and in no uncertain manner.

In the harbor, ready to sail, were three ships under command of a certain Señor Niño. Señor Niño bore letters from the Sovereigns to Columbus; and before seeking a roof to cover him, the Admiral rowed out again to Señor Niño and took these letters from his hand. What they contained, is not known; but their contents may be pretty shrewdly surmised. Columbus, raising his lined, grey face wearily from the perusal, said no word; only, and more sadly than ever, he went ashore in silence, holding the letters tightly

THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS IN THE CITY OF MEXICO

clasped in his hand. No other eye than his should see this evidence of a King's distrust.

That night he denied himself even to Hernando; how he spent the black hours none knew; but in the morning, with high heart and undismayed, he faced the day, and with undying and indomitable courage set himself once more to bring success out of failure, honor out of threatened dishonor.

"We will proceed directly to court," he said to Hernando; and to the court forthwith he addressed his steps. He was compelled to wait in Cadiz till the natives he had brought, and those of his crew whom he wished to go with him, were recovered sufficiently to travel; and the interim was spent in planning the manner of his approach to the King. Urged by his desire to leave no stone unturned, he was led into the folly of attempting to repeat his old trick of the triumphant parade. Alas! it had become an old trick now,

and the people who gathered half-heartedly to watch it told him so with that bitter directness which so incomparably stings. He dragged forth all his Indians, and put them in marching order, decked out in all the bravery they could muster. But the people, where before they had found words too tame to tell their delight at this spectacle, remained now singularly unenthusiastic. They did, it is true, come to see the progress of the Admiral and his Indians, lining the streets in good numbers; but they were sceptics now, where once they had been fanatics; and the only comments which came to the Admiral's ears were those of disrespect, disbelief, or disgust in these Indies which were turning out so expensive a venture, and in which it was obvious there was no gold at all.

From town to town they went, till at length they came to the place where the court then was; and the Admiral sent word to their Majesties that he was come to crave an audience. For two days he remained in his room, seeing no one, and for two days no answer came from the monarchs. He denied himself even to Hernando, who, therefore, flung upon his own resources, determined to find out, if he could, the temper of the King, and whether the present coldness was likely to be long continued. He sought out some of his old friends at court, and sounded them carefully; they knew nothing save that Margarite and Buïl had left court after spreading every evil report possible about Columbus.

As Hernando stood in one of the corridors, talking to these men, there came from the Queen's wing a little group of the Queen's women-in-waiting. Hernando's heart stopped short; then, after one great pulse, went on, but not in its usual fashion. He bade a hasty and somewhat embarrassed farewell to his companions, and strolled, with an effort at casualness, after the group of young women. There was one among them whose dark head rose a little above her

fellows' and whose springing and buoyant carriage spoke to Hernando of bright suns on white roads, of a day in the courtyard at Rota, of hours on a castle roof in the green valley of Andalusia. Furtively he followed, feasting his eyes. Ay, it was so he remembered her; she had not changed.

The girls tripped on into the ante-room before the audience room, and the door swung to behind them; Hernando followed till that door was reached, then halted, not daring to enter, not wishing to retreat. He turned irresolute, then turned again, to find a tiny hand upon his arm, and a face aglow with laughter and with something else, close to his shoulder. He could only stand and look, look so intently that at length the maiden was abashed, fearing to meet the ardor of his eyes; she moved her hand slightly, indicating the door.

"Will you not come into this room?" she said softly. "We can talk there."

They entered the audience hall together. She led the way to a window embrasure, and seated herself on a bench that stood within. At the other end of the room, forty feet away, the other girls were gathered with some courtiers in a busy group, and there was much laughter, and flirting of fans, and exclaiming, and all the pretty traffic of coquetry.

"I have come back," he said, simply and somewhat inanely, it must be confessed; but she did not seem to find it inane, the Señorita Christina, though she must, perforce, have been used to all the polished phrases of the court. She gave a little breath that might have meant anything, and sank back more comfortably upon her bench, indicating for him a place close beside her.

He reached forward and took her hand, pressing his lip to it for a long and a breathless minute; slowly she drew it back, but she leaned toward him with great kindness and comradeship.

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A Rural Road in Spain

"It has been a long time," she said, "but it does not seem so long now that you are here . . ."

For one hour they lived in rainbow light; there was no trouble in all the world, and the time sped by with magic swiftness. For this one hour there was no bar to their pleasure; the evil demon was exorcised, and there was nothing but happiness between them. One single hour, a short enough time, in all conscience! Perhaps, had it been more than an hour, it had not been so perfect. At all events, it was not to be more than the hour, for at the end of that time the serpent entered the garden.

"And now I hope you are through with your mountebank Italian," said the girl, after a little pause. "I hope you will be content now to see that he promises everything, and does nought; you certainly will not follow him any longer?" Hernando's face went grave, and at the sternness of his eye she started, never having seen that look there before, for her.

"I pray that you will not call him a mountebank in my hearing," he said, somewhat stiffly, for he was not yet old enough to cover his vulnerable points. "He is the greatest man in this world, and I shall follow him as long as he will let me. As for his promising and his doing, they are more nearly one than those of any man alive. . . . But you spoke to tease me! Forgive me!"

She gave him a peculiar glance, but remained silent. He went on.

"How long think you it will be till the King gives him audience?"

"Never, if the King had his will; but the Queen, my mistress, is better inclined toward him. She, like you, thinks him no mountebank. The King,— and I (with a little toss of her head) know better!"

Hernando, his face now white, rose and faced her. With all the bitter and tragic gravity of youth he spoke,

though even as he did so, he had to steel his heart against the beauty of her.

"I asked you to call him not mountebank to me — you see fit to do so; very well, señorita! I will go away where he shall not be so called!"

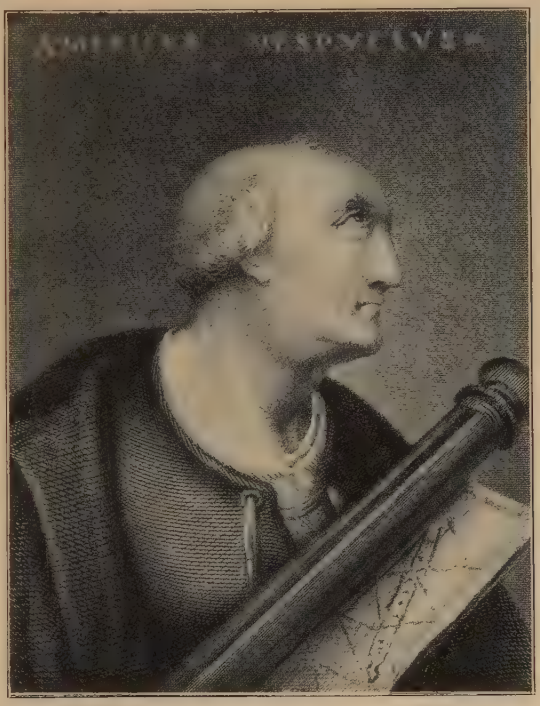
The Statue of Columbus in Front of the Capitol at Washington

"Terrible threat, master sailor? Run away then to your Genoese lunatic: no telling how many worlds he may have dreamed about discovering while you have been away from him! The wealth of Crœsus is still undiscovered, as I believe; has he not found some way to claim it, too, with all the rest that he claims but cannot find? He is the great promiser, — what has he promised you that you stay so close beside him? In this audience he will promise more things, and the Queen will believe; but I pray that the King shall be wiser —"

"Stop!" Hernando's voice rang out so sharply, on the word, that the group at the other end of the hall turned to

look; he gave no heed to them, but with blazing eyes and head flung up, spoke out his indignation.

"Say what you like of me! But of him nothing; for he is the bravest leader and the wisest ever followed by man! He has done more than any man alive, and you mock him for it, mock him because he has hoped to do some things which he has not yet accomplished. So be it! You and your King may hold what views you please, — I will follow the Admiral as long as he shall lead, and will have no traffic with his enemies or his ill-friends! I bid you good day, señorita!" His face still white, but his eye steady, he bowed swiftly and sternly before her, turned on his heel, and was gone. The door swung to behind him. Involuntarily her hand went forth to hold him back; it was too late. His footsteps died away down the corridor; he was gone.



Amerigo Vespucci

With his indignation still white-hot at his heart, Hernando made his way back to the Admiral's quarters, where at last he was admitted. The summons had come from the King, bidding him appear on the morrow, and much must be done

before that time. Columbus had his address all planned; he knew exactly what he wished to say, and how he wished to say it. It was, on the face of it, rather a forlorn hope, to come into a none too friendly, possibly a hostile court, and ask for ships and money and men for the third time, when the net proceeds of the first two endeavors consisted mainly of a few naked Indians. Yet that was the task which now confronted him; he must overcome the disaffection produced by Margarite, and the disappointment incident upon the lack of tangible, actual assets from the Indies; but more than that, he must so glowingly set forth the glory and the gain to come, that he will be granted the wherewithal to carry on his discoveries. And, should he fail? He did not think of it, he dared not think of it, for it would mean that he was a ruined man, a man without a cause, without a country, without a hope; he was now too old and grey and weary to try again elsewhere. It was a momentous time for him; but he faced his Sovereigns unblenching, and with the courage as high in his heart as when the light first danced upon the shore.

And his arguments, springing from his intense optimism and his absolute belief, carried conviction as they had done before. King Ferdinand, sceptic as he was, was himself convinced by them; the Queen had never doubted; and the upshot was that he was granted his appropriation for the third voyage, and voted all over again the confidence of his Sovereigns. On this he rested, not daring to outwear his advantage by over-much importunity. Still, he was growing no younger, and the affairs at Isabella and Fort Saint Thomas were in a very precarious condition. He strove to hurry matters, but the King was engaged with his French troubles, and could not find the money all at once. So time went on, months and months, finally a year; and still no money was forthcoming.

At this juncture a most unfortunate incident occurred. Señor Niño came back, with his caravels, sending word to the King that he had a cargo of gold aboard. The King, overjoyed at this, immediately canceled the order for the Admiral's 5,000,000 maravedis, and bade him take what gold he needed for his new expedition out of the golden freight of the vessel from the west. Alas! it turned out that Señor Niño had spoken figuratively only; and the gold was not gold at all, but only a cargo of Indians, — capable of being turned into gold by the usual device of barter and trade!

This was a bitter disappointment, and a rather ridiculous one, as well; and Columbus, chafing but helpless, was forced to hold his peace till the unpleasantness had blown over. So the second summer passed, and again it was winter. In all this time Hernando had not seen the Señorita Christina of Medina Celi; and he had not sought to see her. He strove to get her out of his mind; succeeding, thanks to the trouble his master was in, fairly well. So the long months went by and at last it was spring again; and again the veil had lifted, and there were caravels afloat in the harbor of San Lucar, bearing the Admiral's flag. Fonseca has done his worst; he has delayed the matter as long as he can; he has provided poor ships, and poor food, and even more disreputable seamen than ever before. Certainly no man ever worked so well with such poor instruments as Columbus!

On June 1, 1498, the fleet lost sight of the Spanish shores; the third voyage was begun, in a fleet fitted by Amerigo Vespucci — a Florentine whose name was shortly afterward appropriated for the two continents which his fellow-countryman had discovered.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MAINLAND AT LAST!

IT was the middle of July. In the midst of the trackless sea the three caravels lay becalmed; no sound in all the world; and over their heads the relentless sun beat down like the breath from an open furnace. It was so hot that the woodwork of the ships became dry and tinder-like and lay smoking in the fierce white glare; but little more was needed, it almost seemed, to set it aflame. The wind had not blown for three days; there was not a ripple on the glassy surface of the waters; not a breath stirred the idle sails.

Hot as it was on deck, it was still preferable to the sickening heat and odors of the cabin and hold; and the men stayed on deck day and night, even those who could find no shelter from the sun's rays. Below, in the hold, was the store of rotting provisions; what meat had been brought had soon to be thrown away; the water, while not actually bad, bore a sickish, warm taste, which made it hardly drinkable. And the men, too prostrated, most of them, even to curse their fortune, lay eying the pitiless sky and praying, those who dared, for rain. Now and again rain fell, giving a momentary relief; afterward it was worse than before. The sails shrunk and split; the ropes rotted and broke; the very seams of the ships' sides opened, and it was necessary to keep men at the pumps in order to keep afloat.

Columbus alone remained in his cabin. His eyes, under the terrible light of the tropic sun, had become much inflamed, so that he could barely see, and he dared not venture forth on deck lest he should go blind altogether. So in his cabin he sat alone, and waited. This was to be his great voyage.

He had gone into it determined to wring success out of ruin; and now the end seemed in sight. Every little while Hernando descended to the cabin, to see if the Admiral had need of anything. The same colloquy always ensued.

"Is there a sign of wind?" Columbus asked, in a low tone.

"Not yet," Hernando answered as hopefully as might be.

The days went by. . . . Presently it was a fortnight, during which it appeared they could have moved but half a score of leagues; and the crews fell hopeless, and began bidding farewell to life, and praying for the end to come soon. The men of the Admiral's own vessel seemed especially hopeless and bitter, and added to their prayers to Heaven pleas for vengeance upon the man who had led them thus to their deaths. All which was duly reported to the Admiral by Hernando; hearing it, Columbus rose from his couch;

THE CITY GATES OF SANTO DOMINGO

shaking back his white hair he stepped forth on deck, and stood facing the men.

"You do well to pray," he said, slowly, "but not well to curse. We are in the hands of God, and what He does is right. . . . But I tell you that in three days we shall come in sight of land." His voice ceased; Hernando led him below. On the deck the men still prayed, or blasphemed, according each to his nature. In the morning the wind sprang up; and on the third day, as the Admiral had said, the lookout cried his thrilling call of:

"Land-ho!" Straight ahead of them, seen dimly on the ocean's rim, lay the triple peaks of La Trinidad, for so the Admiral vowed to call it. The triple peaks seemed to his mind a direct sign from Heaven that he was to gain his chosen Quest. Nearer and nearer the ships crept to the shore, and it was seen to be of a surpassing beauty and greenness, "more lovely than any land we have found hitherto in these seas," says the journal.

The three vessels came to anchor off Trinidad; and all hands were called together to sing hymns of praise. The island was duly christened; and next day the fleet moved southwestward in search of further land. It was not long a-seeking; hardly had they gotten safely away from Trinidad when a low coast came into sight ahead; and this coast they skirted for many miles. Five days they cruised westward, and at length a place was found suitable for landing, and land they accordingly did. The little boats pushed off from the big ones, and cautiously approached the shore. From the deck of his flag-ship the Admiral watched them. He was himself at this time almost deprived of the use of his eyes; and fever was in his veins. So he stood on the deck and watched the boats pull off, watched the men land, and take possession of the land in the name of Spain and her King, — and all the time he never knew that this land, at last, and

after all his searching, this finally was the mainland! His should have been the foot to touch it first; but it was not to be. By deputy he took possession of it, while his body lay blind upon the hard little couch in his stuffy cabin. In this wise came he to the shore of South America, August 10, 1498.

After a short while spent near the Orinoco River, the fleet moved off to the north; and an uneventful sail brought them in safety to Hispaniola.

COLUMBUS SETS FOOT ON THE MAINLAND AT ORINOCO

On going ashore the first face the Admiral's eyes rested upon was that of Bartholomew; and a welcome sight it was! But the news from the settlements was far from good; and within an hour from his landing, Columbus was plunged, inextricably deep, into the mire of treachery, trouble, and misfortune from which he was fated nevermore to be free. Poor old pioneer, and the greatest of them all! He was no ruler. Yet for his failings as an administrator he was to meet with bitter things; and the bitterness was not long in beginning. Hardly was he come

ashore when Bartholomew told him of the revolt of one of his stoutest captains, an aristocratic ruffian named Roldan.

"This man defies your authority," said Bartholomew, simply. "He has taken many fighting men with him, and dwells in a native village near by. He has diverted the natives from their work in the mines, and spends his time in idleness and debauchery. I have not moved against him, for my men are too few in number; besides, I think that many of them side with him, and would desert to his ranks if half an excuse were given them."

"Is he in active insurrection?" asked the Admiral, despondently.

"He tries to keep from open hostility," was the reply, "but he has succeeded in inducing the natives to rise; I have in fact just finished putting down a revolt from four tribes of them in this neighborhood. Roldan is very sure of his ground, refuses to treat with me, declares he will listen to no one but yourself, and possibly he will not listen even to you unless you come soon. Meanwhile he and his men enjoy themselves in the forests."

Another idea came to the Admiral, while Bartholomew was speaking. "Where are the ships of my convoy, with which I parted at Ferro?" he inquired. "They should have been here long before this time."

"They have not come," Bartholomew answered. It was not until several days later that they learned that the ships had landed a little to the east, had fallen in with Roldan's party, and had given them a good half of the stores and provisions they had brought, which were so sorely needed at Isabella. When this was known, Columbus determined to treat with Roldan at once, and accordingly sent him a message to appear before him.

To this the mutineer replied with an insolent refusal. Another message met with a similar response; and matters

were at a standstill. Meanwhile in the harbor ride five caravels, waiting for some gold, or news, or men, or something real, tangible, actual, to be carried home to Spain. It occurs to the Admiral that he will do well to reduce Roldan's forces as much as he can; and the idle caravels riding at anchor give him an idea. In pursuance of it he sends word to Roldan's company that whosoever wishes to return to Spain may do so, free and with his pardon for any misdemeanors which may have been committed. This seems to him a crafty scheme; what Bartholomew thought about it is not so certain; at all events it failed utterly, for the mutineers were well content as they were, and only five or six availed themselves of the Admiral's offer. There was nothing to do but to send the vessels back anyway, so hastily scraping together what gold he could find, and some small stores of pearls and native woods and spices, Columbus dispatched the fleet for home.

To the captain he entrusted a long letter to his Sovereigns, telling at great length of his troubles. It was, if truth be told, a querulous and foolish letter; but it was written by a man sorely harassed, half blind, and beset by difficulties through which no ray of hope could shine. So his letter divided itself into three main divisions, first, setting forth the wonderful new discoveries he had made; second, telling at length of the mutiny and wickedness of Roldan, and urging that the mutineer be ordered by the Crown back to Spain for trial; and lastly, asking two years' further privilege to trade in slaves, which now, alas! seemed to his troubled brain to be the only sure, available source of revenue in all this profitless land.

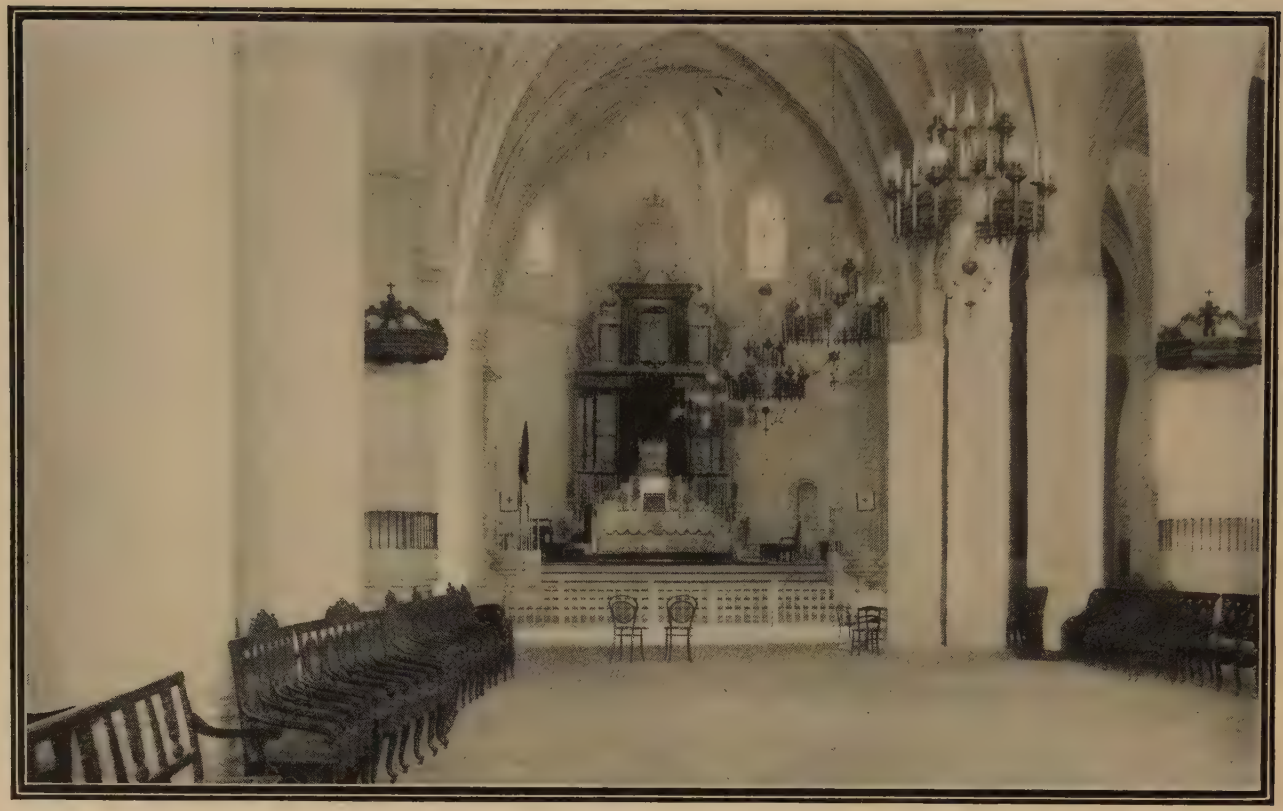
The letter is signed and sealed; and away it goes; the fleet sails out of the harbor on its way back to Spain, where, after a proper interval, it arrives; and the Admiral's letter is conveyed in due course to the King's hand. In the mean-

time, at Hispaniola, trouble has been piling up mountain-high around the writer of the letter and those who were loyal to him. Roldan had finally consented to a conference with the Admiral, and a conference they had. Roldan's demands were so outrageous that at first Columbus would not listen; he demanded full and free pardon, nay more, a certificate of good conduct for himself and all his men; he demanded to be restored to his old post of command; he demanded many other things, outrageous and insolent, and was met with a proper refusal. Alas! the end was not yet; Roldan was an unprincipled rascal, but he was a determined one; and Columbus was at this time a wavering reed in the wind. He was no manner of man to deal with a situation of this sort, and shrewdly Roldan knew this, and acted on his knowledge.

Thus it happened that after a few more months had dragged wearily along, there was another conference at Xaragua, this time on the Admiral's own flag-ship; and on this occasion Roldan had his will. Under the most humiliating circumstances he had his full demands; and the Admiral sighed, but signed.

"I will have full pardon for all my men," said Roldan. "I will have the certificate of good conduct of which I spoke before, with exoneration from all blame for the misunderstandings which have occurred. I will have free passage to Spain when and how I will; and lastly, I will have my office of alcalde restored to me. These things I will have, señor!"

These things he did have. He found himself restored to full credit and authority, and he lost no time in making the most of it, Such of his men as wished it were sent back to Spain; with the others he retired to a fortress he had erected on Esperanza, near Isabella, and from this point he ruled as despotically as any potentate over the men in his company, and the natives in his neighborhood. The Admiral dared not question anything he did; and Roldan



The Cathedral at Santo Domingo

treated him with an ironic deference which must have been galling indeed. The men sent home were permitted to take what gold they had found, and also the slaves they held, and the native girls they had stolen from their homes and people. This caused great anger among the natives, and more revolts broke out, which Bartholomew was at much ado to check.

Columbus Accepts Roldan's Proposals

Things went rapidly from bad to worse; the provisions grew scarce, and Columbus's party was forced to depend chiefly upon the fruits and natural foods of the island and such fish as they could catch They had planted some grain, but it had been neglected, and harvest there was almost none. Under the strain the Admiral's health gave way still further, and for weeks he was not able to leave his bed. During this time an incident occurred which brought him to his feet with a bound, so urgent came the need for action.

Near Xaragua dwelt a young Spaniard named Ferrando, who, in the course of his idle wanderings, came upon a niece of Caonabo, a most beautiful and accomplished young woman, famed far and wide amongst the natives for her beauty and her gentle disposition. To so great a height did Ferrando's passion rise that he could think of nothing else. Roldan, his fatherly and diabolical eye always open, found that, the maiden having scruples, Ferrando was determined to marry her under the rites of the Church, and had in fact sent for a priest to tie the knot. This would never do, in Roldan's opinion; so he ordered Ferrando to desist. Fer-

THE CEIBA TREE: SAID TO BE THE TREE TO WHICH COLUMBUS MOORED HIS CARAVEL AT HIS FIRST LANDING IN SANTO DOMINGO

rando, after giving him one black look, apparently did desist, and disappeared, only to come to light some days later living in the house of the maiden's mother, who seemed highly pleased by the honor he proposed to do her daughter.

When Roldan found this out, there was trouble indeed; and open defiance from Ferrando resulted. He gathered all the malcontents he could find, and they were many; and organized a plot to kill not only Roldan, but the Admiral and Bartholomew as well. It does not appear that Roldan and Columbus were any the fonder of one another for being thus devoted to a common doom. But the news of this conspiracy came to the Admiral's ears; and this time at least he acted with a dash and decision that would have been admirable even in his departed and lamented young fire-blood, Ojeda. The conspirators were gathered around Ferrando and a kinsman of his, named Moxeca; and they prepared to march on Santo Domingo. With only a dozen loyal men, Columbus, Bartholomew and Hernando beside him, marched by night on Ferrando's camp; burst in upon them like a thunderbolt, and took Ferrando, Moxeca, and their fellows prisoners before a sword could be drawn. Back to Santo Domingo they went; and four days later the bodies of the chief conspirators swung and dangled from gibbets on the stone walls of the fort.

A Street Scene in Santo Domingo

CHAPTER XXIV

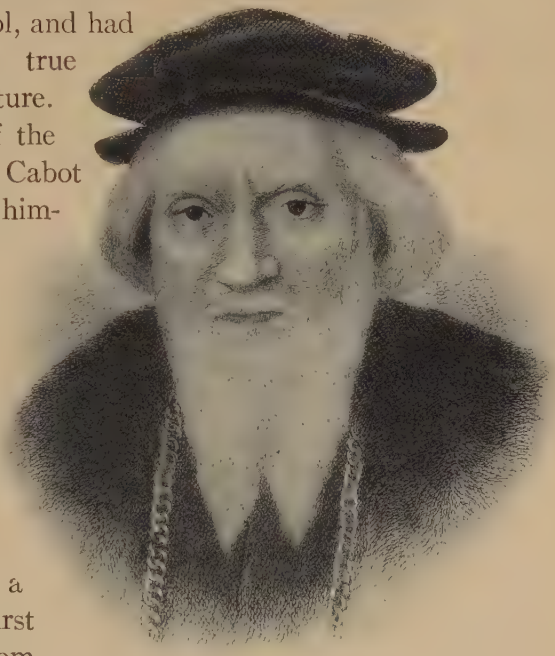
AS ONE MAN HAD SHOWN

LET them hang, to be grave evidence in their time; and let us try to forget for a little the worries and treasons that made life at Hispaniola so far from a delight to the man who discovered it. Let us leave Columbus and Hernando and Bartholomew to do the best they may against the crafty Roldan, and turn our eyes in a wider circle, to see what is going forward in the great world of which Hispaniola is only one tiny pin-point.

At the time of the discovery of America, Spain owned no second in the glory of her name or the weight of her hand, among the nations of Europe. The eyes of Europe were on her, too, trying to make out what next she would be at. It is not, therefore, surprising that the wonderful news of the western passage to Cathay flashed over western Europe almost as swiftly as similar news would travel to-day. Of the three near neighbors of Spain, two especially regarded this achievement of Columbus with a consideration in which admiration was most effectually drowned by envy. In the minds of Portugal and of England, this great to-do of Ferdinand's was most out-of-place and foolish, besides being very unbecoming; whereupon they each, very secretly and promptly, set about to find some means to follow where Columbus had shown the way.

It was not hard, for brave and skillful seamen were not lacking in either country. By a curious chance it was one of Columbus's own countrymen who was instrumental in bringing England to a sense of what she was missing by resting quietly at home while others were faring far abroad

to find marvels and riches beyond the dreams of man. In 1496 there was in Bristol a Venetian, Giovanni Gaboto — or in plain English, which he afterward adopted, John Cabot. Captain Cabot was a seaman of wide experience on many waters, and was moreover a restless soul who had been idle for a twelvemonth in Bristol, and had itching within him the true sailor's desire of adventure. When the news came of the crossing of the western sea, Cabot lost no time in presenting himself to one of the lords of the admiralty, and offering his services to England to find a few new countries or old for the English Crown. His proposition was apparently received with favor, and accepted with alacrity; and in less than a year from the time of his first application, he set sail from Bristol harbor, in the middle of May, 1497, under letters patent from Henry VII.



Sebastian Cabot

Now that the way was shown, how simple was the following it! Here was no six years of waiting, no difficulty in finding sailors, no bidding farewell to home and friends forever, no pleadings to turn back home, no mutiny! The vessels of Captain Cabot made a fairly rapid and eventless voyage some 2000 leagues almost due west, their chief excitement being occasioned by the great number of icebergs encountered. In due course they came within sight of Cape Breton, and after cruising around for some two

weeks, touched at various points in the vicinity of Labrador and the mouth of the Saint Lawrence; inside of three months Captain John Cabot, hero and adventurer, was strolling again about the streets of Bristol, telling to the deeply interested inhabitants of that town things which they were hard put to it to believe. It was an honest, straightforward, workmanlike expedition, with few thrills; and the chief point of interest about the whole matter is that Cabot reached and actually landed upon the mainland of America prior to the landing of Columbus, and prior to any other authenticated landing since the days of Eric the Red. Captain John and his son Sebastian subsequently made other voyages, and were held in much honor in England; let no man say they did

CABOT'S LEAVE OF LABRADOR (*From an engraving on copper*)

not earn all they received, though they merely followed where a greater than they had led.

While all this was going on in England, things were even more busy in Portugal. By so narrow a chance had Portugal missed being sponsor to all this new world-finding, that the bitterness of it was hard to bear. The airs that Ferdinand put on were unendurable, and, in short, something had to be done! The action of Pope Alexander III in granting Spain all new lands west of his imaginary line west of Cape Verde, acted chiefly to stimulate the activities of Portugal within the part of the world left to her. She sent many expeditions along the African coast, and scoured the seas in that quarter as thoroughly as might be; pearls and gold resulted; not much glory; certainly not enough to silence Ferdinand's ironic tongue.

There sailed from Lisbon in 1497 one Vasco da Gama. He sailed southward along the west coast of Africa, and at length, after many hardships, rounded the Cape of Good Hope for the first time since its discovery in 1486 by Diaz. Not daunted by the demurs of his men, Da Gama sailed on up the eastern coast, past Madagascar, and finally, after a terrible and stormy passage, arrived in safety at Calcutta, or Calicut, in India. He managed to secure enough of the spoils of the Orient to substantiate his story, and lost no time in starting for home with the tale of his achievement. He reached Portugal in 1499, with most of his ships lost, most of his men drowned, but all of his spoils safe; and was received with open arms by his King. Here was a real find, a golden, actual bonanza,— and Portugal rejoiced accordingly, and took courage to turn the laugh on Spain. This was not such a difficult thing to do at that time, when Ferdinand was finding the colony at Hispaniola an expensive thing to maintain; and Portugal made the most of it.

A year or two later Pedro de Cabral, sailing from Lisbon

to confirm the discovery of Da Gama, was driven westward by gales, far out of his course, until at length he came upon the country which is now Brazil. Cabral landed on this inviting shore, and took possession of it in the name of his King; and proceeded to sail again across the South Atlantic, round the Cape, press east to India, and return safe and sound. No inconsiderable cruise, this of Cabral, and with it we may close our consideration of the activities of Columbus's foreign rivals, and regard for a moment those of his rivals in Spain itself. And his rivals were not few.

To Fonseca, the Admiral's chief enemy and detractor, came a man whom we know well, Alonzo de Ojeda. Ojeda, settling in Spain after his return from the second expedition, was among the first to hear the news of the Admiral's discovery of South America, and he was much impressed with the pearls which had been sent home from the coast of Paria. He subtly, therefore, suggested to Fonseca that it was shameful to think of all those pearls lying there in idleness, when they should be being gathered for Spain; further, if some one did not gather them soon, Portugal might find them! Fonseca, always with an ear to anything inimical to Columbus, assented heartily; and procured, with little trouble, letters patent permitting Ojeda to organize an expedition to the pearl coast; and for the pearl coast in 1499 Ojeda sailed.

His voyage is notable not for any dangers surmounted, or the amount of pearls collected, but from the fact that on board Ojeda's ship sailed also Amerigo Vespucci, who gave his name to America. This man was not a noble nor of any high degree of birth or merit,— he was simply the commissary of the voyage. How he came to give his name to the new continent cannot here be told. Ojeda cruised around for some little time, collected quite a supply of pearls and finally, his food-stores running short, he turned

northward to Hispaniola, which presently he reached, just in time for a fracas with Roldan, in which, characteristically, Ojeda came out ahead. He left for Spain without waiting to see the Admiral,— and so much for him.

Pedro Alonzo Niño obtained a patent to make discoveries in the Indies and to search for pearls; and he made for the coast of Paria shortly after the departure of Ojeda. He

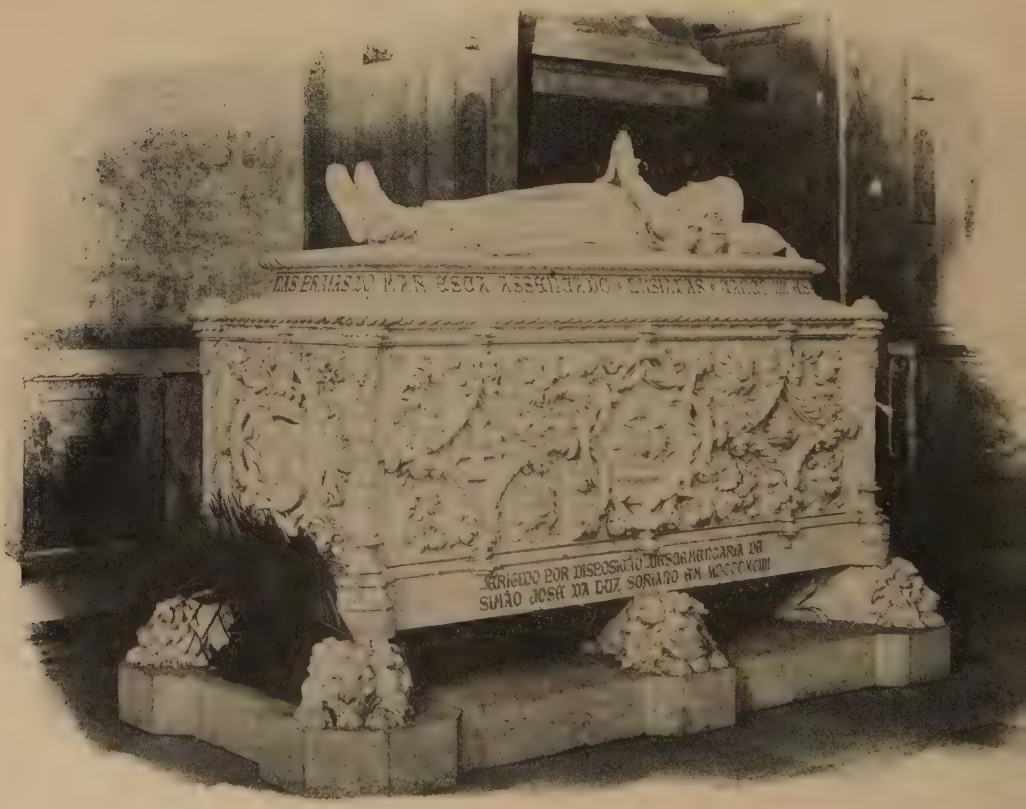
Belem Castle, from the Site of which Da Gama Sailed in 1497
(*From an ancient print*)

found his pearls, packed them aboard, and returned home to Spain; he and his friends were made rich for life, and after this was done and the expenses of the trip were paid, the surplus, a fat one, was turned over to the Crown. Gladly enough was it received,— for it was the first real return Ferdinand had ever received from all his trouble and expenditure.

Another voyage, about this same time, was made by Vincent Pinzon, the same who went with his brother on the first and most wonderful trip. Pinzon, too, sailed for the mouth of the Orinoco, and after some months spent in rather aimless cruising, he returned to Spain by way of

Hispaniola; he had not accomplished much, but he had added measurably to his prestige, which perhaps was what he chiefly desired.

All these voyages, both in and out of Spain, went to reflect anything but credit upon Columbus. That was only natural; now he was no longer the man who dared do what none other dared — he was simply one of many explorers, and rather the most expensive and least productive of them all. It is not surprising that that weather-vane, public opinion, turned against him. One has but to put himself in the King's place to appreciate how his Majesty felt in the matter. So in Spain the clouds were rising, until the storm was nearly ready to break, and every word that came from Hispaniola only went to weaken the Admiral's cause, which, with Fonseca in power, needed all the support at hand.



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THE TOMB OF VASCO DA GAMA IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA AT BELEM, PORTUGAL

It must be remembered that Columbus was a foreigner, and that while, in the flush of enthusiasm over his first discovery this fact had been forgotten, it reacted now against him with redoubled force. His plan had never been popular with the great bulk of the people, just as it had never been favored by the King; it had been made possible by the persistence of its author and by the energy and wisdom of the Queen. At court Columbus was no favorite, save with the few who knew him best; now that the tide was setting against him, it swept everything in its flood.

After all, was it not natural? Columbus was a long way off, and all his enemies were close to the King's ear, to that ear which if it had had its way would never have listened to the Genoese in the first place. Every ship that returned from Hispaniola brought its quota of discontented colonists, every man of them armed with complaints against the Admiral; every ship, too, brought from the Admiral not gold indeed, but long, aimless promises of gold, and longer and more aimless complaints against the men under him. Alas! if he could only have been Discoverer, without wishing to be Governor as well!

In the midst of all this discontent and annoyance came the great news of Vasco da Gama's finding of the true Indies. No idle promises here, but actual gold, tangible pearls, substantiated evidence of wealth that awaited only the seeking. All this while Fonseca, with his silken voice and smile, was busy sowing rancor in the King's mind, and telling him that he had been foolish to give a foreigner such wide and handsome privileges and powers. King Ferdinand was coming to believe it; every day Columbus's prestige was growing less. At this critical moment there arrived from Hispaniola the Admiral's letter of rhapsody about the Garden of Eden, and the wickedness of Roldan, and the request to traffic in slaves!

This was the finishing touch, had one been needed. The complaint against Roldan was enough to set all the court by the ears, for many of the grandees were friends of Roldan or connected with his family; the talk about the Garden of Eden seemed to all hearers to epitomize the Admiral's childishness and folly; and lastly, and most serious of all, the clause about the slaves turned the Queen's heart, for the time, at least, from Columbus. What right had this man to be trafficking in human souls, souls, moreover, which were about to be brought into the fold of the true believers? Fonseca, smiling blandly, said he could not conceive how any man could arrogate to himself such a right. Things were moving propitiously for Señor Fonseca; who smiled and smiled.

The Queen herself was at this time in failing health; the cares of state and perhaps the necessity of looking after her unscrupulous husband had told upon her, and she began to relax, ever so little, her hold upon the helm. As she grew older her dependence upon the Church increased to some extent, and she listened more readily than was her wont to the advice of her confessors and churchly advisers. Her gentle soul was stirred by this action of the Admiral's in regard to the slaves, and she gave orders that those which had come in the ships with Roldan's men be instantly sent back, and that no more be sent nor taken in her dominions.

She found herself, by this act of her protégé, placed rather at a disadvantage before Ferdinand; she had always taken the Admiral's part, and she felt, and may be pardoned for feeling, a distinct resentment added to her sorrow over the sufferings of the slaves. Ferdinand, who was not a man to overlook any advantage, one may be sure, made the most of this one; and from this time forward he seems to have held the whip-hand in all matters pertaining to Columbus and the New World.

THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN, MADRID, SPAIN

There was no doubt left, however, now; and it was decided that a commissioner should be appointed, armed with full powers, who should go out to Hispaniola and make a full report to the Sovereigns of all matters touching the condition of the island and the colonies. This man was armed with the royal seal of authority, and was bidden to use his decretion in all things, but to be careful to leave no stone unturned which should work toward the safety or profit of the Crown. He was granted full control and possession of all forts, arms and royal property in the islands — in the event of its proving necessary to use them. Not very friendly to the Admiral, it would seem, was the giving of such wide powers to a commissioner sent to investigate him; but the situation seemed to the King a grave one, and he acted as he thought best, egged on, no doubt, by Fonseca when he might have hesitated. His commissioner bore with him a letter to Columbus, which read substantially as follows:

"The King and the Queen, to Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Seas. We have directed Francisco de Bobadilla, the bearer of this signet, to speak with you for us of certain matters of which he is advised, we request you to give him faith and credence, and to obey him. From Madrid, 26 May, 1499. I the King. I the Queen. By their command, under the hand of Miguel Perez de Almazan."

The reasons for the selection of this Bobadilla do not appear; he had a narrow head and a narrow mind, and like so many of his fellows, his first taste of vice-regal authority was too much for him. He was friendly with Fonseca, who doubtless had his own reasons for his selection; if this is true, Fonseca himself could not have acted with greater rigor and inhumanity than Bobadilla was to act.

Little time was lost in preparation, and in July the fleet

set sail; in the cabin, armed with the royal letters, sat the man who was to find whether Columbus had done well or ill; and on the shore, or back at Madrid, Fonseca smiled a satisfied and devilish smile. His poison was sped; now let it work as best it might; he could do no more.

The Gate of the Alcala, Madrid

Crossing the sea was no trick at all now; and after a quiet passage, the fleet of Bobadilla arrived without mishap at the coast of Hispaniola, and on the second day thereafter, came to anchor in the harbor of San Domingo. Bobadilla, looking shoreward, saw, for his first glimpse of the new land, the bodies of the hanged Spaniards, swinging in the wind from the gibbet on the wall.

CHAPTER XXV

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

"CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS," said Bobadilla, in a tone which he endeavored to make austerely reproachful, "stand out before this court!"

In the dim little room that had been converted into a trial-room silence reigned. The room was filled with men, principally of Bobadilla's staff, and the air was close and bad. Those nearest the door and windows breathed with some ease, but those farther from the fresh air were fain to gasp as best they might, and pray that the trial might soon be over.

It was a farce of a trial; rarely has justice, even in its most monstrous perversions, masqueraded in such mockery as here. On a little raised platform at the end of the room sat Bobadilla, flanked by his lieutenants, and with a row of men-at-arms in a ring before his seat. At his right hand stood the arch-knave, Roldan, who had deserted the Admiral again, and was now giving the benefit of his suave tongue and his lack of conscience to the new governor who had come from Spain. On a low bench before Bobadilla sat the prisoners at the bar, Christopher Columbus, and his two brothers, Bartholomew and Giacomo; these last had been sentenced to imprisonment, pending further consideration, and the judge, rising, called now for the Admiral.

From his seat on the bench the Admiral arose, and faced his foe.

"I am Christopher Columbus, Admiral of Spain, and viceroy of this land," he said in a low voice. As he rose it could be seen how emaciated and worn he had become.

His face was extremely thin, so that the cheek-bones stood out with a terrible prominence; his eyes, inflamed from lack of sleep, blinked painfully; and his old trouble gripped his limbs, making every movement a torture. Nevertheless, he shook back his hair proudly, and faced Bobadilla with unbending mien. That worthy, casting a nervous glance at Roldan, began his speech hurriedly, as if he were anxious to have it over, as indeed he was.

"Christopher Columbus, you have been accused of many things, and of not one charge have you cleared yourself, nor have you been cleared by the witnesses which have appeared before this court. Have you anything to say as to why the sentence of this court should not be pronounced upon you?"

The prisoner's lip curled, but he made no reply. Bobadilla went on.

"It has been asserted, and proof to the contrary has not been forthcoming, that you have been inimical to the best interests of our colonies on this island. You are accused, and it would seem with justice, of having wilfully and unnecessarily forced Spanish soldiers and gentlemen to work at hard and menial labor, or restricting their food-supply when they refused to submit to this tyranny. You are accused of having needlessly waged war upon the natives of this land, who should have been our friends and allies. You are accused of enmity, or unfriendliness at least, to the Spaniards of birth in your company, and of taking every chance to humiliate them. More gravely still, you are accused of collecting pearls and other riches and sequestering them for your own use, instead of forwarding them to your Sovereigns from whom you hold your position and authority. And generally, you stand charged with having misused and abused your office for your personal gain and advantage. To all of these charges, no adequate defense has been heard. I am correct?"

He turned to Roldan for confirmation, who nodded emphatically.

"It is then the will and decision of this court that you be sent on board your ship, and there kept in solitary confinement, pending further evidence, and further investigation by myself of the charges against you. The hearing is dissolved. Take away the prisoner!"

From the ring of soldiers four men advanced; in their hands they bore light iron manacles, and these, while the company watched in silence, they proceeded to fix upon the Admiral's hands. He said no word, but looked steadfastly into Bobadilla's face. Bobadilla shuddered, and turned away his eyes. The four soldiers completed their work, and touching Columbus on the arm, not ungently, led him out of the court-room. When he was gone, his judge breathed a sigh of relief. He had gone through with it, but the look in the Admiral's eyes burned in his soul. He smiled faintly at Roldan's "well done" in his ear, rose swiftly from his place, and started for the door.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS

"Let us get out into the open air," he said with an effort.

As he reached the door he could see the soldiers leading their prisoner down to the water's edge. He walked slowly and with difficulty, and the soldiers did not attempt to hurry him. Once he stumbled, and a soldier helped him with a hand under his arm. The Admiral gave him a little smile.

"Thank you, friend," he said, and relapsed into silence. Slowly the procession moved along till it reached the wharf. They helped the Admiral to take his seat in the dinghy, and his guard filed in after him. Two stout seamen laid hold of the oars, and the dinghy moved swiftly out to the nearest caravel which lay at anchor in the harbor. Bobadilla watched them till the little boat was lost to view under the stern of the caravel; and then, white-faced, went back to his quarters, where he tried to bring courage to his soul by copious draughts of spirits.

In the cabin of the little caravel, on a wretched bunk in the corner, chains on his hands and feet, sat the Admiral of all this sea and land. The light was faint, and he was glad of it, for his eyes were painful. In silence he sat there; and the long hours stole by toward night. As the long day sloped to twilight he slept, leaning upright against the edge of his bunk; and so the night came and found him.

Two weeks later, at about the hour of noon, there came a thumping on the door of the Admiral's dungeon. He had been transferred to a cell in the jail on shore, after two days spent on the caravel;

The Bronze Statue of Columbus in Front of the Cathedral at Santo Domingo

and it was with a terrible foreboding that the prisoner heard the signal at the door. Outside, in the streets, he could hear shouts and cries, and the blowing of horns; he could hear his own name and his brothers', coupled with curses and epithets; and the thought came to him that his hour had come, that he was to be executed. With a bitter smile touching his lips, but with a shrug of his shoulders, he answered the knocking at the door.

"Come in," he said. And Alonzo de Villejo, a lieutenant of Bobadilla's, and a nephew to Fonseca, entered the room. "Come with me!" he said abruptly.

The Admiral made sure that this was the road to death. "Villejo," he asked mournfully, "whither are you taking me?"

"I am taking you to the ships, your Excellency, to embark for Spain."

"To embark?" repeated the Admiral, incredulously. "Villejo, are you sure you are speaking the truth?"

"By the life of your Excellency, what I say is true!" replied the officer, and over Columbus's heart came a great warm current of thankfulness and relief. He was to be sent back to Spain; and all was well. Swiftly they led him through the streets, and on board the caravel for home. The first face to greet him on board was that of Hernando; and in an instant the two were in each other's arms. The soldiers stood by, and did not try to come between them. After a moment the Admiral recollected himself, and spoke:

"You are not a prisoner, too?" he asked anxiously. Hernando shook his head. He had no intention of telling the struggle he had had to be appointed as the Admiral's attendant; so he merely replied that he was not a prisoner.

"I am to sail on this ship with you," he said. The soldiers led the Admiral below; the bolt shot into place on his prison-door; and he was left alone. The soldiers returned

to shore; the anchors were lifted, horns blew, the sails filled; and amid the cheers of the Spaniards on shore the caravels sailed slowly out of the harbor, and turned their heads toward Spain. In the cabin of each of three went a prisoner, in one Christopher, in one Bartholomew, in one Giacomo Columbus. And the good west wind sprang up

The Arrest of Columbus

behind, and bore them over the seas that lay between the new and old.

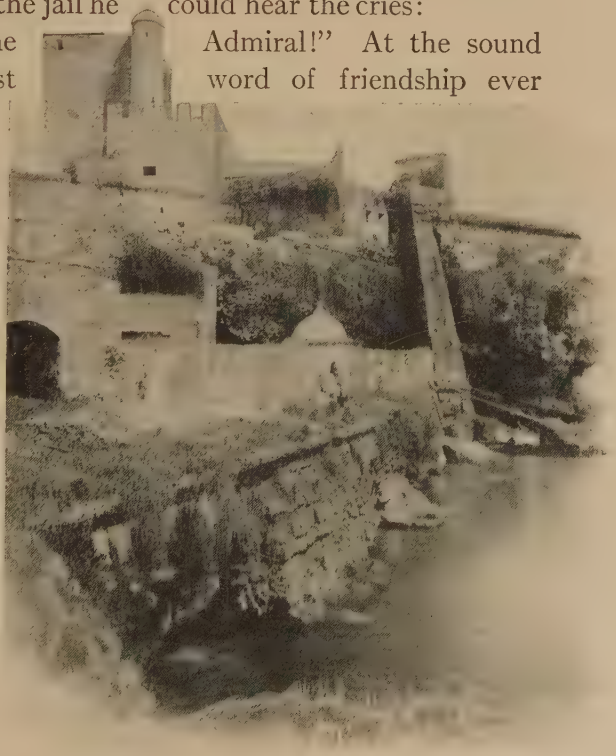
It was a bitter season for the white-headed man in the tiny cabin. The face of fortune was dark, and no sun danced upon the waters. His captivity was made as comfortable as Hernando could make it. Villejo, for all he was of Fonseca's blood, was a decent manner of man, and treated his august prisoner with courtesy and consideration. Hernando at once sued for the removal of the Admiral's chains; and Villejo at once granted the request, going down to Columbus's cabin to take off the chains with his own hands. When he knew what was his visitor's errand, Columbus looked him in the eye.

"I thank you for your courtesy, señor," he said softly. "But my Sovereigns commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. By his authority I wear these chains, and I shall continue to wear them until by the order of my Sovereigns they are removed."

In October, in the year 1500, the fleet that bore as a captive the Admiral of the seas arrived at Cadiz. At twilight the vessels came to anchor in the bay, and early in the morning the men went ashore. In the first boat went the three brothers Columbus. They were taken to the city jail, and lodged in the governor's rooms. For even now their captors were becoming aware the tide was beginning to turn. The people of Spain were a headstrong lot, but their hearts were warm. None so violent as they in their denunciation of the Admiral; none now so quick in his defense. His progress through the streets almost became a triumphal parade. From his room in the jail he could hear the cries:

"God save the Admiral!" At the sound he wept; at the first word of friendship ever given him by the people of that land, his eyes were wet.

Hernando Estévan managed to secure permission to remain with him; and he, too, was lodged in the jail. Villejo had at once sent word to the Sovereigns of the action of



The Columbus Castle in Santo Domingo, in which, according to Local Tradition, Columbus was Confined

Bobadilla; and there was nought to do but to wait for word.

It was high noon when there was a little stir in the court-yard of the jail. Hernando had left the Admiral to his luncheon, and had just finished his own in his own room. He heard the commotion in the yard below, but gave small heed, for he knew that no word could yet have come from the King, and in no other news was he interested. So it was without a quiver that he heard the tap that soon came upon his door. A soldier entered, bowing before him.

"Your presence is desired in the governor's room," he said. Hernando opened his eyes a bit, but followed without a word, out into the corridor, down the stone stairs, and on through a long passage to the door of a large, dimly-lighted stone room, which the governor called his reception hall. Here the soldier left him, motioning to him to enter; and the door swung shut behind him. He went into the room, blinking somewhat in the half-light; at the sound of a step he halted.

Out of the gloom she came, lithe, fierce, and beautiful, and with a sort of passionate tenderness she came close to him, very close, so that their bodies touched. Her eyes were ablaze with a wonderful light, and seeing that, he had no need for words. Tenderly he put his arms about her, holding her desperately close; and he felt her two hands clutching at his arm. Her head lay bent upon his shoulder, and he could hear her swift breathing, and see how it made quiver her slender form. For one breathless moment of time they stood enclasped thus. He looked down upon the wonder of her midnight hair, and inarticulate words and murmurs came to his lips.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Do not speak, — yet!" And he obeyed.

An hour later they still sat in the old stone room, but

Ruins of the House of Columbus in Santo Domingo, Built by His Son Diego in 1509: The Oldest House in the Western Hemisphere Erected by the White Man

now they had found speech, and speech was sweet, after the silence of all the years.

"Christina!" cried Hernando. "How came you to this place?" She smiled for answer, looking at him for a long minute through half-closed eyes.

"Why should I not come?" she said at length. "You would not have come to me; and they told me you were in prison — so I came. What else was there to do? For you are my lover and my true love!"

He clasped her hand for answer. After a little, he said:

"I have sent you all my heart every night that I have lived!"

A little blush swept over her face, and she hid it from view against his arm. "So have I," she whispered, "though it is not the part of a maiden to say it to any man." Whereat she fell to laughing. On an instant she became grave, and leaping to her feet she stood away from him solemnly.

"Do you remember the day you went away from me, in the Queen's room, and would not turn?" she asked. He nodded swiftly, not wishing to interrupt her.

"It was then that I knew," she said, very low. "It was when the door closed behind you that I knew that I must own you for my lord. Even while I taunted you I was guessing it; but when you went away I knew. I remember how you scolded me! My lover, I shall have to be very good, so as not to be scolded by you any more!" And again she broke into a little trill of laughter.

"You never shall be!" he said, flushing hotly at the remembrance. But she laughed the more at his shamefaced expression, rallying him gayly.

"Nay, if you had not scolded me so roundly, I might never have found out what a lover was mine. I am glad you spoke to me as you did; I deserved it."

"You did not mean what you said," he said, still uneasily;

she took the words out of his mouth, working them into gay extravagances.

"Have you kept my pin?" she said at last, suddenly, turning upon him.

He made no reply, other than to reach into his breast, and draw forth the little silver brooch that he had carried so long. It was worn smooth, and he laid it gently in her hand, with a little kiss upon her palm as he did so. She examined the pin curiously in the doubtful light.

THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF COLUMBUS IN SANTO DOMINGO (*From a print*)

"Why, it is all worn smooth," she said. "It used to be thick and rough." For all answer he held it to his lips.

In this wise passed their hour of hours. And in a little time it was sundown, or near it, and she remembered herself with a start.

"I must go," she said. "Can — will you come to see me, at Rota?"

"I would come though it were the end of the world!" he answered.

She came close to him; he felt her breath on his cheek.

"Close your eyes!" she whispered; and he obeyed. On his lips he felt a touch, light and fragrant as a rose. . . . When he opened his eyes, he was alone.

CHAPTER XXVI

NOT QUEEN, BUT WOMAN

IT was a long road from Cadiz to the court; doubly long now to the men who traveled it so patiently. Not long had Columbus had to wait in the Cadiz jail for the summons from his Sovereigns. As fast as courier could fly the welcome news went back that his King requested his presence at the court without any more delay than need be. And with this news came a letter from the Queen. This letter Columbus read, in silence and alone; and his eyes filled as he placed it in his breast.

As soon as he was able to travel, the march to Granada began. The Queen had also sent to him a gift of 2000 ducats, so that he might appear in a state befitting his position. Possibly Columbus had cherished the idea of appearing before the King in the chains which Bobadilla had flung upon him; but the generous gift put that out of the question. Instead, he fitted himself out with an elegant and richly appointed retinue, as was proper for the Admiral of the western seas. The long march to the court began. Hernando, bidding farewell to Christina with a sighing heart, accompanied the Admiral, as did also Bartholomew and the other brother; and after a long and tedious journey the towers of Granada came in sight.

Clad in his rich attire, flanked by pages and retainers, Columbus came before the King and Queen in their great room of state at the palace of the old Moorish kings. Into the splendor of the court he passed, his majestic figure now bent with his age and his trouble, his hair whiter than ever. Up to the throne of his Monarchs he walked, the signs of his

sorrow and his shame still plain to be read; and came to a halt before the throne. . . . It is one of the most affecting scenes in the story of the world, the meeting of Columbus and his Queen. The hardened courtiers, even, turned away their faces from the pathos of it, when, kneeling in tears at his Sovereigns' feet, Columbus stretched forth his hand mutely. It was as though he said:

THE THRONE OF SPAIN

"I have done what man can do: what would ye more?"

The good Queen, looking with her woman'seyes across the gulf of time and birth and circumstance, saw and understood; into her eyes the tears came, too; and as for one timeless instant they stood looking thus, their souls flowed together in one great current of pity and sad knowledge. It was not subject and Queen, it was human and human, soul and soul. Too utterly moved for any speech, the Queen

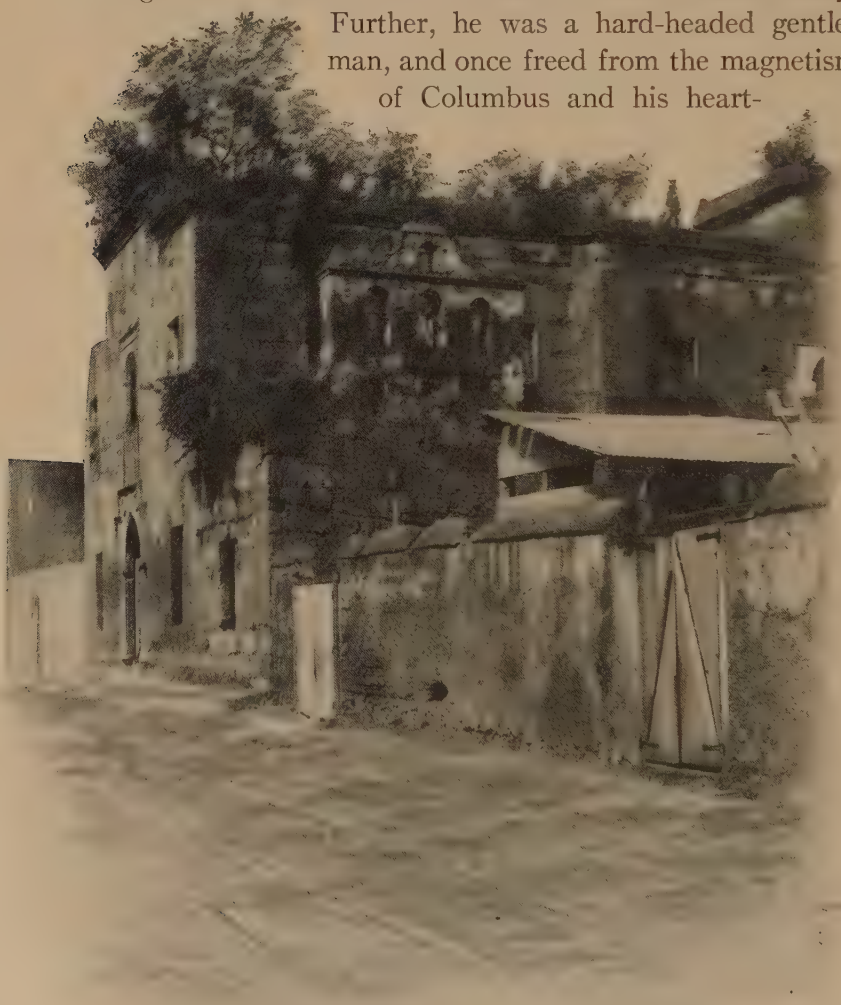
turned away her head, at the last; and the court, the old, wise, cynical, pitiless court, felt its eyes, too, grow moist.

Ferdinand, the least moved of any in that great room, saved the situation by coming down from the throne, and with his own hands lifting Columbus to his feet. He was made to sit, even as he had been in the first great hour of his triumph, and it was not long before he was his own man once more. He launched into an impassioned oration, defending his own courses, and telling the story of his hardships in so moving a manner that there were no friends left to Bobadilla, when that narration was finished. Fonseca himself, sitting with a sneer behind the King's chair, had nothing to say, or at least dared say nothing in support of Bobadilla's action. He felt himself in a helpless minority; and we may imagine that Columbus gained little headway in Fonseca's heart by this day's work. Columbus, however, paid no heed at all to the dark-browed man sitting there so quietly, smiling his nervous, thin-lipped smile, and preserving the same unmoved exterior to every man and every thought.

The King was, when he got to thinking about it after hearing Columbus' story, much displeased with Bobadilla; the Queen, honest, warm-hearted lady, was openly and vividly indignant; and the upshot of the first day's meeting was that the Sovereigns absolutely and completely repudiated all acts of Bobadilla, especially those which were directed against the Admiral; and declared all over again their belief in the white-headed discoverer, and their intention to restore to him all his titles and authority. So, in an atmosphere of amity on the one side and thankful exaltation on the other, this momentous conference drew to a close. The King and Queen retired to dine; the court went on its various business; and Columbus, who was for the present lodged in the King's own house, went to bed, where it may be presumed he slept soundly till morning. On this interview all his hopes had

hung; had he been unsuccessful, all would have been over; but he had not been so, and the world looked good once more. For the first time since that terrible day of the landing of Bobadilla, he went to sleep with a happy heart.

The court at this time was gay in the extreme; balls and routs were the order of the day, in spite of the fact that Ferdinand had so many irons in the fire that there was money only for half of them. Ferdinand was a busy King, and it is not surprising that he should have been more interested in things near at home than he was in those a world away. Further, he was a hard-headed gentleman, and once freed from the magnetism of Columbus and his heart-



The Church of Saint Nicholas, Santo Domingo, Built by Ovando in 1509

rending speech, he began to think once more that things were well off as they were. Of course he must discharge Bobadilla — the royal promise was given for that, and he must keep his word. But as for the reinstatement of Columbus, that was another matter, and one, the King reflected, that could wait on other matters more engrossing and more pressing. Fonseca, recovered from his discomfiture, again gained the King's ear; and Columbus was more than once reminded of those first days of suing, when it seemed that his suit would never have an end.

A gentleman not of the court, Nicholas Ovando, knight of Calatrava, was appointed by the Sovereigns to replace Bobadilla. Ovando, in a word, was a bull-necked, cruel, bigoted, and rather ignorant Spaniard, of whose character and attainments the less said the better. A strange choice, as it proved, for a successor who should be also an improvement over Bobadilla; but the King, not being familiar with Ovando's character, liked him as well as another; and so the matter was settled. He was given powers and authority in full measure; and had orders to oust Bobadilla at once and administer all matters of the government and conduct of the islands according to his best judgment. This arrangement was not at all satisfactory to poor Columbus, who was in hopes of being sent back himself to throw Bobadilla by the heels; but all his endeavors in this direction were in vain. The most that was vouchsafed him was that a deputy should be appointed, in whose selection he should have the deciding word, to look after his interests, and restore to him such property as was actually his own before the advent of Bobadilla. With this Columbus was forced to be content; but the disappointment preyed upon his mind till he became, it would seem, a little deranged.

All these matters had taken time; nearly a year dragged away before Ovando was ready to sail; and all this time the

Admiral, hoping against hope, was falling deeper into the slough of despond. There was, at court, no lack of courtesy and kind treatment now; on the contrary, he was held in the highest honor and esteem, by the Queen's orders, and by his own desert; but he felt himself to be a wronged man, and the iron entered his soul. Deprived of all chance of working, he fell into a sort of stupor, from which he emerged only occasionally. He spent his time in poring over the books of Scripture, reading the works of the old psalmists, and writing long and foolish discourses of his own, on Heaven knows what idle surmises. He thought more than ever now over his plan to rescue the Holy Sepulcher; as his chance of doing this receded further and further from the realm of possibility, he became more of a fanatic than ever on the subject; he tried to induce King Ferdinand to send a crusade to Jerusalem on this pious business; but Ferdinand had other places to put his moneys and declined, promising, however, to send an envoy to treat with the Soldan, whatever good that might be supposed to do.

Hernando, still the Admiral's bosom friend, and now his attendant — almost his nurse — did not dare to leave him for an hour. After the sailing of Ovando he became more despondent than ever; he grew to have long periods when he would neither speak nor move; and Hernando was at his wit's end. Just when all seemed the gloomiest, however, the Admiral, after a long walk one day in the foothills about Granada, returned with the cobwebs blown from his brain, and a clear light in his eye. To Hernando, who eyed him in terror, thinking him in a fever, he called cheerfully:

"I have just remembered; I have another voyage to make!"

"You have, indeed," said Hernando, quietly, with the intent to soothe him. But Columbus smiled on him reassuringly, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

THE PRISONER (*From the etching by Léopold Flameng*)

"Do not fear, my son," said the Admiral, kindly. "I had forgotten, but I now remember many things, and I shall not forget them any more."

The following day he made formal application to the King and Queen for a fleet to make an expedition to the mainland, and to explore that coast with a view to finding a western passage which might or might not be the Chersonese. His proposals were received with favor by the Sovereigns; by the Queen because of her belief in and regard for him, by the King because that seemed the best way to be rid of him. So his petition was granted with a suddenness which must have rather amazed him; and he set about his preparations with considerable caution. He spent much time in arranging all his earthly affairs; he made his will, and prepared his celebrated "Book of Privileges," which related to his titles and perquisites from the Crown, and this book he had duly attested and recorded by a notary at Seville. He selected the men for his fleet with great care; he was to have but four ships, where Ovando had had forty; but he does not seem to have minded the smallness of his fleet; he does not seem to have minded anything, save that he was the Admiral, and that he was about to start on a voyage across the wonderful sea. At no time in his career was he so mindful of the needs and affairs of others, as now; he made arrangement for his sons, Diego and Ferdinand; the latter he finally determined to take with him, greatly to that young man's delight; he was now fourteen years old and not even his father ever looked at the sea more longingly than he. . . . One act of the Admiral at this time, which it is a pleasure to record, is his remembrance of his native town of Genoa, and his neighbors and townspeople. He wrote to the chief bank of the town, and prayed its acceptance of one-tenth of his income, to be applied to lowering the tax on wheat and wine and other foods that made for life.

With this and other matters the time moved swiftly along, and finally it was May, in the year 1502; and there went down to Cadiz, on a bright sunny morning, the Admiral of the Sea. With him went Bartholomew, and the young Ferdinand, and Hernando. Only at Rota Hernando turned aside, and tarried for an hour in a garden in the sun. Tears

General View of the Alhambra

and kisses were on his cheeks when that short hour was sped; and when once more he went his way his heart was not in him. Instead it strayed behind in the garden, where knelt with bowed head a maiden who looked along the winding road with eyes that could not see it.

"Good bye, my lover!" he could hear the words, "God be with you! I know that thou wilt come back to me, past all the hazards in the world!" And he had answered, her cheek pressed close to his:

"I will come back for thee though all the seas should rise to keep me from thee; for thou art my sweetheart and my

love, and at one day, my wife! Ah, shall I not come back? . . . My love, farewell . . . farewell."

The next day from that one, the blue sea lay between them, and Spain was fallen from view. On the poop of his flag-ship the Admiral stood, his age and all his trouble shaken from his soul, eying with clear and dauntless gaze the azure leagues that lay beneath his prow. The man was at his work again: and over the waves to westward fled the little caravels.

Whatever may have been Columbus's failings as administrator of colonies, he was one of the greatest navigators of all time; the precision and surety with which he managed his fleet and made his landfalls have never been surpassed. After a voyage remarkable for its pleasantness and lack of incident, the fleet came in sight of one of the smaller islands of the Indies group, named Martinique; and a pause was made here for wood and water. Next, although in his instructions from the King it was expressly forbidden, Columbus turned his prows toward Hispaniola. The King had thought it better that he stay away from this place, at least until Ovando should have had a chance to bring order out of the chaos which presumably reigned under Bobadilla; but Columbus could not obey — he felt that he must go to Hispaniola, even though he did not stop, and see what was befalling his old enemy Bobadilla and his still older foe Roldan, under the avenging hand of the new governor. And go he did.

In the midst of a wild gale he arrived off the harbor of San Domingo; and so high was the wind and so rough the sea that he did not dare try to enter, but made for a better anchorage farther along the coast. From this point he sent a message to Ovando, asking permission to enter the harbor and to exchange one of his ships, now disabled, for a better one of Ovando's squadron. He was answered with a sharp

denial; Ovando declined to see or to treat with him, and virtually ordered him away. It had not taken long for this man to show of what rank matter he was compact. In fact, they were as precious a lot of villains at San Domingo as one could find in a long day's journey; and Columbus, had he but known, was well out of the place.

"What will you do?" asked Hernando of him, when Ovando's curt message came back. The Admiral, hardly seeming to hear the question, was busy scanning the sky; in the west there was gathering a terrible blackness, which the Admiral watched with growing apprehension. He saw in the harbor he was forbidden to enter the great fleet of Ovando, tugging at its anchors; and his gaze went from them to the storm in the glowering west, now black almost as night.

"I am going to send word to Ovando not to let them sail; for that is a hurricane," he said, decisively; and dispatched his messenger in a dinghy at once to bear that word. Again a curt response came back; the Admiral was told to mind his own affairs; and this, though with foreboding at his heart, he proceeded now to do. He sought the best anchorage he could find, stripped his ships of all their canvas, fastened every sheet and rope that could be fastened, and made ready to ride out the storm which he saw was almost upon him.

It was not so in San Domingo's harbor, where Bobadilla was going aboard the flag-ship of Ovando's fleet, on his way home. It was with relief that he had given over the reins of authority to Ovando; and he was glad to be going home. He had great stores of gold stowed away in the holds of the larger vessels, together with other treasures. In one of the other ships went Roldan — now a prisoner, having been found guilty of divers abuses and crimes by the new governor, and now being sent home for trial; and in a third went

Carvajal, the Admiral's deputy, bearing a small treasure of gold for the Admiral's own account. And in the very teeth of the rising storm, this proud fleet moved out of the harbor, and started eastward along the coast of the island.

Evening fell, and as the darkness increased, the wind rose; soon it was a gale, and by midnight it was blowing with a violence that can hardly be imagined. The sky was rent with terrific thunder-claps, and the white, vivid lightning added to the terror of the storm. The little caravels of the Admiral, though torn and rent by the violence of the wind and the tremendous fury of the water,

The Apartment of the Moorish Queens in the Alhambra

still managed to ride out the gale; their anchors dragging and their hulls pitching and tossing in the blinding night, they yet contrived, somehow, to live till dawn.

Day broke on an angry sea, though the worst of the gale was past. The waters, as far as eye could reach, were bare of ship or spar, save for the Admiral's own ship, and one of his convoy; the other two straggled up in a few days, battered and nearly sinking, but safe. But of that great fleet of four-and-twenty ships, bearing Ovando's flag, which had gone forth so proudly from San Domingo harbor, never but one came back! And that one, by a chance which can hardly but be regarded as an instance of divine interposition, was the ship in which rode Carvajal, the friend and deputy of Columbus. All the rest were drowned, never to be heard of more; it was rumored that two more were seen afloat toward the east end of the island, but they never reached shore. Of all the enemies of Columbus, all those who had done him wrong, the storm had made an end: they had been and they were not. Never again on earth would they rob and torture and betray; they were gone to a further reckoning, and to a coast that no man knoweth.

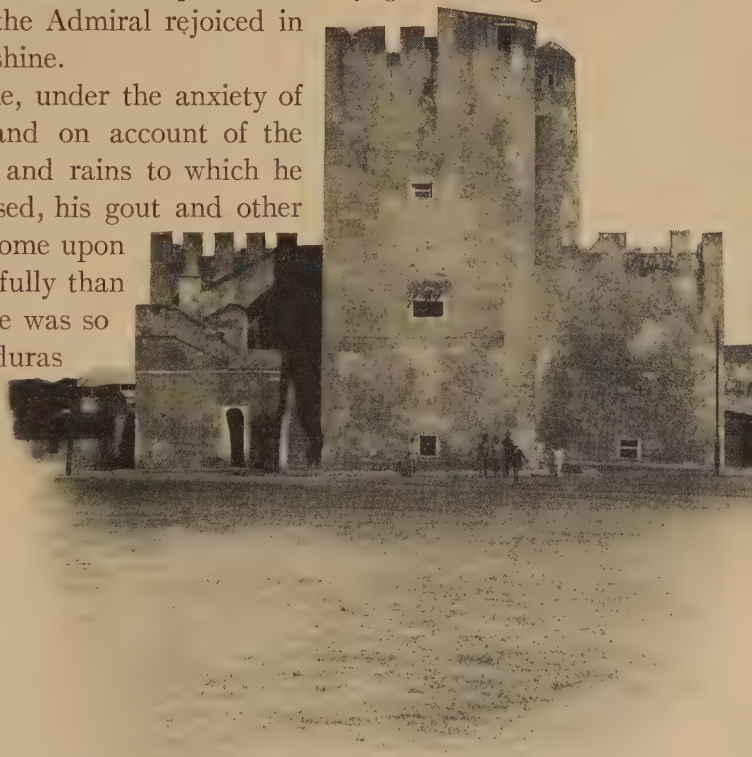
Poetic justice, this, if ever justice was! By one great sweep of the hand of God, the sea was clean. Not even a stick of timber was left to show where all that fleet had been, save where, in the harbor of San Domingo, the caravel of Carvajal, bearing the Admiral's treasure, crept painfully in to anchor. . . . At his refuge in his protected bay, the Admiral lay, repairing the ravages of the storm. He made no effort to return to San Domingo; but on the first fair day, he turned to westward, and sailed for what was to be the last time, into the glory of the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE LAST VOYAGE

IT was about the close of the month of July that the Admiral's fleet came to a halt off the coast of what is now Honduras. They had left Cuba far astern, and after a hard passage through the Gulf, had at last come safely through to dry land once more. Glad enough were all on board to see firm earth, for the weather for the past month had been execrable. But the sight of green trees and luxuriant foliage caused all the pain of the voyage to be forgotten, and even the Admiral rejoiced in the bright sunshine.

At this time, under the anxiety of his position, and on account of the terrible winds and rains to which he had been exposed, his gout and other illnesses had come upon him more painfully than ever before; he was so ill before Honduras was reached that he could not leave his bed. He had ordered his couch to be carried out upon the deck, and from that



THE COLUMBUS CASTLE AT SANTO DOMINGO,
BUILT BY DIEGO COLUMBUS IN 1509

uneasy post of vantage he directed the sailing of his little squadron. Curiously enough, in spite of the pain and torment of his present position, all his solicitude at this time was not for himself, but for others: for Hernando, who watched him night and day with undying vigilance; for his son Ferdinand, who had perforce to endure the same hardships as the men; for Bartholomew, who had not wished to come on this last voyage, but who had done so out of loyalty to the Admiral. For all of these, as well as every man of his crews, the Admiral took thought; and it was with the most devout thankfulness that Hernando saw the land, which was a sign that danger was over, for a while at least.

The full story of the wanderings along this central American coast cannot be told. The Admiral, steadfast and indefatigable in pursuit of his great idea, the search for the Ganges, swept slowly along the shore, always seeking for that great western channel between ocean and ocean, which as we know now, does not exist. For the sake of this end, he gave over the chance of finding Mexico, when the natives told him of rich lands to westward; and kept on, untiring, in his search for that golden strait, which, at Panama, Nature herself seems as though she had tried to make. The fact that the flow of the sea-currents was always east and west perennially gave him hope; and he was always disappointed. He scoured the coast from Honduras southward to the main of South America; nowhere was the strait for which he sought; and at length, after unexampled difficulties and distresses, he determined to give over the hunt, and make his way back to Veragua, where the gold had seemed to be the most plentiful; at least he need not go back empty-handed; and it might be possible, furthermore, to plant a colony there, if all went well.

Could anything have been more lamentably ludicrous and at the same time pathetic than this search for something

10,000 miles away, it would have been this alternative to which Columbus turned. Of all places in the world to plant a colony, this Veragua was almost certainly the worst. There was bad climate, and bad water, and poisonous fruits for the unwary, and there were many tribes of the fiercest and most treacherous natives to be found in four continents. It would not take the Spainards long to make all these discoveries, one after another and all together. It would profit nothing to follow through all the experiences of the white men on this unfriendly coast; suffice it to say that had it not been for Bartholomew and his vigilant generalship, not one Spaniard would ever have left to tell the tale. After one last and bloody battle, in which Bartholomew, according to his custom, was victorious, it was decided to forsake this coast forever; and the little fleet, struggling through the breakers, turned back in the direction of Hispaniola. But not at first; on account of the sea currents, Columbus was forced to beat north along the shore for a great ways before he swung east.

It seemed as though Nature had set herself the task of wearing out once and for all the men on these crazy barks. Three little ships, the largest less than a hundred feet in length, and all three leaking like sieves, made rotten with worm-holes, their canvas rent by gales, their ropes strained and soaked so that they parted in every storm, — these were the things left to the mercy of the hurricane-swept southern sea. At the first landing place it was found necessary to abandon one of the three ships; her crew piled into the other two, and the mad cruise continued. Christopher was in command of one ship, Bartholomew of the other.

Across the leagues they went, battered and wind-beaten, a leak in every seam so that the pumps were never idle; yet still, indomitably, urged by the soul that did not know how to give up, they kept up the unequal fight. Along the south-

ern coast of Cuba their desperate way they found, and it began to seem as though they might reach Hispaniola and safety, after all. . . . It was not to be. When they were about opposite the island of Jamaica, they were beset by a hurricane so frightful in intensity that there was never any question of the outcome. No ships and no shipmasters

THE PLAZA OF COLUMBUS IN SANTO DOMINGO

could have ridden out that gale; and with these hulks that were no longer ships, it was seen to be only a matter of hours. Columbus gave orders to make for the shore, and head on they rushed for safety, with the tempest snatching for their lives.

Neck and neck they raced with death; and not in vain; the two little vessels sank their noses in the deep sand of the shore of Jamaica, and with the waves like mountains over their spars, they stopped and were still. Their battle with

the deep was over. And on the shore, beneath a flimsy shelter that they made, the Spaniards gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

Gratitude is a worthy sentiment; but it commonly does not last long. It was rather less than two days after their preservation from death that the men of Columbus's ship-

THE GREATER PLAZA OF MADRID

wrecked company were clamoring, and in no gentle or uncertain tones, for food and for clothing, and for some manner of escape from this hospitable isle that had saved them from the sea. Columbus, who seems to have been expecting this manifestation of one of the oldest and most fundamental of human traits, was ready for them. He announced that he had already made arrangements, through his right-hand man, Diego Mendez, of whom more will be seen, looking to the establishment of regular food supplies from several Indian tribes, each independently of the others, so that there might be no danger of failure. This news was greeted with

acclaim, and for a while the mutterings ceased. Not for long; there are malcontents in every company, and these men had endured much and were sorely tried. Two among them, the brothers Porras, were especially raucous in their insistence that the Admiral devise some way of getting them off this wretched island, and back to civilization and Hispaniola!

Of this thing Columbus thought long; his ships were disabled; there was no way of building more; yet he could not establish communication with Hispaniola, a hundred miles away across the open sea, without ships to do it in. Brother Bartholomew was called into consultation; Hernando's opinion was asked; all in vain; it remained for Señor Diego Mendez to hit upon the plan that promised success. Mendez spoke of his plan to the Admiral, and together they schemed how the matter could best be broached. It was nothing less than for some one to take one of the large native canoes, with half a dozen Indians for rowers, and row across this tempest-ridden waste of water which cut them off from food and home and friends. A ticklish piece of work; small wonder that Columbus at first demurred, and said that no one would be willing to undertake so desperate an endeavor. "Give them a chance," said Mendez, hopefully, and Columbus agreed to lay it before his company.

"Men," said Columbus to the assembled crews, "I have come to the belief that there is but one way of escape from this island. Shall I tell you of the plan that has been proposed to me by one of your number?"

"Yes!" they cried. "Tell us the plan — any plan — for getting us away from this place!" They were of one mind on that.

"The plan is this: that one of you shall take the large Indian canoe which we have, and with six Indians for row-

ers, shall row across this sea to bring rescue from Hispaniola. That is the plan which has been proposed to me."

A dead silence ensued, broken at length by murmurs and mutterings.

"He is mad!" one voice said. "A man would be a fool to try it!" said another. "He jests with us!" growled a third; and a sullen undercurrent of discontent and anger started among the listeners. One man cried indignantly:

"It is impossible: it would be death to try it!" and the others echoed his words. Then, smilingly, from amongst them, stepped forth Diego Mendez.

"I will go, my Admiral!" he said. . . . It was all settled.

While Diego Mendez is making his preparations and getting his provisions and men together, he deserves an *ave atque vale* all his own. Of all the men who in his life had served the Admiral, there was none more true than this. Mendez was a Spanish cavalier of gentle birth, great valor, a judicious supply of braggadocio, and a signal and conspicuous loyalty which has never been excelled in all the annals of service. He lived long after his Admiral's death, was engaged in many and valorous exploits, and died esteemed and respected by all who had heard his name. On his tomb he requested no high honors or titles graven, merely a simple sentence to commemorate this one deed, by which he desired alone to be remembered, — namely, that he had, in a piece of wood hollowed into a boat, navigated 300 leagues of trackless sea, in and for the service of his Admiral and his country! Under his sculptured tombstone let him rest in peace, and in the honor that is his due.

Amid a breathless silence, with all the company drawn up on the shore to see him off, Diego and his Indians embark upon their perilous cruise. Soon they are out of sight; and those who are left settle down to wait as best they may.

They have not long to wait. Four days later Diego returns, not having even been to sea; he had been captured by natives who, while disputing as to the best method of putting him to death, loose their hold upon him for just one moment. That is enough for him; and he makes the best of his escape. Another brave man has come to light in the meantime, however, so when Diego starts again, he has a companion, one Fieschi, so that there are two canoes and two crews of Indians. And Bartholomew, to guard against another attack from the shore, agrees to patrol the coast till the canoes are safely on their way; and this he does. The long row to eastward begins; and Jamaica, with its crew of hungry and discontented seamen, is left to its own devices.

Sorry devices they were, too, and mean; and all the evil that was in the minds of these men now came to the top. Columbus, on his back with a combination of fever and gout, and with his eyes paining him so intensely that he could not bear the light, was helpless to keep the malcontents in order; and Bartholomew, stout captain as he was, could not do it single-handed. Indeed it is doubtful if any one could have done it. The brothers Porras were the ringleaders in the sowing of sedition; and no trick was too petty, no lie too cowardly, for them to try. They made desperate endeavors to seduce away all the Admiral's followers one by one; they tried to poison his food, to infuriate the natives against him so that he and his men would die of starvation. Angels of peace, the brothers Porras!

In one of their designs, at least, they were successful; and that was the alienation of the natives. By a series of tortures and outrages, which they told the victims were done by the Admiral's orders, they raised all the tribes at that end of the island about the Admiral's ears. Had it not been for a most opportune eclipse, used adroitly by Columbus to convince the Indians of his kinship with God and the sun,

THE SHIPWRECK (*From the drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

the history of the shipwreck would have ended summarily then and there. But the eclipse, fortunately, came off according to schedule; and Columbus made such capital out of the affair that his troubles with the Indians were over once and for all.

Meanwhile the days were stretching into weeks; and still no word from Mendez. The Admiral made up his mind, mournfully, almost heartbrokenly, that Mendez had perished; and he grieved as much over the death of a brave man as over the plight in which he now believed himself left. It was now nearly five months since Mendez had departed on his perilous mission; he must certainly have been lost, or word would have come ere this. To Hernando he said nothing of his fear, nothing to Bartholomew; and still the time wore away.

In the early part of March, 1504, eight months after Mendez's embarkation, a shout rang through the little settlement, which fell like celestial music on the ears of the weary Spaniards.

"A sail!" cried the voice, and again: "A sail!" The whole band of exiles echoed that cry; and rushing down to the water's edge, they strained their eyes to see this precious thing, a sail! A small caravel was standing off the harbor, and soon a boat was seen coming ashore. In it was a lieutenant of Ovando's, one Escobar, and he, advancing to within a bowshot of where the Admiral stood waiting, announced that he desired to have speech with him.

Bitterness upon bitterness! This was no rescue party, Columbus found; it was rather, on the part of Ovando, a scouting party, sent to find out in what straits the exiles were, and how far he dared to go in his outrageous and neglectful treatment. By Escobar he sent merely a curt message, saying that he had been too busy to get over to Jamaica, but that he hoped Columbus was safe and com-

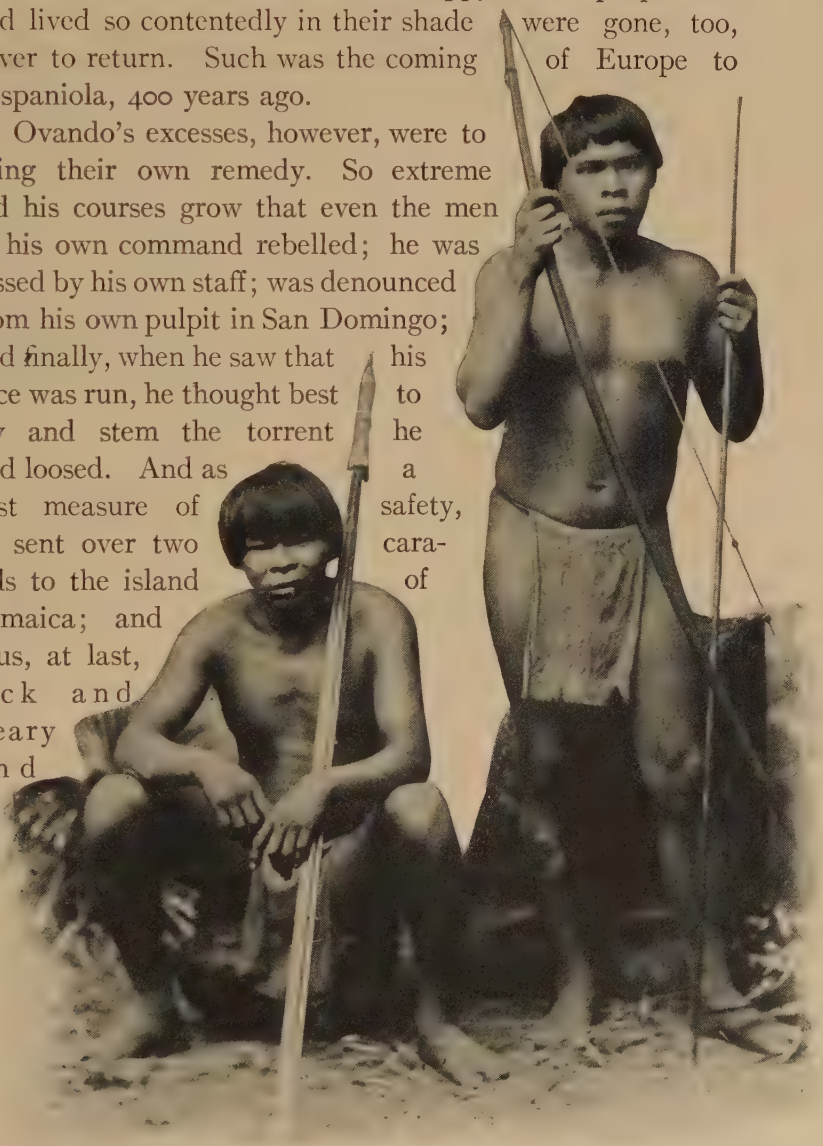
fortable, and that Escobar would take any letters that the Admiral cared to write. Altogether, as insulting a missive as could be sent; and the Admiral's pale cheek flushed at the bitterness of it. There was nought to do but write the letter, however, and write it he did, setting forth in moving terms the plight of the little company, and praying that a relief party be at once dispatched.

The long hours of waiting now began once more, this time more sad even than before, on account of the hope that had come to nought. The brothers Porras, with their mutineers, now roaming loose over the island, at this juncture determined to try heroic measures, and they set upon Bartholomew one day as he was aboard with a small party and strove to kill him. They had evidently recognized him as the bone and sinew of the defence; but they had not realized sufficiently what manner of fighting man he was. Of the six who came against him, he slew five, all in a minute's space, and put the other to flight. Porras, the leader, was so impressed with this fact that he soon after acceded to the Admiral's offers of pardon, and returned to the fold — a questionable addition to any colony.

A month passed wearily by; two months; and still no word from Ovando. Could Columbus have seen what this man was making of life on Hispaniola, he would have marveled at being rescued at all. Ovando, autocrat, was become one of the greatest devils that ever wore the guise of man. Fire and sword, murder, torture, and outrage, sped by his hard and bloody hands, had reduced the fair island to a veritable shambles of death. It can profit us nothing to dwell on the reign of terror under a man without conscience or mercy; it had begun when he came into power, and it continued till all the natives were dead, and there were no more to slay. In that bright land where, so many years before, the children of Nature had smiled a welcome at the

white men, and had thought them sent from Heaven, where the birds had sung like nightingales in Spring, and where everything had been happiness and beauty and peace, nothing was left but woe. The trees were as green as before, but the birds were flown, and the happy brown people who had lived so contentedly in their shade were gone, too, never to return. Such was the coming of Europe to Hispaniola, 400 years ago.

Ovando's excesses, however, were to bring their own remedy. So extreme did his courses grow that even the men of his own command rebelled; he was hissed by his own staff; was denounced from his own pulpit in San Domingo; and finally, when he saw that his race was run, he thought best to try and stem the torrent he had loosed. And as a first measure of safety, he sent over two caravels to the island of Jamaica; and thus, at last, sick and weary and



CARIBS: UNCONQUERED BY SPAIN

nearly blind, Columbus set foot again upon the land of his dearest discovery, and was borne to the governor's house.

So Mendez's heroic voyage in his frail canoe had not been a failure, after all; and the long months of exile were at an end. For weeks the Admiral lay helpless upon his

THE TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

couch in the governor's house, and fought with the ills that were never more to leave him. From Ovando he received only a grudging courtesy, and in the failing state of his mind this was a torture added to those of nature's assessing. One day he turned his head wearily to Hernando, and said:

"I must go — to Spain."

On his coverlet lay his hand, feeble and wrinkled; and Hernando, thinking of the days when it had held the tiller in the face of all the winds of God, turned away his face. As he did so, the sick man spoke again, painfully, and lower:

"Tell Bartholomew . . . that we must go . . . home."

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOME!

A TINY caravel sailed homeward across the infinite ocean. Behind it lay the things for which a life had been, for which a life was to be given. On the horizon, into the mist, had faded the World whose finding had been so difficult, yet so simple and so wonderful a thing. And in the cabin of the single little ship lay in a feverish stupor the man whom not all these purple leagues had power to daunt. Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Sea, was out upon the sea once more, for what was to be his last voyage. It seemed as though the sea must guess it, as though Neptune, god of those angry waters, now yammered for revenge. And the sea rose up under his hand, at the shaking of his trident, and the winds rose too. The caravel, so small to be pitted against such tremendous forces, went on her changeless way.

Round her in millions rose the hands of the angry breakers, tearing for her heart. Yes, this sea realized that her last chance had come to humble him who had humbled her! and summoned all the ministers of might to aid in her endeavor. Royally round the tiny bark the forces of the deep came to this unequal war; the winds, blowing as they were a thousand winds, whipped the wild water to wilder anger yet; the howling of the storm was as the steady roaring of a thousand monstrous and gigantic throats; and the very sky above them opened to add the fury of the lightning and the thunderbolt to this last and most tremendous effort of the deep. Howl your worst, ye winds, ye cannot harm him now! Had he been meant to die by the sea, he would have died long since. He is your master, not your subject, and,

if he hears you now, it is only to muse that this sea, who conquered all, could not conquer him. But he does not hear, for he is fallen asleep; and all this final tribute wakes him not. Nor will he wake till, with that voyage done, into the harbor of San Lucar the ship comes home.

November 7, 1504, Columbus landed from his final voyage. Old and broken and sick, he was borne ashore upon the soil of his adopted land.

Segovia and its Ancient Amphitheater

As they reached the wharf with him, he opened his eyes, and spoke: "Is this home?" he asked, faintly. And they told him, "Yes."

It was thought well to take him first to Seville, where he could have peace and rest; and to Seville, cautiously and slowly, they took him. He rallied somewhat as they reached the town, the first scene of his great triumphs when his deed was new; and the old light, or a flicker of the old light, came back into his eyes. Bartholomew and Hernando found for him a place where he could be in quiet, and here

for a long time he lay in a stupor, while the days passed. To the anxious waiters at his bedside came, while the stupor still was on him, grievous news, news that they dared not tell him.

The Tower of the Alcázar at Segovia
(*From the engraving by Petit*)

A fortnight after the arrival at Seville, they found him one morning with his full soul back in his body. He lay regárding them quietly, and somewhat aloof, as though he were withdrawn a little from the life that they knew. They looked at him in awe, for full prescience was in his eyes, and they saw that he knew what it was they had to tell him.

"Do not fear to tell me," he said, with a wraith of a smile touching his lips, "for I know it already: I know that — the Queen — is gone!"

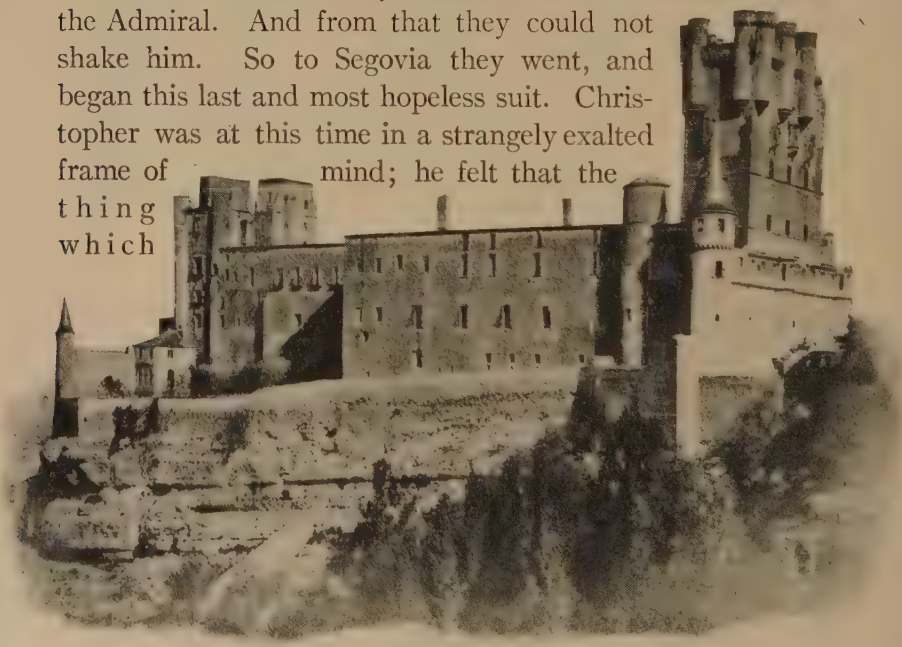
He closed his eyes for a moment, and when he reopened

them, the light of life gleamed there more strongly than before.

"I have one thing to do; then I will go to seek what she hath found," he said. And his voice was stronger than it had been for many weeks. In two months from this time he was able to be about, in another two he was ready to travel; and in May, 1505, the little embassy started on its last quest. They turned their steps to Segovia, where Ferdinand held his court.

It was in vain that Bartholomew tried to dissuade him from the journey; he knew, shrewd, human-hearted old Bartholomew, that Christopher was pursuing a phantom made of substance thinner than air. He knew too well that the Admiral's last friend at court had gone when the great Queen breathed her last. He knew that Ferdinand was now under the thumb of Fonseca, utterly and completely, and that the grace that would be gained from that precious pair was sadly less than none. "Why must you go?" he asked Christopher, earnestly.

"He must confirm my contract with the Crown!" said the Admiral. And from that they could not shake him. So to Segovia they went, and began this last and most hopeless suit. Christopher was at this time in a strangely exalted frame of mind; he felt that the thing which



The Alcázar at Segovia

he asked was become a sort of symbol. Being deprived of all other hold on life, all the currents of his soul turned themselves into this channel. It was his due and his right, that the Crown should make good the promises made by the Crown! It was not only the honor and the dignity for which he sought, it was the capping of his Dream. He had done what no man could do: but without the recognition of the world, the glory of the doing came to nought.

It became an obsession; it was the one thing now for which he lived, the one hope that held together his failing frame. Freed from the urging of this last ambition, he would have collapsed as utterly as any house of cards.

In his weakness, action was out of the question. When first he reached Segovia, he had, it is true, visited the court, and, in the silence of the crowded room of state, had presented in person his petition to his King. Ferdinand, who was nothing if not suave, received him with no lack of honor, and assured him that his requests would have prompt attention from the proper authorities; with this assurance the Admiral was forced to be content. He went back to his house and waited.

The days went by. From the King came not a word; from his friends, who moved restlessly among the followers of the court, seeking for some word of encouragement, he could gain no help. The long hours grouped themselves into days, and the days into weeks; and still no word. So, while he was still able, he presented himself once more at his King's feet, asking that his petition have early attention, and praying that the first, fine, honorable promises of Castile and Aragon to their "Admiral of the Seas" be redeemed.

Ferdinand, by this time, had no intention whatever of redeeming them. He had gone over the matter thoroughly with Fonseca, and they two had come to the decision to let well enough alone. The Admiral was in no want of money,

he had done his work, there was no more to be gotten out of him, -- why then waste good honors and dignities and emoluments by giving them needlessly away? This was their reasoning, and good enough reasoning it was, too, saving that one small point of honor. Moreover, as Fonseca knew, the Admiral was growing more feeble every day, and presently he would be dead, and there would be an end of the matter! Meanwhile, let them play for time.

Play for time accordingly they did. On Columbus' second application, as he stood before them, gaunt, grey, and hollow-eyed, he was told that the matter of his petition had been placed in the hands of a commission, which would go into it carefully, and sift his demands with the utmost circumspection. He could be sure that he would receive full justice and consideration from them. Columbus may be pardoned if a cold chill went down his back at the mention of another commission: all through his life, the name of commission had meant ruin to him. Whenever Fate had had for him a bitter blow to inflict, it had been by a commission that it had been delivered. So it was with bitterness in his heart that he turned homeward, to wait the finding of this one.

Every morning at his waking, he asked of those about him: "Is any word come?" and as often they responded in the negative. These were busy times at court, and the commission had other matters to attend to, aside from their duties as commissioners. Ferdinand, whose mourning for his Queen had not been of long duration nor of high intensity, was already opening negotiations for another bride, and the court was busy with its preparations. About this time it shifted to Salamanca, and all the followers of the court perforce shifted too; with them, feebly and far in the rear, Columbus and his faithful few. Those who were with him at this time were Bartholomew, and Hernando, and that

The Cathedral of Saint Mary, at Salamanca

brave man and stout canoeist, Diego Mendez. Christopher's son Diego spent most of his time actually at the court, and communicated with his father only at irregular intervals. From Salamanca the court went to Valladolid, thence back to Salamanca; but to this place Columbus did not go again. In a little house in the Calle Juana, now called the Calle de Colon, he took up his last residence on this earth. In February, 1506, they carried him into the little stone house in a quiet Valladolid street, which portal he was never again to cross.

His illness of mind returned upon him here, with greater heaviness than before, and for whole days he lay without thought or movement. On other days he would be bright and cheerful, and full of hopes and schemes for the gaining of his desire. But every morning, grey day or bright, his insistent soul flickered into life long enough for the asking of his perpetual query:

"Is there . . . any word from the King?"

It was cold, the end of that winter, and the beginning of that spring. The room in which he lay so still was often cold, in spite of all the efforts of his watchers; but he did not seem to mind, nor to feel it. With his mind withdrawn inside himself, away from their seeing, he pondered secret things.

It was at Valladolid that Hernando brought to his bedside a lady who touched the sick man's hand with tender and ineffable sympathy. The Admiral was conscious that day, and he looked affectionately upon Hernando, his eyes asking the question his lips were too weary to frame.

The lady knelt beside the bed, and spoke softly into the sick man's ear.

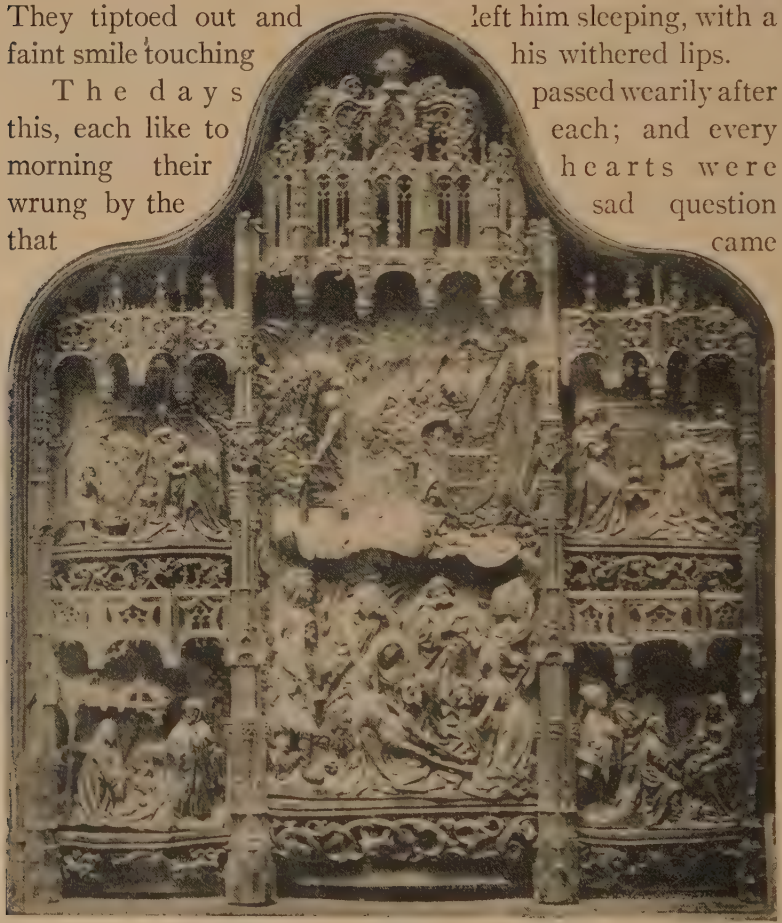
"I am Christina, the daughter of Medina Celi," she said. "I am the beloved of Hernando Estévan, who loveth you also so well."

He regarded her for a long moment in silence, through half-shut eyes.

"I remember," he said at last. "Thou art the little maiden that he rescued from the bull!" She nodded her assent.

"Thou are well loved," he whispered, after a moment. "May God bless thee and thine!" They waited for a while after that, but he said no more. And in a few moments they saw that he had fallen into a light sleep. They tiptoed out and left him sleeping, with a faint smile touching his withered lips.

The days passed wearily after this, each like to each; and every morning their hearts were wrung by the sad question that came



The Carved Altar-Piece at Valladolid

inevitably and unvarying from the sick man's mouth: "Is any word come from the King?"

No word had come. No word, they knew now all too well, ever was to come. Christopher, in his saner moments, knew it, too; and knew further that in a very short time it would matter to him no more. On his good days he spent his time putting his affairs in order. He went over, with Hernando's help, his old Book of Privileges, and laid commands upon Diego to prosecute his suits after he himself should be gone where no suits were for suing. He made his will, or rather revised his old will, adding codicils and clauses. To Hernando he left one of the old charts of that first voyage, with his blessing, and with the request that Hernando's first son be named for him. Bartholomew was made coëxecutor of the will, and the Admiral laid upon him, as upon his son Diego, the task of claiming from the Crown the things that had been promised in the old days, before the wonderful sailing.

Late in the spring, it was reported that Philip of Austria, who was to succeed, under the Queen's will, to the throne of Castile, was nearing Spain. He had married Juana, the daughter of Isabella, and Columbus, snatching at straws, felt that he must try to win over these new members of Spain's royal family to his cause. So he besought Bartholomew to go forward with the court to greet the new prince, and solicit his support.

Bartholomew looked him long in the face, and went. Perhaps he knew he should not see him again. For after the departure of Bartholomew, Christopher seemed to grow more feeble; he had longer periods of unconsciousness, and the times when he was rational were growing fewer and fewer. So the long end of winter dragged on, and at last, faintly and uncertainly, came in the spring.

The month of May opened sourly, with rain and cold,

and the month mellowed slowly. The winds that blew in the little chamber window were keen and chill, and the sick man shivered on his couch. He rarely spoke now; even his insistent question about the King's message was no longer to be heard. He lapsed gradually into a stupor from which he seldom roused; and the leech who hung over his bedside said by the gravity of his face that the end was not far away. Hernando wished to send for Bartholomew, but dared not, for fear the Admiral should wake and see that Bartholomew had given over the suit at the court of Philip. . . . The days went slowly by, leaden-footed.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS

Toward the middle of the month it was seen that he was weaker; he drew his breath with difficulty, and the motion of his heart could hardly be felt. The leech, who came swiftly in answer to Hernando's urgent summons, signified that it was merely a matter of hours; and the mournful household, their ears straining for the slightest noise, settled down to the bitter work of waiting for the end. Outside, in the quiet street, no sound came to break the stillness.

On the morning of May 20, it was known that he was dying. The grey shades had gathered about his mouth, and his pulse had sunk to merely a flicker of movement. Through the old house a hush went, and those who moved therein went with their breath held, their hearts a dumb weight in their bosoms. By a swift change, the weather that day was mild; the breeze that crept through the open casement was scented with the fragrance of a thousand gardens. The first true hour of spring was within the air. As the hours went by toward noon, and still the sick man did not waken, they began to fear that he never would; but the leech gave them hope.

"He will waken before the end," he kept repeating; and it was true. As the hours wore on down the long slope to evening and the sun stole around to peer in at the window, it fell softly and mellowly upon the faded cover of the bed. It struck upon the Admiral's hand, lying motionless upon that cover; and at the warmth or the glory of that touch, something stirred in the almost silent blood, and the sick man awoke. Perhaps the ray of the sun reminded him of the suns in his glorious tropics, or perhaps it had been the long continued breath of the flowers and spring which had roused the numbed senses for a little hour of life before the night.

His eyes opened slowly; for a moment they fell straight before him; then turned to see the little group at the bed's head. To his son Ferdinand he spoke first, taking him by the hand with his feeble, fumbling fingers.

"Good bye, my son," he whispered. "I give thee my blessing!" His voice trailed off into silence, and Ferdinand, blind-eyed, allowed himself to be taken into another room. Remained, beside the leech, only Hernando now, and Diego Mendez. And the latter the Admiral similarly dismissed, with his smile that was but the shadow of a smile, and his

blessing, that was but the echo of a blessing. And Diego Mendez, his honest features working in his grief, obeyed the motion of the leech, and stole quietly away. To the two thus left behind, the Admiral gave no heed; rather did he accept them as he had accepted life, as he was now to accept death. And they, watching that face from which the current of the soul was gradually ebbing, said no word for their part, but waited, in a sorrowful, pulsing silence, for the coming of night.

Already it was twilight; the sun had sunk behind the stone coping of the garden across the way, and the shadows were gathering, longer and darker. In an hour it would be full night. Still no word from the silent figure on the bed, and still the two, at bed-head and bed-foot, kept their unrelaxing watch.

Just before night he spoke, but so low that they did not at first catch the words; and in a moment he repeated them, turning his face toward Hernando.

"It is dark," he said. "I cannot see to read what the King has writ!"

"I will bring lights," said Hernando in his ear, after a glance at the leech. They brought a light hastily, and shading the sick man's eyes, they set the taper down on the table beside the bed. In a moment he spoke again.

"I cannot read the words — this is his message? You say this is his message that he sends to the Admiral?" And they told him "Yes."

"It is well, then. I will not read it now; I shall wait until the morning. Take the parchment, thou!" He handed a scroll to Hernando. Whence he had gotten it they did not know, nor had they seen it in his hand. But when they would have put it on the table, a light frown crossed the Admiral's face.

"No," he whispered. "Put it there!" He raised his

THE LAST MOMENTS OF COLUMBUS (*From the painting by Baron Wappers*)

eyes the merest trifle to the bed-head, where hung the chains of Bobadilla. "There, with the other gifts of my King! He is not like her; but she is gone with God!"

His voice was stronger, and in his eyes came a glimmer of the dead fire. He moved restlessly upon the couch, fretting at the covers. Suddenly he raised his head, and looked them straight in the eyes.

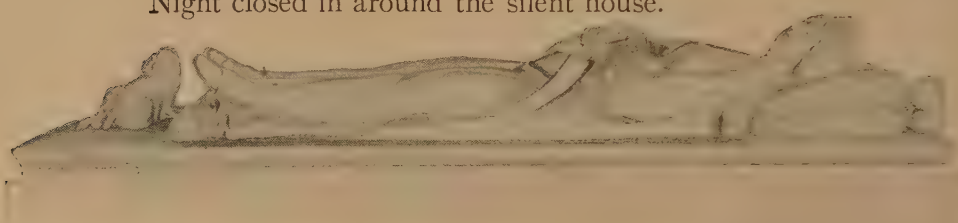
"Bring me the charts!" he cried. "The compass is not right!" They strove to quiet him; he would not be still. With a natural movement, he raised himself upon his elbow, and as he did so, the light from the taper struck full upon his eye. A quiver ran through his whole body. Instantly he sat erect, his arms flung wide above his head, his eyes wide and brilliant.

"The light!" he cried, in a thrilling voice, that rang through the little room like the call of clear trumpets. "The light on Guanahani! Dost thou not see it, Niño? Is it

not there?" He turned on Hernando, who rushed forward to catch him in his arms. Even as he did so, the arms fell. In the great eyes the life went out, and with a shudder, but without a sound, the body sank backward upon the bed, and lay quite still.

The leech placed his hand upon the unmoving breast. Then, sliding to his knees, he made the sign of the Cross. . . . It was ended.

Night closed in around the silent house.



THE TOMB OF GOOD QUEEN ISABELLA

CHAPTER XXIX

"I AM FOR THE NEW!"

THEY buried the dead Columbus in the Franciscan convent in Valladolid, with only the simplest tablet to mark the place. This life, which had been so vividly alive, was over; and for the first generation's time, never man more utterly dead than this one. He who had been the focus of the world's eyes was sick, died, and was buried, and the world never knew.

In Spain no murmur ran through the land, no rumor spread from lip to lip, that the Admiral was dead. For them, for the people in whose honor he had striven, he had died long since, when his first great work was done. They were wasting neither sympathy nor tears upon his unnoticed bier. So unimportant an occurrence was the death of Columbus considered that no mention of it is to be found in any of the records of Valladolid, save the bare notice of the burial; even that is not fully admitted to be genuine, but is believed to have been the entry of some later hand at the burial records. No word was sent to the court, so that many weeks elapsed before the King knew; even the young Diego Columbus had to wait, as had Bartholomew, for notification by personal letter from Mendez. When at last the news reached the royal court, it caused no comment other than casual, though the King is reported to have said perfunctorily: "Rest his soul!" To which he probably added in his own soul a little word of thankfulness at being done with the man's importunities at last.

Of all this, Columbus, lying peacefully at rest in his leaden box, knew nothing and cared less. He could afford

to wait for his honors now, could afford to smile at time, sure of his place at last; for the years would give back what the years witheld, and the balance swings level in the end.

So his clay went back to clay, and there was an end of it; but his Dream that had become his soul did not die in that year, nor in any year. The thing which kept him alive for

THE CASKET WHICH CONTAINED ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF COLUMBUS AND HIS SON DIEGO

fifty-odd years will keep him alive five times five thousand, — for it is of the things which cannot die. Lacking his Dream, what was he? Strip him of it, what remains? . . . Only a good map-maker, a skillful navigator, a devout Catholic; also a shrewd courtier, a somewhat unprincipled schemer for his own ends, a man of earnestness, vanity, and bombast, — in short, one of Nature's strange, whimsically-compounded human animals, no better than many of his fellows, not so good as some.

Then came his great vision, fusing in its crucible the good and the base, and turning the residue to an instrument of its own. From the moment of the coming of this vision, this man was no more the man he had been before; he was the herald of the thing he bore within him. And so great a thing was that, that its echo in the world shall never cease

THE VAULT WHERE COLUMBUS AND HIS SON DIEGO WERE INTERRED IN THE CATHEDRAL AT SANTO DOMINGO

till there be no longer any hills nor any winds whereby an echo may be kept alive.

It is a curious thing, too, in reflection, to think that Columbus himself never knew how great a thing it was that he had done. He never knew that he had found a New World; it was not until some time after his death that the truth was grasped. He died believing that he had found Cathay; never guessing how much more wonderful a find had been his: not a new way to an old world, but a New World! Side

by side for centuries had life gone on in these two separate channels, not so very far apart, yet as distant as star from star; side by side life might have gone on for centuries more, had it not been for a Genoese sailor, and the vision and the soul that was in him. The mortal part of him lay stilled at Valladolid, and the priests chanted a requiem for him. But over the waters where he had shown a way, life that would not be stilled moved and moved, ceaselessly and forever, back and forth, till it was no longer two rivers of life, but one.

At Valladolid, when the grey stones had closed together, two men stood facing the world. For a moment they stood there together, and then each took up his own way, to follow it to the end. They parted with a handclasp and a godspeed.

"Farewell, and luck be to you!" said Diego Mendez, with an effort at cheer. And Hernando replied also as cheerfully as the words would come:

"Farewell, thee!" Then they went their separate ways.

Hernando, to whom the world was now bleak, with a single bright spot within all its boundaries, made straight for that spot. To Cadiz he turned his steps, leaving behind him the towers of Valladolid forever. His journey south was was one of impatience; he spurned the leagues as fast as might be; but still they seemed too long. On the evening of a long June day, his weary feet led him along a white road that wound slowly up a hill.

The sun was setting behind the western slopes, and the crimson light flooded the hills. The white dust, heavy and thick, lay deep in the road, and he was glad of its softness to his feet. He had been on the road since early in the morning, and the end of his journey was in sight. On the summit of the hill shone the sunlight on the granite walls of the castle at Rota, the old grey castle in the hills, the castle to which,

that day so long ago, he had followed to her home her whom his heart was always to follow.

As he walked along the road, the white dust bathing him to the knees, he lost himself in thinking of that first day at the other house in Cadiz. How long ago it seemed! He could recall the faint odor of the garden which they passed at the last turning; he remembered the little courtyard they had entered, and the dark room into which Medina Celi had ushered them. He remembered too, the long corridor down which he had gone, in answer to an imperious bidding, and the other room, also dark, at the end of that corridor, and her, who waited in that room. In his mind's eye he could see her still, with the flower above her flower-like face, facing him so haughtily in the scorn of her young maidenhood. . . . He remembered how he had knelt — and the touch of his lips on her hand.

He fumbled in his breast and pulled forth the pin; in all this time the little silver thing had never left him. He looked on it silently, before restoring it to its place. He was ascending the hill, by this time, and the low grey wall was close at hand. He cast a half-abashed look at his clothes, torn and dusty from his journey, but pressed on. After a moment he was sounding the hammer at the gate; and in another moment the bent figure of an old servant stood before him, eying his strange appearance with suspicion.

"I am Hernando Estévan! I have come to see Señorita Doña de Medina Celi!"

"She cannot be seen!" grumbled the old man sourly, preparing to shut the gate in the visitor's face. Hernando, unprepared for this, spoke again.

"I pray you to bear her the news that I am here. I think she will see me!"

"I think she will not," repeated the other. "There is death here."

"Death?" echoed Hernando blankly. "Who is dead here?"

"The master, — God rest his soul! — the duke, our master!" And the old servant blinked as he spoke. Hernando recovered himself swiftly.

"Bear her the word that Hernando Estévan is here," he said again, more confidently than before. "I will wait here in the courtyard while you carry her that word." Brushing past the old fellow, he moved on into the courtyard, and flung himself down upon a low stone bench by the wall. The servant grumbled, but presently ambled away, banging the house door behind him.

In a moment he returned, with civility in his manner.

"The señorita bids you enter," he said, bowing shakily; and held the door open for Hernando to pass through. He entered a living-room that he had memory of. His guide muttered something, and left him. After another moment he returned, and saying, "Come hither!" he led Hernando down the corridor that led to the other wing of the castle. Here, through an open doorway he could see the roses of the garden; and through that door he passed, the heart of him thrilling to its core.

She stood among the roses, at the far end of the arbor, and when she saw him coming she raised her arms. In her eyes was a great glow. Hernando, his own eyes never leaving her own, came forward swiftly, till he was close, very close. He reached forward and took her in his arms. . . .

Evening found them still there. But at last, when the lights were lighted in the house, they went inside. Hernando, remembering his attire, blushed for the travel-stain that was on him; but she laughed him to gentle scorn.

They supped in the great dining-room. Hernando marveled somewhat, seeing that the duke was so recently dead, at the grandeur of the hall and of the table. Christina, see

THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM AT SANTO DOMINGO

ing his look and guessing his thought, spoke softly to him of the reason for so much of state. "It was my father's wish," she said simply. "He made me promise that so would I receive the Admiral, or him who came from the Admiral. And thou art he! My father saw nothing shameful, nor dishonorable, in death. He died, the body of him, only a month ago; but the heart that loved me and that I love did not die; it will live with me while I live. . . . He would not have wished me to mourn."

In the great hall, then, they supped, with the good duke's silver on the table. They talked in low voices and reverently of the Admiral, and his last days. Then the talk fell on Christina and her situation. She was now left an orphan, for her mother had been dead many years. She had been, at one time, a ward of Queen Isabella, but now the Queen was dead, and that wardship was dissolved. She came, in her own right, into all the estates of her father; but these, should she marry without the King's consent, would be forfeited to the Crown. The King held her as ward now, since her father's death; and the King had ideas of his own in regard to the estates of his wards.

"We must be married at once, sweetheart," said Hernando quietly.

"Yes," she answered. "I will marry thee when thou shalt ask it."

A fortnight later they were married in the old stone convent at Cadiz. Christina was attended only by her serving-woman and an old servitor, and the ceremony was performed at twilight by the abbot of the ancient church. They came out of the grey, dim room, man and wife, and walked down the road together.

The King had, as they had guessed, refused his consent to the marriage, and all the estates of Medina Celi were forfeit to the Crown. It was of course possible to seek redress

through the channel of the Church, where something might have been done, but Christina would not do it, nor did Hernando wish to have her. He himself had resources enough for the immediate future, and another idea was simmering in his brain. Before he was quite ready to put it into words, however, Fate forced his hand. To him, at Cadiz, came a messenger from the royal chancellor at Madrid.

"What want you with me?" demanded Hernando, sharply. The man handed him a letter, bearing the royal seal. Briefly, its purport was that there was no heir to the house of Estévan. Garcia Estévan, his father's brother, had

Interior of the Cathedral at Havana

died without male issue, — and to Hernando, as next of kin, if he could prove that he was next of kin, would revert the whole of the Estévan estates. Hernando bade the envoy enter; and went with the matter to his wife, to whom he told it all, aided by the envoy who supplied what facts had been left untold.

Casket Holding the Sacred Dust of Columbus

Christina refused to give her opinion. "You must decide this for yourself," she said gently; and would say no more regarding it.

"Tell me this," said Hernando to the chancellor's deputy. "Who loses the estates that I thus gain?" "Garcia's three children, three young maids," was the answer. Hernando fell to thinking, and for a long moment he thought in silence. Christina watched him, a curious little smile upon her lips. At last his face cleared, and he stood up smiling, looking the envoy straight in the eye. His one hand sought that of his wife, standing beside him.

"Bear, then, this answer to my lord chancellor," he said. "I will have no estates belonging to my father's brother. I will have nothing of them, and no part in them or the world in which they are. Bear your master this message, that I give him back his offer; I give my title to these things to the heirs of my uncle. I will have no part in them. For they belong to the old order, and the old world, — and I am for the New! Farewell."

The door swung shut behind the stranger's back. Hernando turned to her who stood beside him, and looked deep into her eyes.

"Was it well done, sweetheart?" he cried.

"It was worthy of my lover," she answered.

After a moment he led her to the window, and pointed toward the setting sun. His lips brushed her ear, and he spoke only in a whisper. Far away, across the city, they could see the glimmer of the sunlight on the sea.

"Over that water lies a New World," he said. "Wilt thou go there with me?"

"I will follow thee to the New World, and beyond!" she whispered.

THE END

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